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Send all change of address notices, undeliverable copies, subscription orders and other mail to *Editorial and Circulation Offices:* 1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20009

Subscription Rates: $1.50 a copy, $4.00 one year, $7.00 two years, $9.00 three years, foreign and Canadian $.50 a year additional for postage.

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Volume 34 *Summer, 1965* Number 3

CONTENTS

If You Don't Mind My Saying So	*Joseph Wood Krutch*	342
A Symposium on Morality *Daniel Bell, René Dubos, Edmund Fuller, David Garnett, Philip P. Hallie, Worth Tuttle Hedden* and *Henry A. Murray*		347
The Hawk, *Poem*	*Loren Eiseley*	370
Virginia Woolf	*David Garnett*	371
The Student Movement: Some Impressions at Berkeley	*Henry F. May*	387
Oak Bluffs *and* Polly by the Pond, *Poems*	*Rose Burgunder*	400
Ballad, *Poem*	*Kathrin Perutz*	402
Sir Winston Churchill	*T. S. Matthews*	403
Decor, *Poem*	*John Updike*	412
"Tradition" and the New Art	*Alvin C. Kibel*	413
Not the Dying, *Poem*	*Wayne Dodd*	430
European Reaction to the Death of Charles I	*C. V. Wedgwood*	431
Amo Ergo Sum, *Poem*	*Ann Hayes*	447
The University Seminar as a Source of Spiritual Power	*John Herman Randall, Jr.*	452
The Way It Is In the Transcendent Hour	*Walter Teller*	458
Portrait *O quam te memorem,* Marjorie Hope Nicolson!	*Rosalie Colie*	463
The Revolving Bookstand Comments by Writers and Scholars on Books of the Past Ten Years		474
Reviews by *M. A. Fitzsimons, George Gaylord Simpson* and *John A. P. Millet*		498
The Reader Replies		509

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If You Don't Mind My Saying So . . . . .

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The late Will Cuppy kept several *bêtes noires* in his mental zoo and he frequently trotted them out in such delightful works of more-or-less-natural history as *How to Become Extinct* and *How to Tell Your Friends from the Apes.* A favorite target was Aristotle, although why he chose him rather than that amiable, industrious, and boundlessly uncritical gossip, Pliny the Elder, I was never able to understand.

After all, Aristotle did know a lot and he took his responsibilities seriously. He did not, to be sure, realize (as we do) that most biology is highly improbable and that it is, therefore, very dangerous to put any faith in a priori logic because the facts usually turn out to be what no sane man would ever be inclined to suppose. Nevertheless, and aside from this tendency to believe that an absent fact could be supplied by reason, Aristotle did very well indeed, even by the standards of this factual age. When he undertakes to explain why snakes don't have legs, his explanation may sound rather like one of Kipling's *Just So Stories,* but that is not his general tone.

Pliny, on the other hand, is something else again. Whenever he abandons summaries of other writers to enter upon speculations of his own, he gives a certain amiable imbecility full range and becomes a delightfully foolish companion. For one thing, his complete abandonment to the most farfetched of teleological explanations is a not unwelcome relief from modern science, which so firmly represses any reassuring assumption that the universe is in any way adapted to our needs and wishes or has ever had any idea whither it was headed. Those of us who have been rebuked (as I have) for teleology or anthropomorphism just because of some such figure of speech as "the cactus is a tropical plant which learned how to live in the desert," and have been sternly told to say instead "has become adapted to desert conditions," are tempted actually to applaud when Pliny comes up with something like his comment on the cork oak: "When this tree is debarked, it does not die as other trees do because Nature, like a farsighted mother, dressed it in a double bark, knowing well that it would be frequently debarked." This is an example of cart before horse almost as entertaining as the observation said to have been made by a Mohammedan theologian in the Middle Ages, when he cited as one of the most striking examples of God's kindly concern for the welfare of His children the fact that He never sent rain to the desert where it would be wasted but only to the fertile valleys where it would do some good.

In both of these cases, the interpreter was at least interpreting an actual fact. Pliny, at his best, thinks up an absurdity in order to explain something that isn't true to begin with. For example, he tells us that snakes have such an aversion to the ash tree that they will go through fire

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rather than touch its leaves or branches and that it is, therefore, "a wonderful courtesy of Nature that the Ash has flowered before serpents come out of hibernation and does not cast its leaves until they have gone again."

As for me, I have never been quite sure that there is not something immanent in Nature which inspires it with a sort of purpose and I think it is possible to imagine that without recourse to any crude teleological interpretation of Nature's phenomena. Moreover, I do find something at least intriguing in the fact that the very sciences that reject such notions have been compelled to reveal correspondences between the needs of human beings and the conditions of our physical world that would have impressed believers in design far more than Pliny's ash tree or cork oak—although these correspondences also are, no doubt, carts rather than horses.

It is a commonplace, for instance, that the higher manifestations of life as we know them seem to require a set of conditions so special that none of the other planets in our system comes anywhere near providing them and that, therefore, those who believe that these manifestations exist elsewhere in the universe are forced to fall back upon the probability that, among the billions of planets outside our own system, some may be very much like our earth.

And while I am willing to grant that life may have begun as the result of a "fortunate accident," which has never during our earth's megabillion years' history happened again, that accident would seem a lot easier to take for granted if we still believed, as our ancestors did, that the miracle was repeated thousands of times a day when insects, reptiles and other forms of life were created out of mud or "corruption."

Consider also the fact, not only that water is necessary, but that it must also exhibit a peculiar property. It must get heavier as it grows colder but, oddly enough, reverse this process at about 39°Fahrenheit and begin to get lighter again. Because it does behave in just this odd way, the bottom of the lake is warmer in winter than the top; ice begins to form at the surface rather than on the bottom; and by thus providing an insulator it limits the depth of ice. If water got heavier and heavier as it got colder and colder, the ice would start forming at the bottom and in all but the warmer regions lakes would freeze so solid that they would hardly melt by the end of summer. Hence most of our surface water would be locked up in ice. Not long ago I asked a distinguished geologist what would have happened if water had not had this peculiar property. He replied, "Well, we would probably all be dead; or more probably still, none of the higher forms of life would ever have evolved."

Now all this is more or less commonplace and I do not cite it in any effort to revive teleology or to suggest that it represents more than another of the many happy accidents that explain our universe. But I do like to consider things curiously and the other day a curious fact, which I do not remember to have seen commented upon before, happened to occur to me. It led to some reflections which I am going to call "Seeds and Civilization."

The seed is, of course, a rather recent invention, as recent goes in the time scale of the earth. Plants reproduced without seed for a much longer time than has passed since seeds were invented and seed-bearing plants did not become dominant until a mere sixty or seventy million years ago. Yet, as I shall attempt to demonstrate, if seeds had not been invented in what might be called the nick of time, civilization could never have developed, and we might still be hunters and food-gatherers instead of masters of a technology which, unfortunately, may be about to turn the tables.

Anthropologists still use the old terms Paleolithic and Neolithic to distinguish between the men who came before and those who came after a sudden leap forward. But they now know that it was not polished stone weapons that made the dif-

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ference. Men were able to make better implements because they had invented agriculture. Thus the seed of our civilization was literally a seed. And before man could discover how to use the seed, Nature had first to invent it. And it took Nature herself millions of years to invent step-by-step this wonderful device. The plant kingdom could get along very well without them but human civilization would be impossible.

Green plants, something like the scum that grows on ponds, may be a billion years old, but neither they nor many later vegetative types produced seeds. They reproduced themselves in a variety of complicated ways of which the most advanced was the formation of spores like those upon which the ferns still depend. This almost microscopic spore has to lie on the moist earth until a single tiny cell divides repeatedly to form a flat thallus; the thallus develops male and female organs; the ovules produced in the female organ are fertilized by a kind of sperm; and from the fertilized ovum what we recognize as a fern develops.

It is possible, of course, deliberately to raise a fern from a spore but it is vastly more difficult than raising a plant from seed. Moreover, the processes are so difficult to observe that even as late as the eighteenth century they were not understood. A seed, on the other hand, is a wonderfully convenient device. It is a kind of egg that differs from the ordinary animal egg in one important particular. It is an egg that starts to hatch, then arrests the process and enters upon a dormant period in which it may remain alive but unchanging for many years or even—in at least one known case—for centuries. The advantages of this arrangement for man as well as for the plant are obvious. And the most obvious of all is the fact that a seed, unlike an egg, can be kept until a convenient or suitable time has come for it to make itself into a plant again.

The fresh egg of a chicken contains nothing that suggests what it will produce. And it won't keep. Only if it is warmed for a time while still fresh does even the outline sketch of the primitive fowl begin to develop. But the seed, before it had ripened, had already formed a miniature plant or embryo, which anyone who has ever broken open a bean or a peanut has seen nestled down between the two halves of the seed proper which contain a food supply. Upon this food supply, the germinating plant will depend while the roots and leaves of the embryo plant are developing to the point where they can draw nourishment from the soil and the air. In the embryo itself are enzymes so powerful when aroused into action that peanut butter would not keep fresh if the embryo had not been removed from the nut before it was crushed.

I am not going to arouse the ire of science by suggesting that when Nature invented the seed she did so with the intention of making civilization possible. We may grant that it was only another happy accident. But Nature did invent the convenient seed and took, as I said before, a very long time to perfect it. Essentially, and enormously simplified, what happened was this: Spores, like those of the fern, became pollen and the plant "got into the habit" of going through an abbreviated form of the thallus stage of the fern on the parent plant itself and it thus created a seed with an embryo. Our confidence in the astonishing fact that if you plant a pea you get a pea and if you plant a petunia you get a petunia is sublime. Any fool knows that—now. But our primitive ancestors did not know and they were so far from being fools that, as so many anthropologists maintain, the Cro-Magnon caveman had as much native intelligence as we do. Yet he and his forebears had been on the earth many hundreds of thousands of years before it was discovered—quite recently, indeed—that one can plant the seed of a plant in the ground and get another plant just like it.

Anthropologists say, also, that before man knew how to grow things he was compelled to be an aimless wanderer following game animals and wild crops wher-

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ever they could be found. Once he had grasped the secret meaning of the seed, he could have a dependable food supply that didn't have to be searched for. He could settle down, have a home, form a community, become a sort of domesticated animal instead of a wild one, and then rapidly develop one after another the characteristics of civilization. For several hundred thousand years his advance had been at less than a snail's pace and his numbers so few that he was an unimportant, barely surviving species. Within only a few thousand years after agriculture had begun, he was to become lord of the earth with a written word, religion, philosophy, literature, and a hundred material possessions to contribute to security and comfort. When those of us who like to consider things curiously buy (perhaps in a dime store) a package labeled peas or petunias, we are not likely to realize that we hold a miracle in our hand—something that took Nature hundreds of millions of years to invent and man several hundred thousand to find out his use for. We could still be civilized men without steam or electricity or telephones or automobiles—many men before us were highly civilized without them—but we could not be much more than very clever animals with little use for our intelligence if Nature had not invented the seed and if some genius, forgotten thousands of years ago, had not been seized by one of the most prodigious notions ever to visit the human brain.

The Editors wish to apologize for a printer's error occurring in the third line from the end of the poem, "Latest Will," by Lenore Marshall, which appeared in the Spring issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. *The last word in this line, "hereabove," was printed with the two final letters omitted.*

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A Symposium on Morality

What sort of morality is viable and tenable in our times, taking into account what we now know concerning the nature of man? On January 14, 1965, a group convened in New York at the invitation of Hiram Haydn, Editor of the SCHOLAR, *to discuss informally this question. Present were: Daniel Bell, chairman of the department of sociology at Columbia College, Columbia University; René Dubos, biologist and professor at the Rockefeller Institute; Edmund Fuller, novelist, critic and member of the English department of St. Stephens School in Rome; David Garnett, British author and critic; Philip P. Hallie, professor of philosophy at Wesleyan University; Worth Tuttle Hedden, author of* Love Is A Wound *and* The Other Room; *and Henry A. Murray, psychologist and professor emeritus of Harvard University. Mr. Bell acted as chairman of the discussion.*

MR. BELL: The presence here on my left of Mr. David Garnett reminds me, in relation to our topic, of that probably most famous remark of all about the problem of morality, the phrase of G. E. Moore. Whenever anyone asked a question he would come up with—I'm afraid I can't imitate the accent—"What do you *mean* by that?" It was Moore, after all, who made his reputation on the problem of what does one mean by the word "good." Actually, we may all be bogged down by the problem of the meaning of that word, "good." How does one actually cut into the problem of morality? I was thinking, for example, of the distinction of Aristotle who once said, there's a very real difference between *being* good and *feeling* good. The secretary who was carrying on with the boss was probably feeling good, but not being good; in that respect, one could say that hedonism is not necessarily a sign of being moral. What, then, is *being* good? An abstract timeless realm? There is a realm of *essence,* I suppose, which is the timeless realm of *being* good; and the realm of *existence,* which is the realm of *feeling* good. And the two aren't always conjoined. It comes back to the problem that was raised in our dinner chitchat by Dr. Dubos who said, "Are there such things as absolute values or such things as timeless essences? Is there, in a sense, a higher morality which in one way or another we apprehend—either out of reason or revelation or animal instinct?" I don't know if this is the basis to start you off, Dr. Dubos, but I'd like to.

DR. DUBOS: The easiest way to deal with this problem would be to define attitudes as good and moral according to eternal values—values that would constitute, so to speak, imperatives of behavior. I do not consider this impossible, but naturally it involves faith in the existence of such eternal absolute values; indeed, it implies philosophical and religious convictions, perhaps even convictions as to the origins and nature of man which certainly would not be shared by all of us. So, irrespective of my own beliefs, I shall for a moment look at the problem from another point of view: namely, is it possible for a biologist—and in this group I should speak only as a biologist—to recognize forces that have made for the emergence of attitudes that we call good, that we call moral? The evolution of animal societies, and probably of human society, makes it obvious, it seems to me, that types of behavior have emerged because they are indispensable for the survival of the species. The first clear statement of the problem in our times came from the Russian sociologist, Prince Kropotkin, who wrote at the turn of the century a book

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called *Mutual Aid: A Factor in Evolution.* In this book Kropotkin tried to define how relationships within the animal kingdom had evolved in such a manner as to permit animal societies to survive and be successful. Extrapolating from animal life, Kropotkin was bold enough to claim that there had occurred also a natural evolution of ethics; he based his belief on the fact that living things cannot function together, survive and be biologically successful without abiding by certain rules. Speaking here for Kropotkin, I, too, believe that the concept of good has an evolutionary basis; morality and ethics are based upon biological necessity imposed upon living things that live in common, depend on each other, and cannot survive without the help of each other. In other words, no organism can survive and function well, without a certain set of rules which, in the case of man, have evolved into morality.

MR. BELL: Let me see if I can bring Dr. Murray into this, because I remember once a wonderful definition that Dr. Murray gave in a book he edited on personality. He said that we are all in some respects like *all* other persons, in some respects like *some* other persons, and in some respects like *no* other person. And he tried to establish three levels, so to speak, of human behavior. Dr. Dubos has established one level, which we may yet have to come back to and argue whether it is an accurate description—but to what extent, then, is everybody bound by being on this common level, Dr. Murray?

DR. MURRAY: The statement you referred to about every person being like all others and some others, *et cetera, et cetera,* would have to be considerably modified for application at this point. If you don't object, I would rather continue Dr. Dubos' line of thought which started with the observation that many animal societies, from insect to primate, are characterized by systems of cooperative activities—mutual aid and so forth—which are clearly advantageous, if not essential, to the survival and competitive success of the society in which they occur. Presumably societies whose members were not disposed to actions of this sort are now extinct. And then Dr. Dubos said that one can readily conceive of these group-serviceable cooperative activities as constituting the fundamental ground—say, in prehistoric humanoid societies—for the emergence in later years of an elementary concept of morality. This elementary concept of morality is still potent in the majority of human beings, particularly in grave social emergencies such as war. Whatever is serviceable to the continuation and victory of one's own group is right and good; whatever is disserviceable—such as a traitorous act which gives comfort to the enemy—is wrong and dastardly.

Now to return to Dr. Dubos' topic—the evolution of ethical codes and rules from animal behavior—we might conceive of socially serviceable activities in lower organisms—ants and bees—which we humans do not deign to call moral, because, as we see them, these organisms are merely obedient to their instincts and are not tempted to do otherwise. We may suppose that, in the course of evolution, humanoids emerged with socially serviceable activities that were partly instinctive but more largely acquired in conformity with prevailing modes of behavior, or customs. And then much later, after the creation of language—what I would call the birth of culture—the existing customs were represented in verbal precepts transmitted by the elders of the tribe from generation to generation. At this point, presumably, there were words to stand for the rightness or wrongness of an action, and here, perhaps, one might begin to introduce an elementary notion of morality, which depends—so far as I can see—on an individual's attainment of some capacity to choose, consciously and deliberately, between alternatives that are more or less right or wrong in terms of an accepted moral standard. In this case, the standard would have been the customs of the tribe as contained in the precepts of the elders that were incorporated in the child's psyche to form a rudimentary conscience.

The next evolutionary stage of culture would come when verbal precepts were written down as edicts or laws, or as commandments in a testament such as the Bi-

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ble. These would be represented as coming from the founder of the society, a great hero of earlier time, the divine king, a demigod or one supreme god. And by now there would be a more or less marked discrepancy between the exemplary precepts and edicts and the actual behavior, or customs, of the people. Today, for example, we Jews or Christians have an old commandment that tells us not to covet our neighbors' possessions, yet the custom of all advertising agencies is to use every means to persuade us that we should covet possessions that are even better than our neighbors'.

All this is old hat and I have talked too long in trying to distinguish successive stages of evolution by the terms: obedience to instinct, obedience to custom, obedience to precepts and edicts, and obedience to conscience, which for many centuries in the Near East and in the West was taken to be the voice of God. In connection with this I have proposed that somewhere along this historic course a rudimentary capacity for choice—a minim of subjective freedom —emerged, and with it the notion of moral responsibility.

MR. BELL: May I then, perhaps, try to join the two issues. I'm thinking, for example, of Rousseau in *The Social Contract;* one finds there the distinction between natural liberty and the civil society. (Freud uses the same distinction in his *Civilization and Its Discontents.*) Rousseau talks of natural liberty as being the liberty of sensation—the person living for the moment, responding to the environment. Freud has the same notion, which is essentially existential. It has a certain kind of life-force and vitality. And therefore, the evolution of mutual aid to some extent, or the imposition of custom, would seem from this point of view at least to impose a cost to the human beings which they resent. And this breaks out in forms of aggression, in forms of self-assertion, in the unwillingness of people to respond to mutual aid. I don't know whether one could join both the psychological and biological arguments in these terms.

DR. MURRAY: I believe there is abundant evidence that the members of primitive societies are more strongly disposed to act as a homogeneous unit, to abide by the customs of the tribe with less resentment, with fewer feelings of frustration than Western men have experienced, particularly over the last two centuries. Primitive men seem to be less tempted than modern men to break existing taboos, to act contrary to the prevailing mores, and so in conforming to custom they are less painfully aware of renouncing something at a great cost, as Freud described. Freud's explanation of the discontents of civilized men is, in my opinion, oversimplified to an inordinate degree. As usual, he had but one thing—a very crucial thing to be sure—in the front and back of his mind: the sexual instinct and the hardly tolerable restrictions of its overt expressions that were demanded by a puritanical, Victorian middle-class morality during the era when sex was Sin with a capital. Even today a "moral charge" refers not to violence, theft or slander, but specifically to some sexual offense.

But there are numerous other important determinants of modern man's aversion to conformity, authority and so forth, one being his differentiation as a person out of the primitive collectivity in which he was previously imbedded—his becoming a self-conscious and self-centered individual with the sense of a distinct identity, of having a mind and a will of his own. I think the whole notion of personality, individuation, *et cetera,* is a relatively recent cultural attainment, starting with the Greeks, say, two thousand plus years ago. Now, let me return for a moment to Dr. Dubos' thesis and mention a commonplace fact that bears upon it. He was talking about ingroup animal behavior which is somewhat comparable to ingroup morality in primitive human societies. But there is also its opposite in a sense—outgroup animal behavior analogous to outgroup morality on the human level. Here the aim is not any sort of benevolence but destruction of the enemy; and for the leader of the victorious forces the reward is likely to be as great as his society can bestow—gratitude, honor, power, fame, and even deification, as with

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Alexander. This Janus-faced morality is of the utmost significance in this era of competing nationalisms, because both aspects of it are in opposition to the attainment of world unity and order, ultimately the only solution to mankind's present plight.

MR. BELL: Would you accept that, Dr. Dubos? That mutual aid is primarily ingroup morality?

DR. DUBOS: I was much impressed by what Dr. Murray just said. We all assume in our type of society that the individual is the all-important unit. Our social behavior, our philosophical concepts, even our political attitudes, are predicated on the assumption that what is important is the individual. But, biologically speaking, this is a very recent development. Dr. Murray placed it with the Greeks. I assume that it began earlier. Certainly it is not very ancient. It is not characteristic, even today, of primitive societies. So perhaps we should examine how the emergence of the individual as the essential social value has completely changed the philosophical and biological concept of morality. I could illustrate this theme with regard to medical ethics, pointing to the large conflicts created by our efforts directed to saving one particular individual, whatever the cost to the society. Perhaps, however, we had better delay discussion of this topic until later.

MR. BELL: Yes, because I think there are now two issues which we have, and let me see if I can advance one. In the dialogue at the moment between Dr. Murray and yourself the real point that emerged, so it seemed to me, was the question: How does one extend the scope of an ingroup? Those who are within a group will have some notion of mutual aid; those who are outside are always regarded as hostile, as strangers, as someone to be opposed. This goes back in many ways to Old Testament ethics. In Deuteronomy we have the distinction of those from whom one can take interest and those from whom one can't. In effect, one has "brothers" and one has "others." You may live as brothers, although sometimes brothers kill each other too. Yet fundamentally we have brothers and others. In fact, the great point that Max Weber makes in his book on the Protestant Ethic, is that the world, which used to be between brothers and others, now becomes one of universal *otherhood*. Now the question of course is the old dream of universal *brotherhood*. We now may live in a world of universal otherhood, but we want it to go to universal brotherhood.

To come back—and this, it seems to me, is the point at which we can advance the problem—is it possible to extend the notion of the so-called "ingroup" when people do have recognition of kind, where there is a recognition of mutuality in this way? It comes back in one respect to Freud's problem in *Civilization and Its Discontents*. He makes the arguments there that communism is "impossible"—using communism as a sense of brotherhood—in the larger society, on the ground that brotherhood, like love, to be meaningful has to be specific: When love becomes abstract, there is not a sufficient degree of attachment. The symbolism of world brotherhood, thus, is too abstract; it isn't meaningful to people. People have to have a sense of strong personal relationship and this can only go so far; there is a bounded limit to how far people can attach either their libido or their sense of life or their sense of relationship. Now, are there then these finite limits to the nature of brotherhood or the ingroup or mutuality. Mr. Fuller, would you like to come in on that?

MR. FULLER: Well, I'm disturbed, because there's a great problem about the anthropological approach, the "we-group, they-group" approach, in the sense that this involves many things, some of which impinge upon morality. Yet morality is above custom and taboo. Morality, to be dignified by the name, I feel, must be something transcending groups and anthropological categories. It comes back, within the Judeo-Christian frame of reference (although it is found elsewhere in other high ethical and theological traditions), to the saying, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is

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like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Now, the intent of this, which is truly a morality, is to overleap "we" and "they." It comes down to something that we've seen in modern social movements, in Marxism and other ideologies: the dangerous fanaticism of idealism. It touches the supposed love of mankind, in the name of which some unspeakable horrors have been committed. The question is, you see, do you love each man individually? If you love "mankind," perhaps, as Lenin did, you can adopt a policy that will ruthlessly purge one large group in the interest of another, and of an ideological future. But if you love each man, you cannot do that. Then perhaps the pragmatist would say to you, "Therefore you're not a good leader, and you're of no use to society." But I think this is the crux of a morality as against the anthropological question.

MR. BELL: That is one way to put it. One *may* argue that Lenin was practicing a Christian morality.

MR. FULLER: No!

MR. BELL: He may have loved himself so much that he wanted everyone else to be like himself in this respect.

MR. FULLER: No.

MR. BELL: I said it very deliberately for only one reason. I do not believe in the notion of the Judeo-Christian tradition. I do think there are very strong differences, and the Judaic tradition is not the Christian tradition exactly at this point. Rabbi Hillel had an ethic that is very different, you see, from that of Jesus. Jesus said, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Hillel said, "Do *not* do unto others as you would *not* have them do unto you." That is a very important difference, because the first, in effect, assumes people are alike, and presumably your taste is mine and mine is yours. The other notion is: perhaps I want to be different and I will leave you to be different, too. Now, those are very different foci of attention, and perhaps it may be that the notion that asking people compulsively to love one another, which is in effect what part of the Christian ethic comes down to, may be part of the element that animates this form of forced brotherhood, which is also an aspect of Leninism. Leninism shares this notion of complete brotherhood without perhaps allowing for differences.

MR. FULLER: I don't concur in the problem that you see there. I also think that the difference between the negative and affirmative forms of the Hillel statement and the New Testament statement is deceptive. I don't think it's as large as you make it. I don't think there is any implication of force in the "do unto others," and I don't think it is related to the humanitarian-authoritarian problem that I was thinking of in the case of Lenin. But the essence of my position is my feeling that what we are to call "morality" must transcend a great many other things that are anthropologically observable. It's a very interesting debate as to whether statutory law, which is a necessity, can very readily be equated with morality. For instance, to speak for a moment in religious phraseology, there are many laws, there are countless statutory laws, which you can violate without committing what anybody would call a sin. But on the other hand, it is possible to commit every single one of the classical seven deadly sins without breaking any law whatsoever in the statutory sense.

MR. BELL: Which would you prefer, the law? Or the morality?

MR. FULLER: I prefer the morality. Not the letter, but the spirit.

MR. BELL: But, you see, part of the problem is *that*. Sorry to make it personal, but when I was thirteen years old and being at that time an orthodox Jew, I had a *bar mitzvah*. One had to put on phylacteries. I had joined the Young People's Socialist League and I felt that I had found the truth. You see, I had lost my belief in God. So I went to the rabbi who had prepared me for the *bar mitzvah* and I said to him, "You know, I'm not going to put on the phylacteries. I've found the truth; I don't believe in God." He looked at me and said—"So *you* found the truth; *you* don't believe in God." He stopped, and he thought a moment, then said—"Tell me, do you think God cares?" That in part is the Ju-

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daic ethic, in that it is not a question of what one believes as an individual, so long as one obeys the *law*. There is even an esoteric belief, which is hidden in Maimonides, that the sophisticate does not have to believe in God. But he must obey the Commandments—or else society will perish. The type of thing you're asking is antinomian. And to some extent, being antinomian, being against the law, you have a problem fundamentally of saying either that morality is what *I* feel it to be, or that there is a common morality that is derived not from the law, not from the Word of God, but from some transcendent element. Where it derived from, I don't know. And it seems to me that you can become possibly guilty here of enthusiasm, in the Catholic sense of the word, therefore leading perhaps to very much the kind of thing you don't like in Leninism—that is, to people who assert their *own* morality. Socialism has its sense of transcendentalism morality—a very strong sense of transcendentalism morality, in this particular respect. The morality of man in the Old Testament had a kind of logic: that is a very strong belief in the letter of the law as a basic rock for society.

MR. FULLER: I have a lot more I want to say, but I think I've had my just say for the moment.

MR. BELL: No, I've been speaking too much. Mr. Hallie?

MR. HALLIE: I think I'd come out a little bit closer to what Mr. Fuller has been saying, perhaps, than to what anybody else has been saying. I think there is an important distinction between the useful and the honorable, between the question of whether dropping the atom bomb was useful for the prosecution of the war and whether it was honorable to do it. I think there is a terribly important, immensely important, difference between the two in particular ethical crises, and we get very abstract indeed if we continue to talk about the morality of a nation or of an anthropological group—"in" or "out." I think, Mr. Bell, that you opened our present session with a reference to G. E. Moore. This was a very interesting opening to me because G. E. Moore's *Principia Ethica* has as its main point a very queer business, that the good is an indefinable, indescribable, unverbalizable essence of some sort. He says, well, it's like yellow, like my awareness of yellow here on this paper. When I first read it, it shook me, and through the last twenty years it has shaken me again and again. That the perception of good is like the perception of yellow. When you try to put it into words, when you don't have a commandment from God or from habitual upbringing, and you don't really distinguish what's useful for your nation from what's honorable, goodness becomes empty, almost nothing. But when you think of the good as like yellow, like the yellow of the paper that's in front of us right now, just like that, you encounter it, it's yellow, it's indescribable, it's indefinable, not because it's so abstract, but because it's so concrete. And this is really the inadvertent point of G. E. Moore's great work on ethics, that the good is really not to be found in the useful, but rather in our own personal confrontation with something that's cockeyed wrong, or horribly bad, or something that's pretty right and O.K. To put it into technical philosophical terms, "There's always the open question." If anything is useful, like the dropping of the bomb on Hiroshima, for example, it's always an open question as to whether it's good. No matter how much you describe the facts as to the self-preservation of the species, or the nation within that species, no matter how carefully you talk about morality as being something that's interpersonal, somehow it's an open question—Is it good? Yes, it was useful to drop the bomb; it saved a million lives, American and Japanese; but was it *good* to drop it? All during the recent hour and a half TV program on the dropping of the bomb, the still small voice of a general here, a diplomat there, a scientist here (Oppenheimer), could come up and say—"Yes, I understand, yes, we really did the right thing because, especially now with hindsight, the Japanese were ready to defend themselves if we invaded Japan. They wanted better peace terms,

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and the battles would have taken many lives. Expediently for our nation, as well as for the species as a whole, it was obviously the best thing to be done." But the still small voice of these incredibly mystical men, if you want to call them that, who couldn't describe or defend the feeling of goodness or evil, came up and said, but was it *good?* This is the open question. No matter what you say about the useful, the question is: Was it honorable? No matter what you say about the facts, the question is: Was it valuable? It's this eternal open question that bedevils philosophers, and I suggest that the reason we have to discuss this whole damn problem in the first place is that our upbringing isn't good enough. If you have to talk about morality, you're doing it off the top of your brain, and this is not the way you make moral decisions. You make them by confronting the facts in the case, the way you confront the yellow on this paper. And when all the facts are there, you simply see whether it's good or not good to do something. This is what Moore was saying.

MR. BELL: Mr. Garnett, this must stir some echoes in your mind of some old discussions about the good.

MR. GARNETT: Well, the very subject that has been given us presupposes that there is no absolute value in morality because we are seeking changes, alterations; we are not accepting some agelong ethics handed down to us, and we've had reminders besides the dropping of the bomb in Hiroshima—we've had Hitler, and the generation that grew up with Hitler as the spiritual leader of Germany, and that accepted a completely different morality from that of their parents. It's quite possible for the spiritual leaders of the country to change very rapidly the whole morality of the people and that is a very terrifying reflection. It was the most terrifying thing, I think, about the emergence of Hitler's Germany. You see, if they had won, all our talk around this table would have been complete piffle, because they would have been talking about a completely different morality from ours: as different as the morality of the Aztecs in Mexico. Most of you seem to believe that some form of Judean or Judean-Christian morality is permanent. But I believe that it is completely impermanent. And I think that it is very essential that some part of our personal morality, of the sense of honor, the sense of self-respect, should be linked to the Christian belief in kindness and love. And I don't know how it's going to be done. I think that is the great problem before us. And the very fact that you can discuss the dropping of the bomb in Hiroshima as good or bad shows how far you've gone from the Christian belief which you pretend to follow.

MR. BELL: Dr. Murray?

DR. MURRAY: I'd like to go back to Mr. Fuller and then to Mr. Hallie because they both seem to be taking it for granted that Dr. Dubos and I are maintaining that cooperative behavior that sustains the existing social system is the highest form of morality. I think this was the primitive rudimentary form and as time went on more advanced individuals came forth and announced something that was better than the morality of custom, ingroup loyalty, and outgroup enmity. Mr. Fuller's principle is to love one's neighbor. He didn't say love the outgroup. Who's one's neighbor? He who belongs to one's community, political party, or religious sect, presumably. Devout Christians never believed that they should love the heretic who lived next door. Burn him at the stake was their way of glorifying God. Naturally, I'm in favor of love as the essence of goodness; but at the present stage of human evolution, universal love is far beyond human capacity, even in a very diluted solution. To love somebody who is repulsive in many moral aspects—love Hitler, for example, or some of those sheriffs in Louisiana and Alabama —is beyond human capacity. If you take this ideal seriously, you're going to feel guilty if you don't love everybody you meet, and this guilt will lead to depression and obsessional neurosis, and all kinds of other troubles. I believe in partly realizable ideals. A goal that's forever out of reach is damaging to the psyche.

Now to get to you, Mr. Hallie. I don't

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want to put labels on what you were talking about, because I think it's too subtle for that. But doesn't it correspond to the differences between the intuitionists and the utilitarianists? I suppose that most people feel that they were born with an innate sense of what is good and bad, primarily of what is bad for *them,* what hurts *them,* and later, of what hurts others. Many people are capable of empathizing with others who are being injured in some way, capable of feeling to some extent what they themselves would feel if they were in the other's place. The injurious action may strike them as intrinsically and unquestionably wrong. The end does not justify the means in such cases. I entirely agree with you about Hiroshima. That was an act of excessive cruelty. But then all wars are cruel and cruelty is evil; and so, unless a nation is prepared to commit suicide, it must engage in these cruel, evil acts if attacked by an aggressor, as things stand today. As for the concept of an innate moral sense, one might ask everybody in the world, "Now what is your immediate moral reaction when you witness an act like that?" We would never get general agreement, would we? And if not, could we speak meaningfully of an absolute—in the sense of a universal truth? There would be marked variations among societies and some variations among the members of each society. If everybody had the same innate moral reaction on major issues, we would find a core of morality common to all societies. But we don't find this. It seems to me we must think of morals as evolving. There are some people who are more sensitive to moral values, just as there are some who are more sensitive to art, or to scientific values, or whatnot. They're ahead of the majority, and so might be represented in these respects as out on the frontier. And the others are lagging behind. So can't we harmonize our two points of view?

MR. BELL: Well, we seem to have in effect two different kinds of problems, as I see it. One is this anthropological naturalistic question of the way people evolve, for example, their limitations, given the biological nature they have. How do we extend the element of sympathy, let us say, in the old Adam Smith terms, or love, in the Pauline sense? There is a second kind of question which bedevils us, and which I think we can always come back to, that is implicit in what Mr. Hallie, Mr. Fuller and Mr. Garnett were saying, namely, that somehow there is a notion of good as an essence. Your example of the bomb seems to be a very crucial one here—for you take it as an essence with even less regard to consequence. You're less willing, Mr. Hallie, to look at consequence.

MR. HALLIE: That's right.

MR. BELL: It can be a very difficult problem to assume, let us say, that somehow you have perfect foreknowledge. I mean, after all, most of us have hindsight knowledge, as to what the bomb has meant; few of us may have had the foreknowledge at the time. In the program you discussed, most of the people at the time thought the bomb was simply an extension of the kind of firepower already in existence. While one has to give Mr. Stimson the due—the honorable due—this is in effect how he saw it without hiding this knowledge from himself. He saw this as part of a very difficult process of any man in a position of power, of having to deal with the responsibilities that came from it. But anyone who deals with responsibility must deal with consequences in this way. And you seem to be less willing to deal with such consequences, and somehow assume, with words like honorable and good, something intrinsic: that somehow one knows this as an intuition, as based on revelation, or based on some transcendental source, and I'm not sure this is wholly the case. All sorts of people have claimed in a variety of ways to know the definition of the good. To come back—Lenin felt this in that respect, after all; and this is the difference between a Lenin and a Hitler in this regard. Hitler may have been a man who was simply driven by all kinds of compulsions, by a certain kind of obsession, race guilts and such. But in Lenin, after all, and in much of the whole nature of modern communism, there is an assertion of performing the good

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and an assertion of being unwilling to accept consequences.

MR. FULLER: I don't like one more than the other.

MR. HALLIE: Exactly.

MR. FULLER: I don't like one more than the other. There are differences, but I don't like Lenin more than Hitler. What interests me here is an implicit assumption latent in what Dr. Murray said and what Mr. Garnett said—in which I may be mistaken, just as Dr. Murray is slightly mistaken in thinking that I was attacking his and Dr. Dubos' positions in the comment I made at one point—I think that both Dr. Murray and Mr. Garnett in speaking of Christianity make the classic mistake of equating religious profession, or Christian profession, with being good. To be a Christian or to be any other professed religionist does not mean to be good. And in fact, it can mean the most exquisitely keen perception of one's own evil.

The problem here, it seems to me, is the assumption in talking about morality (very wrong, I think, and very naïve, as anthropologists and Freudians might agree) that any moral code implies the possible attainment of perfection. It does not, and I disagree most strongly with the notion, unless very carefully qualified, that there is something harmful about having a code that we cannot live up to fully. I don't believe that any worthwhile code can be lived up to fully by the human being, as I understand the nature of man. Whatever our codes and whatever their premises, we all violate them from time to time; we are sinners all. But we ought to have a profound commitment. Now, for instance, Mr. Garnett literally quivered with a passion that I respect highly, when he said, in effect, "How can you call yourself Christian, and do this and that?" But I think that this is a misconception. The greatest Christians there may ever have been, and those whom some call saints, were gross sinners. But to have a consciousness of the good, and to strive toward it, to use it as a measuring stick, however short we fall of it, is I think a very profound thing. Whereas I think there is another danger: that is, if we set up only a code that we think we can meet completely, we are constantly regressing, in a manner of speaking. The danger—and I'm not imputing anything to anybody—I'm just saying that the danger of necessity as the basis of morality is that it becomes inescapably relativistic. There is a practical aspect of life that is relativistic, indeed, but I think we do have to have something in our minds that is not relativistic, by which we may measure what we are or are not achieving—something by which we assess ourselves, by which we criticize ourselves, by which we measure nothing else but our deep shortcomings.

DR. MURRAY: I'm amazed if Mr. Fuller is telling us that a Christian doesn't try to be good.

MR. FULLER: He does. But what I think you were implying is that if a man were to say "I am a Christian," he is virtually claiming, "I am good."

DR. MURRAY: Oh, no. Well, it depends on his tone of voice.

MR. FULLER: To profess acceptance of Christian moral tradition does not mean that one pretends to Christian perfection. Not at all! And I felt that both you and Mr. Garnett were saying, in effect, "If one is guilty of this, that, and the other thing, how can one talk of Christian virtues?"

MR. BELL: You know, Mr. Fuller, I think you made it all too easy for us, for yourself, as well as the whole world. In this respect: I think by and large it's very easy to get everybody to agree to certain ultimates, and even a general morality, simply because we do have certain resonances of feeling we respond to—whether you call it honor, or love, in problems of this sort. And even to say we are all sinners gives us all perhaps a feeling of relief in this respect. But the problem, it seems to me, is always a much more difficult one—of choices. And I think this is always the problem: that we really have no way perhaps and never will have a way of understanding why choices are made and the extent to which they're made. It's all right to say let's have perfection and see if we can measure up to it. But that to me is much too abstract. The whole nature of

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casuistry derives from the fact that everyone accepts absolute values in the abstract; but the problem of casuistry, as it is with law, is how do you decide in the *here* and *now*? How does this particular case embody the abstract values? And no one in these thousands of years of casuistry has established general rules of decision. So that it seems to me that what you say is unexceptionable, but perhaps we have to go far beyond this. It seems to me we have two types of problems here. One is, again, an anthropological problem which was proposed originally by Dr. Dubos in a very powerful way: How does one extend the area of mutuality to get some degree of agreement among people so that things are settled in a way that at least is peaceful and that allows at least for a certain degree of mutual satisfaction?

The second kind of problem is—Is there some way of looking not at ultimates, but at proximates? And here perhaps the question might be put in these terms: Is there some way of testing values? Mr. Hallie implies that there is in the original essence, or the original apprehension of the good. Can we perhaps get an agreement on the method of testing values in this respect?

As I see it, for the moment in our discussion there are these two problems: namely, is there some way of extending the realm of mutuality, and is there some way perhaps of testing values, not with a priori method perhaps, but some procedural method?

MR. HALLIE: That sharpens things a great deal, I think. Let me just for a moment, not only in self-defense, but in defense of the truth, defend myself from the charge of being what Dr. Murray called an intuitionist. I didn't say that there is an absolute essence, an absolute good for all men. Again, I really would distinguish, as you do, Mr. Bell, mutuality from the problem of particular choice and particular—what we call proximate—situations. I really would, perhaps more seriously than you would. And I would say that the real point for me in G. E. Moore's talking about the good as being like yellow, is not that there is one intuition of yellow or of good, but that *in a particular situation,* when I'm forced by that situation to decide, or choose, or act, or do or not do something, something happens, after I have studied the facts, that makes me see one act as better. I, for instance, have a very wild imagination on certain matters. An unbridled imagination. I can imagine myself doing violent things. And when I read Genêt, or Burroughs' *The Naked Lunch,* I can really imagine myself biting off people's etcs. And yet and yet and *yet,* in those actual, particular moments in my everyday actions where morality functions and lives and has a being for me, it's impossible for me to do this sort of thing. There is such a difference between any abstract or imagined definition of the good and the concrete light that illumines an act that you're actually doing in a particular situation. There is such an immense difference that it seems to me—maybe I'm jumping the gun—that it makes much of our discussion rather empty. A notion of a general morality doesn't make much sense. Any notion of *the* good will be *false* if it's precise, and it will be *empty* if it's true. Try to find *the* good common to all cultures and if you find it, it'll be a pretty empty, vague term you wind up with. If you're going to talk about *the good* you're going to get either as empty as ecumenical moralists who talk about happiness and self-fulfillment, or as wrong as someone who says that sex outside of marriage is universally called "bad."

MR. BELL: I assume we're trying to get away from "the good." And this is my stricture against Mr. Fuller: that perhaps the notion of Christian morality stands in these terms as strictly one other version of "the good." Our problem is how to advance it in the sense of the anthropological mode, that is, in extension of the problems of mutuality; or we can take up the question whether there is some way of making choices—deciding what path one is to follow—which can be done with certainty. Now we have here at the table someone who, at least by sociological definition, is a certified intuitionist, namely a woman, Mrs. Hedden.

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MRS. HEDDEN: What I've been hoping for in this discussion is a pro tem definition of morality—not being enough of an intuitionist by any definition to have got it from you savants. I do agree with Dr. Murray that people vary in their sensitivity to morality—from amorality to saintliness—and I accept that, thus far, we are concerned with the individual in an ingroup or an outgroup and his influence in alleviating antagonism between the two—at home or abroad. As for the dropping of the A-bomb, it seems to me the guilt there goes back to the scientists who made it; but how they could have avoided making it—once man's first wheel had begun to roll—I don't know.

At any rate, from you, six of you, I expected to hear a definition of morality. And I'm still waiting for it.

(Hiram Haydn joins the discussion briefly.)

MR. HAYDN: I just want to say one thing if I may. I cannot define morality for you, Worth, but I do have a thought about what seems to me the characteristic, the basic moral problem of today. To me this is choosing, not between good and evil (because good and evil do not admit of universal definition), but between two goods. And what I mean by two goods is two opportunities that one individual finds good, but that are essentially contradictory, each to the other, incompatible.

DR. DUBOS: Except for Dr. Murray, I happen to be the only professional biologist in this group. I shall therefore try to articulate the problem as seen by an experimenter, even though this approach leaves out some of the components of my convictions. I should like to mention a classical observation of the behavior of creatures very close to man, namely, the higher apes. These observations were first made by Solly Zuckerman, a most eminent British scientist, who was at the time very much involved in the affairs of the London Zoo. Several decades ago, he described how these apes in the London Zoo exhibited all sorts of conflicts and engaged in acts of violence not unlike those observed in human societies. During recent years, however, Zuckerman's observations had to be reinterpreted, when the behavior of the same species of animals was observed under natural conditions. By natural, I mean the conditions under which they live when not disturbed by man. It was then observed, and has been confirmed repeatedly, that under natural conditions most apes have a type of behavior that socially and individually could be considered moral. They display much consideration for other animals of their group, willingness to sacrifice themselves for the sake of others. In other words, they exhibit honorable attributes which would please even Mr. Hallie. I tell this story because it points to the fact that instead of defining morality in abstract, absolute terms, we should consider it in a dialectic sense. On the one hand, there are those attributes that could be called intuitive, or innate. These attributes are built into the flesh and bone of the creature under its normal conditions of life. For the monkeys in question, nature means the wilds of the hills of Tanganyika. For man, the "natural" conditions are those under which he evolved, and which determined the biological definition of his being. We no longer, however, live under such conditions, just as certain monkeys now live in the London Zoo under conditions very different from those in which they lived in Tanganyika. This change creates all sorts of new problems. The superiority of man, and I really do believe in the superiority of man, is that his intuitive, innate attributes are no longer adequate for the kind of problems created by the new situation under which he lives. Man has the ability and the willingness to start formulating a new set of rules suited to the artificial life that civilized conditions imply. In some way, furthermore, he tries to reconcile his behavior with those innate and intuitive qualities that are built into his flesh and bones. In final analysis, we have to deal here with a peculiar kind of dialectic, taking into consideration that which is permanent in man, which is built into him—whether it was given him by his creator, or whether it evolved in the course

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of his biological history—and that which is transient, the actual conditions under which he has to live at a given time. These conditions constantly present him with new problems, such as: Should he or should he not drop the atomic bomb? Should he or should he not be willing to sacrifice individual human beings to the common good? All of us, all the time, are struggling with the two aspects of human life. Some attributes are permanent because they are part of our being and others are transient because they are the products of the conditions under which we happen to live.

MR. BELL: Dr. Dubos, we seem to have here now, again, two levels of questions. One is the behavior of people in group situations, spontaneously reacting to one another; the second is a more general question of the impersonality of problems, decisions, choices, which involve social arrangement, social action, or the conflict between the good and the good. So let me see if we can at least move ahead at the moment on the first question. Would you then, in the light of your first notion of biological structure, comment on the question that is intrinsic to a large part of modern psychology—namely, that aggression is equally a component of human behavior. This is very much an aspect of Freudian theory, whether it be death instinct or pure aggression. Your image is always of the drive toward mutuality. Would you then say that there is not at the same time another aspect—is not aggression itself an aspect of artificial life?

DR. DUBOS: Here I can only quote what I read, because I have no firsthand experience of these topics. Those who have studied animal populations in the wild generally report that the aggression of which you speak exists, of course, but that it expresses itself through symbolic attitudes that are not destructive. There are countless descriptions of all sorts of animal behavior conditioned by the pecking order; but the achievement of this pecking order is rarely the result of destructive combat. It is usually achieved through symbolic postures and attitudes without actual combat.

MRS. HEDDEN: Not even in the mating season?

DR. DUBOS: No, not even in the mating season.

MRS. HEDDEN: In the ingroups?

MR. FULLER: The fights between stags, between male walruses, and between male seals?

DR. DUBOS: Under natural conditions these fights consist of the animal taking certain postures that have symbolic meanings for the species in question. Without actual combat, it is soon realized which animal is the master of the situation, so there is hardly ever need for real fighting. As soon, however, as you put the animals in laboratories, or in zoos, then immediately those symbolic postures seem to lose their meaning. Whether these findings are relevant to man is, of course, one of the large questions of social anthropology. As you know, some anthropologists claim that primitive man was a killer.

MR. BELL: There is a book about Leakey's work—Robert Ardrey's book, *African Genesis*—that develops this.

DR. DUBOS: As far as I can judge, the evidence for this view is extremely slender and not accepted by many anthropologists. I think it is fair, therefore, to assume as a basis of discussion, that in the majority of animal species there is "no destructive combat" under natural conditions.

MR. GARNETT: May I ask a question? Would you regard modern man as a killer or not? Would you regard existing man as a killer or not as a killer?

DR. DUBOS: I regard him as a killer!

MR. GARNETT: So he is different from other animals in that respect?

DR. DUBOS: Whoever—or am I speaking too much?

MR. BELL: No—please.

DR. DUBOS: I assume that he has become a killer because modern man is in the position of Solly Zuckerman's apes in the London Zoo. He has not yet learned to behave in a way that is compatible with living in the Zoo. On the other hand, I also believe that this problem has been recog-

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nized, that we have tried—when I say "we" I speak of mankind—to come to grips with this problem through religion, through ethical systems, and through codes of ethics which admittedly we do not live up to, but which we all acknowledge. What strikes me is that even though slavery is still practiced in the most cruel manner in the modern world, nevertheless nobody defends slavery. Those who practice it try to invent excuses for their behavior. They do not recognize it as an honorable way of life. So I will end on this note. I believe in the existence of eternal values (how to use those terms without being somewhat embarrassed by them?) which are built into the very fabric of human nature, but I also believe that there are necessities imposed by the peculiar conditions under which we live, which change so fast we can never catch up with them. We can never arrive at a system of values that is permanent, because by the time we get there the conditions have changed.

MR. BELL: I'm sorry to charge you perhaps with the worst crime of the scientist, which is the crime of contradiction. You start off with—in terms of the question Mr. Garnett challenged you with—is modern man a killer? Now temperamentally I usually rebel against such questions, because my feeling is that some men are killers and some men are not. And to talk about "Man" may be a delusion. Now you ended up, it seemed to me, contradicting your first notion, because you did say many people don't like killing, that people are ashamed of slavery, that there are differences among men. The problem we come back to time and again—and this is what it seems to me Dr. Murray led us to, and the most fruitful lead we have—is, there are elements of differences: how does one account for these differences, how do we extend the elements of what we call mutuality, love or what have you. And it seems to me, one part of the question, if I may say so, is met by thinking in terms of some notions of modern man. Now I do think that there is a general biological level to which we all respond. But I also think that there are elements of differentiation. I'm reminded of a book that appeared about forty years or so ago by Leonard Hobhouse, *Morals in Evolution*. Now it seemed that Hobhouse was putting forward very much the same proposition as at the end of your statement, namely, that there were advances in the human race, if you will, which one can show in a variety of ways. One is the emancipation of woman, although it seems emancipation is a poor term, perhaps too condescending.

MRS. HEDDEN: We'll never be emancipated—biologically.

MR. BELL: But by and large given the conditions under which women lived in the past, in many societies today women are relatively free of certain restraints which were imposed on them before. But what I want to come down to is the crucial question that Hobhouse is raising because it's the dialectic you speak about: there is an evolution in morals. For Hobhouse it was the movement from tribe or clan to citizenship, to some sort of membership in a larger community and the acceptance of the rules of a larger community and the acceptance of the civilized rules of the larger community. He saw this as a general process in society. I do think, and I would argue this point, that while *some* modern men are killers, if one looks back two thousand or more years, there have been extraordinary advances away from killing. One can think of various civilizations—say, Greece, where people were cruelly and ruthlessly slaughtered without any notion of moral compunction. It's quite true today that we have had concentration camps, terrible situations, but I think one thing you pointed to was very important. People today never admitted them, never tried to justify them, somehow hid them in a variety of ways, Or, if they tried to justify them, they did it in terms of abstract moral absolutes.

MR. FULLER: Not if you read Ecclesiastes, in the Old Testament.

MR. BELL: Let's take a look at what happened, let's say, in the wars of Genghis Khan or the various Mohammedan wars or the kinds of torture in which people gloried. A very simple point: Up to one

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hundred and fifty or sixty years ago, there could still be public hangings in England. It is impossible today, in any part of the world that calls itself civilized, to have a public hanging. Such actions exist. They exist in sections of the Middle East today. This is going on in Iraq. But I would argue that there is an aspect of what Hobhouse calls "morals in evolution," and I do think perhaps that it is a long-run process which is part of the process of individuation, of the extension of the membership in a larger community or of the awareness of the larger community and the acceptance of the rules of the larger community.

MRS. HEDDEN: But isn't it worse to kill now, when you have a moral sense of values, than it was before you had a moral sense of values?

MR. BELL: No. But this comes back to the very cogent point that Hiram Haydn raised: that the modern sense of the problem is the question between good and good. The older notion, even in the Old Testament, was between good and evil; our own conceptions today are much more in the whole question of morals between good and good. And there is to that extent a very considerable change.

MR. FULLER: Well, the conflict between mutually incompatible goods is, of course, as ancient as human relationships. I'd like to add a codicil to what Mr. Haydn said. Part of the dilemma in what we call the moral decision is the choice between evils. Because we are not able to live in perfect situations, we find ourselves, despite ourselves, often choosing between evils. Now, for example, much has been said about dropping the bomb on Hiroshima. I agree fully that there is no basis on which you can call that good. But I also feel that there is no basis on which you can call the firebombing of Tokyo good; there is no basis on which you could have called the invasion of the Japanese mainland good: in effect, gentlemen, there is no way in which you can call war good! Now, you are confronted with periodic eruptions of what I would call the demonic, of which I think Hitler's nazism a classic example. You are faced often with the question, do you accept the evil of war as the alternative to the evil of this eruption?

Now, conscious of going on too long, I would like to tie this to something that Mr. Hallie said a little while ago. He spoke quite eloquently in terms of choice, decision, which is the pragmatic moral question. It comes back to you, Mrs. Hedden, in speaking of the individual practical choice: the decision, "I will" or "I won't." Now in our choices or actions, in our daily behavior, there seem to me to be at least three common factors. Two of these, at a very low common denominator, are fear and self-interest. And sometimes, whether it is in philosophical-ethical terms, or in theological terms, a sense of reverence also enters into these choices. But there's an old limerick which is wonderfully cogent here, about

> . . . the young lady named Wilde
> Who kept herself quite undefiled
> Through thinking of Jesus
> And social diseases
> And the dangers of having a child.

Now this unites, actually, the choice, the decision of "I will" or "I won't," in a very homely sort of way, to that wonderful cant phrase of our times, which yet has a validity, "enlightened self-interest." It is horrible sometimes, and yet there is a germ of truth in it. A moral code raises the scale of your "I will" and "I won't."

By the way, my previous point about falling short of perfection is that we all have the experience of saying, "I won't!" when we know we're going to. We violate this "won't" as we violate everything else. To counterbalance that—Alan Paton once told me, in connection with the Bloemfontein Reformatory of which he was the superintendant, that he had never seen what we would call the most degraded criminal, who might have done some monstrous thing, who did not have at the same time something that to him was unthinkable to do.

Now the point about all this is that "I will" and "I won't" is the immediate confrontation from moment to moment of the individual's moral life. The higher morali-

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ties go back to what I share with Dr. Dubos —he speaks of a sense of certain "eternal values." That is a vague phrase, and it should be vague, and I have spoken in somewhat similar terms. I say there are many sources, traditions and heritages through which one can derive this sense. And I don't insist that any man's source of this sense be the same as mine, whether it be in a Western religious tradition, or in the Tao, or something of that sort. But when "I will" and "I won't" is at least partly, and consciously, and conscientiously related to some eternal value, then we're consciously, crudely guided in our "I wills" and "I won'ts," and are moving, groping, toward something that we can dignify with the word morality.

MRS. HEDDEN: To paraphrase Hiram's setup, a moral decision between a personal good and a *may be better* is, of course, much more difficult to make than one between what you know is good and what you suspect is evil, because it may be tinged with self-interest.

MR. HALLIE: Could I tie up some of the things that you have been saying here? You asked for a definition of morality. Well, the opposite of morality is abstraction. The opposite of morality is indifference. The opposite of morality is being able to drop a bomb, let's say, without going out of your mind afterwards, or without really seeing that there was a decision to make. The opposite of morality is both the "wills" and the "won'ts." The balance between two "wills," or two goods, as Hiram put it, the balance between two "won'ts" as Mr. Fuller put it. The balance as you put it between the "will" and the "won't": these are morality. But what is the absence of morality?

MRS. HEDDEN: Not caring.

MR. HALLIE: It's not caring! The distance between you and another human being, or yourself. We haven't talked about a morality that's in violation of yourself yet. But the indifference to man, whether it be to yourself or other men—this is the opposite of morality.

MRS. HEDDEN: That's when indifference is selfishness.

MR. GARNETT: No—because indifference to ourselves is not selfishness. Mr. Hallie said indifference to yourself as well as to others.

MRS. HEDDEN: I was thinking only of indifference to others.

MR. GARNETT: But, in replying to Mr. Hallie, you also said indifference to yourself.

MR. HALLIE: That's also immoral to me —to be indifferent to yourself.

MRS. HEDDEN: Yes! Except when you're so intricately involved with other people that you can't distinguish between the you and the them.

MR. BELL: Let's take a break, a breather, and decide where we may yet want to go.

MR. BELL: Dr. Dubos, you were saying, reporting on some films you had seen showing the behavior not only of anthropoids, but of so-called primitive tribes, that, so to speak, in the state of nature (whatever at the moment the term may signify) there seems to be a lack of aggression, there seems to be a high degree of mutuality. You have drawn some conclusions from that. Would you proceed with them?

DR. DUBOS: Instead of stating conclusions, I'll report very briefly on what I saw two weeks ago in Montreal at the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. There was a symposium devoted to the study of anthropoids living under natural conditions. The papers were really not papers, they were movies—not photographs, but actual movies of the behavior of animals in their natural habitat. In all cases, irrespective of the type of social organization of the animals, I was very much impressed by the relatedness of one animal to the other—I'll use the words, "he cared for the other," although I'm introducing here an interpretation of my own. The animals acted *as if* they cared and were willing to sacrifice something of their own comfort for the comfort of the others and of the group as a whole—not only for the welfare of the group, but for the welfare of individual members of the group. Their attitude called back to mind the accounts of the eighteenth-century ex-

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plorers about the noble savage, so much discredited today. It turns out, however, that during the past few years several groups of physicians and medical scientists have studied a Negro village in East Africa which has remained completely isolated from white influence, and a group of Indians in the Brazilian Mato Grosso also completely isolated from Western influence. It was discovered that these people, although very primitive in terms of mechanical arrangements of life, have a kind of society with great merits in regard to the relation of one human being to another. For all that we know, there was something real in the observations that were made in the eighteenth century as to the life of primitive people. What happens, however, is that as soon as primitive people come into contact with a different civilization—and I'm not saying that the white people are worse than others—as soon as they adopt a way of life different from that for which they have developed a code of ethics which makes for some sort of harmonious life—everything breaks down and we enter the era of conflict. Unfortunately, this is the fate of all of us, and is likely to remain our fate as long as our societies move and change so fast.

MRS. HEDDEN: Civilized man, H. G. Wells said in *Mr. Britling Sees It Through,* is still in his adolescence. I remember taking as much consolation from that, when I was twenty, as I took last year from the Presidential election.

MR. GARNETT: I should like to ask Dr. Dubos whether it wasn't a happy accident that these people, these primitive peoples, who were observed, were like this. If you reflect on many other primitive people, such as the Trobriand Islanders observed by Malinowski, you find aggression is the morality of the male, that they believed in and trained their children in homocide. No two men could cooperate, because they believed so strongly in personal honor that they could never come to an agreement. All the cooperation was done by the women. Now there was a community completely untouched by white people with an absolutely different ethos, entirely different code of morality; and the same code of morality was found among the ancient Aztecs, with the piles of human sacrifices. Surely any ethical belief is possible to man.

MR. FULLER: Yes, the great question here, although all of us would have varying concepts of it, is the nature of man, especially as related to the nature of the animal kingdom. I believe that it is an accepted generalization that we don't speak of animals as being "immoral," or for that matter, being "moral"—it's their greatest blessing. The self-consciousness of man is that unique entity, called different things in different traditions, which introduces the moral question. Dr. Dubos' talk of certain idyllic primitive tribes reminds me of the title of one of Reinhold Niebuhr's early books, *Moral Man and Immoral Society.* There can be no doubt that what we call "civilization" sometimes is a corrupting thing, and there can be no doubt, as seen in books from Alan Paton's *Cry, the Beloved Country* to *Laughing Boy* by Oliver La Farge, that the sudden meeting of disparate cultures is almost invariably demoralizing in various ways, and this relates to the nature of man.

MRS. HEDDEN: Yes, but in those conflicts isn't it true that the tribe will turn back to itself if it is isolated?

MR. FULLER: I don't know.

MR. BELL: Dr. Murray, you have been studying man, at least professionally, for about forty-five years or so. Can you perhaps try to—I can't ask you to sum up forty-five years of work. . . .

DR. MURRAY: Our topic over the last ten minutes seems to have been, roughly speaking, is man better or worse than is generally supposed? And the four gentlemen who are facing me, including you, Mr. Bell, not Mr. Garnett—I take it that he's on my side—are influenced by what I would call species narcissism. That is, you are overevaluating so-called Homo sapiens, looking at them from their own point of view, not from the point of view of the species they have exterminated. Now I would like to suggest that we abandon the dichotomy of good and bad, white and black, and think in terms of a ratio, a pro-

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portion of white and black, in every action —lighter or darker gray. You people see man as light gray; whereas we may be seeing him as a darker shade of gray. You see, I started in surgery, and a surgeon looks for what is wrong primarily. He likes to see evidences of health, since health is going to contribute to the cure. But first of all he's got to locate the sickness. Today our greatest objective, or necessity, is the abolition of war, and this calls for an understanding of the origins and genesis of war. What is there in men as members of a group that drives them toward war when a provocation arises? Man is unique as a killer of his own kind. He is the most ferocious animal on earth, and he excels all animals in downright cruelty! I think that it is very important to realize this, alongside of one's recognition of his admirable qualities. Think of all the lovable people who live with each other in peace and harmony. But even in Tahiti as known to Melville, who said, This is where Christ ought to have been sent; these good people would have understood his message—even the Tahitians were just beyond cannibalism as practiced in the Marquesas. The films that Dr. Dubos saw were ingroup films of peaceful conditions, that did not show attacks by carnivorous predators, or by prehistoric men armed with stones and clubs and spears. And so I think that, despite the depressing effect it might have on our complacence and optimism, an examination of this ferocity in man would be a necessary part of our estimation of his capacity for moral conduct. The enemy is within us all, and we should become fully acquainted with him there inside ourselves before attacking him in others. In short, I think that Mr. Garnett and I are roughly on the same side in thinking that it's bad policy to underestimate the strength of the enemy.

MR. GARNETT: I agree completely.

DR. MURRAY: You do? Good. And I should add something to what I've said which might outrage Mr. Fuller. I think that one effect of Christianity—the religion of love as perverted by churchmen generally—has been to increase self-righteous hate in many sections of the population. I think the history of Christianity is disgraced by as much bloodshed and cruelty as one can find in any other strip of human history.

MR. FULLER: Of course it is.

DR. MURRAY: And I think that somebody equipped with today's knowledge of psychology and sociology would have been in a position to predict that Christianity would eventually produce its opposite—say, the glorification of money on which was written, "In God we trust." And, furthermore, if one had to contrive a system that would manufacture hypocrites by the millions, one couldn't have done better than invent the Christian system of morality, especially its sexual morality.

MR. FULLER: That's a very large assumption. We couldn't possibly resolve it one way or the other. It would make a nice long symposium.

MR. BELL: May I cut in? I think there are two questions that Dr. Murray raised that we keep coming back to as very important, namely, this "nature of man" problem, and the kinds of moral choice. But I'd like to push the first a little further, Dr. Murray, in this respect: However one talks about man as a killer, many men are not killers. You started out as a surgeon to heal people. Somebody remarked that man is one of the few animals that will go to extraordinary lengths to save a single life. The Talmud says that to save one life is to save a world. So that question comes up: what are the sources of the nonkilling elements in man? Where do they derive from? How does one extend this?

DR. MURRAY: Yes, I would say that with this ferocity goes compassion. Chivalry tried to unite the two: Knock a man off his horse and then dismount and bind up his wounds. The modern version is humanitarianism on a large scale, national scale. Christians, it seems to me, inherited this blessing, not from the Greeks at all, but from the Jews—the Sermon on the Mount is one example. You don't find this in the Orient. In China, pedestrians will see a man dying by the roadside and walk right on.

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MR. FULLER: Do you remember the Good Samaritan?

DR. MURRAY: That's part of the Judeo-Christian tradition of compassion which has served to balance more self-centered and aggressive dispositions.

MRS. HEDDEN: Recently, people in New York have watched people die without interfering. And there's one question I want to ask you, Dr. Murray. Don't you think that this ferocity in man might be due to the fact that primitive man had to hunt and kill for food—and that civilized man, not needing to, has not yet found a reasonable substitute for that instinct?

DR. MURRAY: Yes. He's inherited the once necessary instincts of a carnivorous, cannibalistic hunter, and he doesn't know what to do with them, except to kill partridges, moose and presidents. Where would you like to go from here?

MR. FULLER: May I interject something for whoever wishes to pick it up? It's interesting, in connection with man, that when we're speaking in the collective of the species, we've all pretty much agreed that man is a killer, the greatest of the predators; but it is also true that there are men who do not kill. The important thing about the nature of man as I conceive it, and believe in it, is that the killer is latent in every man. I believe that every horror that man, generically, has committed, or is capable of conceiving, is latent in each of us, and that every virtue to which our greatest people in all cultures have attained is, in principle, latent within us, and that the great drama of mankind which I do not try, gentlemen, to confine to the Christian realm, that the great drama of mankind is this immense spread, and the fact that man is aware of the struggle between these extremes.

MR. BELL: The question is then, are there some conditions that to some extent extend what you might call the area of compassion? For example: If one goes back to the great optimism of the nineteenth century, I think almost everybody who thought about the progress of history—whether it be Comte or Spencer or Hegel or Marx—all located the problem in the nature of scarcity. The fundamental premise was essentially that the world consisted of scarce goods. The assumption was, however, that when you were able somehow to overcome scarcity, when you had an abundance in this respect, you would reduce the areas of conflict. Now this is one point of view that would argue, as Comte did, or Marx did in this respect, that an element such as war, or elements such as slaughter, elements of this kind would be either eliminated or diminished when you no longer have scarcity. Now would you go along with that kind of assumption, Dr. Murray?

DR. MURRAY: Oh, yes, I think there are some well-controlled animal experiments that show this. And in the past voyagers saw this in Polynesia where an abundance of food and a favorable climate were conducive to harmony and peacefulness—that is before the missionaries, the merchants, the sailors and whalemen and soldiers imported all the iniquities of so-called civilization. Pertinent here are some very illuminating experiments, which Dr. Dubos could describe better than I can, experiments on overpopulation in confined animal communities. Not scarcity of food or anything like that in this case, but sheer overpopulation, extreme crowdedness. The whole social system of instinctive and acquired habits breaks down. The males begin fighting, the mothers drop their young and cease to care for them, and so forth. Hudson Hoagland has reported a large number of such studies. They conform to what Dr. Dubos has told us about behaviors in the London Zoo. One might say that overcrowding leads to a diminution of good will among animals as well as among men. One needs elbowroom for spiritual health. It is harder to act morally, let us say, under certain conditions. I don't know what the ideal conditions for morality might be. Remember Buddha. His father gave him everything that money could buy, every kind of pleasure, every indulgence—women, music, entertainment, and so forth. But Buddha was not happy; he had to go out of his father's domain and become acquainted with the world's misery.

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MR. FULLER: Dr. Murray, you agree, for example, that in human history some of the most appalling circumstances have produced some of the noblest responses of man. Not the ideal, but the most appalling.

MR. HALLIE: I've been reacting violently to everything that has been said. We have talked about the so-called evolution of morality, to use language somewhat similar to what Mr. Bell was using a while ago when he talked about how we don't hang people in public anymore. (Now we guillotine them, or what all, in privacy.) But the question of the evolution of morality interests me very little, as little as do questions of the origins, *et cetera*. They may be useful for the sake perhaps of argument, but not for the sake of my own life. When I am making a choice, origins and evolution don't come in, although I'm sure these things are illuminating. But what do they illuminate? They illuminate my choices, if they have any relevance to morality. I look back at my life, not looking at scarcity, nor looking at history, nor looking at all these possible origins or contexts for my decisions: I look at my decisions. When have I been better, when have I been worse, in those decisions—this is a problem that may be illuminated by these remarks, but it is a problem that must be faced, whether or not these remarks are made. And again and again I ask myself: When have I been immoral? And I ask myself this on the basis of my own history, and my own evolution, and my own origins, but with not as much respect for these as for the way I live. And again I keep finding that I have been immoral when I have been incapable of awareness. Just as simple as that. I have been immoral in proportion to my incapacity for awareness, and I'm really going to put it in a wild way. But I really think it's a more useful way for this discussion than any way I can think of so far: When have I been more aware, and when have I been less aware of the human soul, mine or other people's? In my youth I was so unaware not only of other human souls, compared to the way I am now, or hope to think I am now, but also sublimely unaware of the heart of darkness in my own soul. It's in these areas that the question of the problem of morality arises for me. I simply will open my mind to considerations of the origins, history, only if they bear on these intimate decisions between good and good, *et cetera,* that I have made. The only place where these things are treated directly is in literature. I keep coming back again and again to the descriptions in literature, presentations rather than descriptions, the makings of a human soul in literature. In Conrad's *The Heart of Darkness,* which I keep coming back to in all my thoughts on morality, the real moral question is: "Mr. Kurtz—he dead." He died in the hold of a ship, and his last words were: "Oh the horror!" reported secondhand. The question of morality is: are you capable of the awareness of horror, are you capable of a kind of awareness of human souls—yours as well as others? And insofar as you lard over souls with ideologies, relations, historical studies, anything of the sort, as long as you lard them over without illuminating that awareness—you are not tasting the meat of morality. And I'm not saying you can't illuminate—you must illuminate with all your powers, but you must leave room for an awareness of the heart of darkness. The narrator in *The Heart of Darkness* talks about the fact that when he hears a lie everything rots around him. When I have tried to act in a rotten way, when I have tried to act in this way, the heart of darkness is what I confronted —in a sense the lights went out. You can put it any way you want to. But when there is a problem of morality, it is always a problem of how much I am aware of the heart of darkness, how much I am willing to avoid that heart of darkness, or how much I am indifferent to its avoidance. And all these questions boil down to some relevance to *that* in my life.

MR. FULLER: I respond to that a great deal.

DR. MURRAY: It seems to me that Mr. Hallie and Mr. Fuller have led the way in accomplishing the transition from social to individual, or existential, morality. Reporting personal experiences might have been the best way of going about our dialectic task. Could we ever agree as to what was

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worse or better in specific cases that involved considerations of morality? I doubt it. But maybe agreement is not what we want. Let each person be his own Church. Mr. Hallie, you have been emphasizing moral sensitivity to horrors, which is certainly a most important aspect of our problem, the aspect whose genesis might be traced to self-centered experiences in childhood. It is horrible, for example, to be tortured, slandered, dispossessed, or insulted by one's older brother, *et cetera, et cetera.*

MR. GARNETT: Individual, basic morality—

MR. FULLER: Would you say then—

MR. BELL: I'm sorry, Mr. Garnett, you were cut off, you were saying what you thought about the basis of a personal morality?

MR. GARNETT: Well, I was fascinated to hear you mention Conrad's *Heart of Darkness,* because the subject of all Conrad's books is the sense of honor, and his sense of morality is based on the sense of honor which I think can be described also as the sense of self-respect. And it is that secure feeling of self-respect that is the basis of all individual morality but not of social morality. And the curious thing is that there are two codes of morality: the code of private morality, usually better, is not always as good as the social code. Only a hundred years ago it was a point of honor to fight duels. But at the same time it's the sense of honor that makes a sense of self-respect, which makes the finest men among us tell the truth in something like the Dreyfus trial—one of these crucial questions that comes up again and again and is always facing a large civilized community where social pressures demand the sacrifice of the individual judgment. And the curious thing is that we should have punished the Germans for not following their individual judgments in the Nuremberg trials. They had sacrificed the individual judgment to the social one. I would say that nowadays our individual morality is very much higher than the social morality that we've been discussing most of the evening.

DR. MURRAY: You are pointing to me, Mr. Bell, but if you don't mind, I would rather exemplify a bit of morality by not continuing to monopolize so much of our available time. So I won't go on.

MR. BELL: You were saying something about the genesis of morality in children. Now this is important, it seems to me, in the light of what Mr. Garnett was saying: that if one looks back over the last hundred years there was a tradition of honor, of self-respect, and that one of the problems today would seem to be the decline in potency of these notions of honor and of self-respect. So to this extent whatever you were going to say about genesis in the morality of children could be quite relevant.

DR. MURRAY: I've already outspoken my welcome, so I'll refrain from engagement in that complex topic. Maybe a sentence or two related to what Mr. Hallie was telling us would be appropriate. Besides the morality, or rather immorality, of horror—evil, wickedness, and so forth—there is the morality of shared joy, the positive and creative aspect of behavior in this realm. For Aristotle and other Hellenes, morality was the art of happiness. And as for the conflict between conventional morality and an individual's own moral judgments, I might say that the most critical experiences in my life were those in which individual moral judgments were decisive and had beneficent results.

DR. DUBOS: Suppose that you are given the responsibility for medical action in one of the primitive, underdeveloped countries. There will of course be patients who suffer from some kinds of conditions that can be controlled by complex and costly surgical techniques or some other form of costly medical procedure. It's going to cost many thousands of dollars. You know that by doing this you will cure these patients, or at least help them survive a little longer, but you know also that if you withdraw ten thousand dollars from the limited budget of that community, you will prevent the enactment of highly effective public health measures, be it only introducing powdered milk, or anything else that would help thousands and thousands of children.

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There is a very difficult conflict of individual and social morality, and in effect these are the kinds of actual conflicts we are facing all the time, in our own society.

DR. MURRAY: One would weigh these different factors in one's head. Those would be the questions, for example, of whether the operation, besides curing this one individual, might advance this surgical procedure so that it could be applied to lots of other individuals. Is science, applied science, going to be advanced by this operation? In all the best hospitals today almost every patient is made to suffer a bit for the sake of future patients, to have a few more blood tests than are necessary, to get punctured a little more than they have to, because, generally speaking, this increases knowledge and more knowledge will lead to better treatment of subsequent cases. Here the question is, should thousands of children be deprived of some of the milk they need—and suffer in this way—for the sake of the advancement of applied science?

DR. DUBOS: Let us take a specific example. The design and use of artificial kidneys—costing tens of thousands of dollars. With all that money you may save one person, but the same amount would buy enough milk to help many thousands of children.

MR. FULLER: This is *The Doctor's Dilemma.*

MRS. HEDDEN: But would the surgeon have that decision?

DR. MURRAY: Yes.

DR. DUBOS: I placed this hypothetical situation in a primitive country, but it's our problem too.

DR. MURRAY: You're giving them milk for a month. After that month where are they going to get it from? Maybe your giving them milk and then depriving them of milk will amount to an unbearable disappointment, *et cetera.*

MR. BELL: I think what we have here is a problem of a general calculus which I suspect, as Dr. Dubos said, the society itself is increasingly called upon to face. For example, the President's panel on health recently has asked for several hundred million dollars, even a billion dollars, for work on heart disease, cancer, strokes, other diseases. I've heard a number of physicians, very eminent ones, say that this is really ridiculous in some respects, because in heart diseases, what was the point of extending the life of a person two years, three years, four years? Perhaps the best way to go, if you have to go, is by a quick reaction of the heart. Let's use the money in some other areas. I don't know how one applies the calculus in this sort of problem. It's partly utilitarian, partly nonutilitarian. We don't have to argue out specific cases, and yet you find the general principle. And this leads me (and I think this is an easy way) to the other question that we have been raising all evening, aside from this anthropological question: the question of *choice.* And here I'd like to—in the last few moments we have—pose one final question—one that bothers me in part in relation to Mr. Fuller and Mr. Hallie—this notion of the constant return to the absolute, whether it be the absolute of my choice, or the absolute of a transcendental morality. For instance, Mr. Fuller says that no one can ever say that war is good; no one can ever say at this point that invading Japan had been good. I agree, but the problem that most people have is not whether it is good or was good, but to recognize in a much simpler way that it was necessary.

MR. FULLER: Or was it the lesser evil?

MR. BELL: So the problem of necessity is existent at all these different levels. The ones who are policy makers don't always argue about good and evil. They say it's a necessity. And here let me say that there is at least one distinction I'd simply like to put in because I think it's a useful one. Max Weber, the German sociologist, once drew a distinction between what he called the ethics of conscience and the ethics of responsibility. He said an ethic of conscience was exemplified by people who were absolute pacifists, who have a certain frame of mind in which they say my values, my ends, are so holy, so necessary, so good, that all other means are sacrificed to them and I will take my stand in this particular way. They say the same thing now in the race question, in terms of the civil rights issue. Here you have an ethic of conscience

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which operates on this basis. An ethic of responsibility says, whatever my particular ultimate ends may be, the nature of society is such that it creates divisions, struggles, differences, conflicts, and therefore I compromise. And therefore my compromise may be the way in which we can try perhaps best to move ahead. And what Weber pointed out, of course, is that each of these involve their own corruption, because the ethics of compromise can lead to expediency, can lead to a kind of not-caring; the ethics of conscience can lead to a kind of fanaticism. The problem is, how does one balance an ethic of conscience and an ethic of responsibility? But all of this always turns on the question, not of the good it seems to me, but of the necessary in these terms.

MR. HALLIE: I put it slightly differently, although I think your analysis is fruitful. But I would say the terminal question you just asked, how does one compromise between these two immense and yet deceptive, when carried too far, demands? I put it differently. A judge listens to the evidence, but finally he is a man, sitting on his bench in a position of un-buck-passing, and he does his best with all this evidence. It's his best, and this is the terrifying thing —you have to act. Even if you don't act, you are acting in a moral sense. The termination of this is: how does one compromise—Dr. Murray's remark struck home to me—how do I weigh these things in my soul, and act with all the information, with all the illumination, as far as my own responsibility to society and to what I think is right? The termination is—I act.

MR. BELL: Would you say that Stimson was a moral man, or an immoral man?

MR. HALLIE: I'm not going to apply what I'm saying to him. What I'm saying is that he has to be something, if he's Mr. Stimson, and he has to do his best.

MR. BELL: Can you obey that judgment in terms of the things you're asking?

MR. HALLIE: Well, in a certain direct sense I can answer that, as a person who would say that he is doing a moral thing, which incidentally Stimson never said as far as I know.

MR. BELL: He said he had a duty.

MR. HALLIE: He had a responsibility.

MR. BELL: He took his responsibility, and the responsibility was in terms of the choices available to him.

MR. HALLIE: That's right.

MR. BELL: Now from your existentialist sense, you say he's moral, but from Mr. Fuller's sense you say he's immoral.

MR. FULLER: No—I would not; you misread me. He's making a choice which is a choice between evils and that is a part of the whole framework that I've been trying to point out. So that his dilemma is a great, a tragic dilemma, and I think we would, at least *I* would, call him a moral man in that he was consciously grappling with it and knew, I am certain, that he did not have a clear-cut choice between a good and an evil; precisely because of what you so admirably defined as the morality of responsibility, he couldn't evade a decision that we would all agree was an intolerable decision, and yet society confronts us with these.

MR. HALLIE: We tolerate them. We have to, unless we're nothing.

DR. MURRAY: I'd like to ask Mr. Fuller whether he would have thought more of Mr. Stimson if he had said, this is wrong but it's necessary.

MR. FULLER: I like the idea of a man saying that, and I will say this much, that I feel the sense of that in Stimson's writings about the situation.

MR. HALLIE: On the TV program—did anybody see it?—it wasn't Stimson, I know Oppenheimer said it, but somewhere in the TV program some statesman in a position of responsibility said parenthetically, "I am not going to try to say that this was the right thing to do." And then he went on to talk about the expediency of it. And it seems to me that any man who really weighs these things in his soul has to act. What he decides may be fruitless for others perhaps, but it is ultimate for himself. He thinks and listens to the witnesses, he studies the evidence, he listens to the jury, and he watches the results of their listening, and then he has to do something in a moral situation. He does it, and the best we can

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do, is the best we can do, and this is the un-get-over-able fact of any discussion of moral issues.

MR. FULLER: Now gentlemen, what we have come to here—the whole evening has been tending toward it and this focuses it very sharply—is, in Unamuno's phrase, the tragic sense of life.

DR. DUBOS: Well, I have come to a somewhat different conclusion. It is not unrelated to your own, but I find it more hopeful. Because of my professional activities, I have so far emphasized animal societies, but all the time I have kept in mind that when human beings are involved, behavior involves ethical problems of decision not encountered in animal life. These problems of decision are precisely those that define the human condition. In the words of Paul Tillich, "Man becomes really human at the time of decision." And by this I mean that all of us are truly human to the extent, that, when facing a situation in which we cannot control all the determinants, we nevertheless try to evaluate the consequences and are willing to judge and decide on a course of action.

MR. BELL: Well, all of this perhaps—the only last word I can bring to this is an old story which comes from my childhood, namely, the story of Spinoza that fascinated me when I was a boy. It seems he was tired of the cackling of the people around him and he wanted to reach God. He went up into his attic and was grinding his lenses when he broke through the barrier, reached God, and began to speak. Spinoza began asking questions about the nature of man, the meaning of morality, of the first cause and the final cause, and as he talked, his mind and spirit expanded. But when he paused, God said to him, "Well, all of this is very pretty, but come, let us talk of things really great."

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The Hawk

LOREN EISELEY

The hawk goes by, goes by
Wheels and returns to scan
With far-off golden eye
The checkered fields of man.

That far-off golden eye
Transfixes, pins in air
The serpent sprawled awry
Returning stare for stare.

Our shapes are plucked from grass,
From leaves, from shreds of night.
My upturned face will pass
Unjudged in that far sight.

The hawk wheels by, wheels by
While all, mouse, serpent, men
Leap once in that fierce eye,
Fall, and are lost again.

✪ LOREN EISELEY is a naturalist and essayist. On rare occasions he turns to verse. He is the author of *The Immense Journey* and *The Firmament of Time,* and a contributor to many periodicals.

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Virginia Woolf

DAVID GARNETT

VIRGINIA WOOLF'S FATHER, Leslie Stephen, came of a family famous already in law and politics: particularly famous for the part its members played in the agitation against the slave trade. He added luster to the family record, resigning a fellowship at Cambridge University because he was not prepared to take Holy Orders as a clergyman—which was then expected—because he realized that he was an agnostic (he himself coined the word), that is, that he held an open mind with suspended belief on religious matters. On leaving the University he devoted himself to criticism and to literature. His first marriage, to Thackeray's daughter, was unhappy. She suffered from recurring fits of insanity.

After her death he married one of the most beautiful women in England, Mrs. Julia Duckworth, who had been left a widow with two sons and one daughter. By her he had two sons and two daughters. They grew up in a large house in London, spending their holidays in Cornwall, surrounded by famous men and women, the friends of their parents. James Russell Lowell—to begin with an American—was, as his letters show, not only a close friend and admirer of Leslie Stephen but for many years, until his death, the devoted friend of Julia. Henry James was a frequent visitor to the Stephen houses in London and in Cornwall. George Meredith was an equally close friend. The painter Watts, who had known Julia from a young girl, was a friend who painted their portraits; that of Leslie Stephen is good. That of Julia gives less idea of her beauty than the photographs taken by the pioneer photographer, her aunt Mrs. Cameron. But besides this background of culture and high thinking, there was a worldly

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element brought in partly by the Duckworth boys, by Stephen's eminence and Mrs. Stephen's beauty.

Mrs. Cornish, who was famous for her directness, once came into a room during a party where all the men were grouped around Julia Stephen and paying little attention to anyone else: Mrs. Cornish looked at Julia, nodded her head and remarked: "What a killjoy!"

The background I have attempted to describe is resurrected by Virginia Woolf in her novel, *To The Lighthouse*. But Julia died while Virginia was still a young girl and she grew up in the shadow of her eminent querulous father, reading every book she could lay hands on in his library and learning Greek by herself.

The Duckworth boys, grown up into smart worldly young men, did their utmost to bring their half sisters out into society and to arrange good marriages for them. They resisted. Vanessa insisted on being an art student who had no time for balls in Mayfair. Virginia, in a burst of defiance of established authority, took a leading part in the execution of a brilliantly successful practical joke played on the British Navy: The *Dreadnought* Hoax. A telegram purporting to be from the Foreign Office was sent to the Admiral on board the *Dreadnought* (then the largest battleship in the British Navy or the world), saying that the Crown Prince of Abyssinia and his suite were coming down to look over the *Dreadnought* and that the Admiral was asked to treat them with all courtesy. Virginia was disguised as the Prince of Abyssinia, her brother Adrian was a supposed interpreter, Duncan Grant an Abyssinian member of the Prince's suite, and Horace Cole an official from the Foreign Office.

The practical joke was successful and the visitors passed undetected, although a cousin of Adrian's and Virginia's—afterwards Admiral of the Fleet Sir William Fisher—was on board and stared at Adrian, astonished by the resemblance between the German interpreter and his cousin. As Adrian was six feet four inches in height, he could hardly be overlooked, and he was not in disguise, only appropriately dressed.

That, of course, was a mere escapade, but it was a flouting of authority, and the kind of escapade that Victorian chaperones did not approve and were not willing to condone.

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On Sir Leslie's death, Adrian and Virginia went to live in a house in an unfashionable quarter of London, a house in which the spare rooms were often occupied by their friends Maynard, afterwards Lord, Keynes, who became the world-famous economist, and Duncan Grant the great painter. Virginia's sister, Vanessa, had meanwhile married Clive Bell, the art critic, and lived nearby. The family circle afterwards known as "Bloomsbury" had been set up.

For the so-called Bloomsbury circle, of which its members were never conscious, owed its existence to the Stephen sisters, Vanessa and Virginia, who had each inherited all of their mother's beauty and their father's clear-minded intelligence. No man, however intelligent or free-spoken, had to adapt his lightest conversation, or most serious discussions in an argument, to their presence. They were fully the equals in wit and in wisdom and originality of mind of the men around them: Lytton Strachey, Clive Bell, Desmond MacCarthy, Morgan Forster and Leonard Woolf.

The latter had been a close friend at Cambridge of Lytton Strachey, and had then spent seven years as a British administrator in Ceylon. He had won golden opinions from his superiors, and there is little doubt that he had been marked out as a future Governor of Ceylon. But during his leave he fell passionately in love with Virginia and resigned his job in the hope that she would marry him. A few years before the 1914-18 war, she finally did.

Although they were devoted to each other, and Virginia was indeed in many ways dependent on Leonard's moral support, the marriage was clouded by Virginia's occasional recurrent fits of insanity. These were connected with her writing, and were liable to come on after the strain of finishing one of her novels. During one of these lapses she heard the birds in the garden singing in Greek; sometimes she was violent. Leonard was forever on the watch and by keeping her from overworking, or going to too many parties—which she loved—he was able to ward off these attacks. I never saw any traces of madness in her, but I think her genius owed much to her nervous instability and that her wildly poetical imagination was often only just this side of the borderline.

I became a close friend of Clive and Vanessa Bell and indeed

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of all the other Bloomsburies, especially Duncan Grant, Maynard Keynes and Lytton Strachey. For two years I was an inmate of the Bell household and when, over twenty years later, my first wife died, I fell in love with Angelica Bell and she with me, and we got married.

I shall now introduce what Angelica wrote about Virginia—a child's impression—and shall follow it with my own description of Virginia before going on to discuss briefly *Mrs. Dalloway,* which I have come to regard as the best of Virginia's novels. This is Angelica's description:

"My aunt Virginia was the most enchanting aunt that anyone is ever likely to have. She combined being the fairy godmother aunt with being a fascinating companion, full of original ideas, and as time went on her sympathy and understanding kept pace perfectly with my own growth and development.

"To start with, there was her beauty, her rare and special physical beauty which reminded one of the most aristocratic and nervous of racehorses or greyhounds and which fascinated and possessed me even as a child. Her face with its vulnerable narrow temples and deeply hooded gray-green eyes, shutting at an unexpected moment like the eyes of a bird, and then opening to pierce me with a glance of amused intelligence. Above all, her sensitive, sardonic mouth with a very pronounced downward curve, expressive often of the most intense amusement. Then her gestures, which were somewhat jerky, her long hands waving a still longer cigarette holder. She would puff the smoke out of the corner of her mouth and chuckle at some secret and intimate joke which we shared between us.

"I remember going around to have tea with her at No. 52 Tavistock Square. I would climb the rather bleak stone stairs and be let in by the maid halfway up, and when at last at the top, Virginia would be there to welcome me, long-legged, long-fingered, and with silver hair escaping about her head. She would often have something to show me, such as a new arrangement of furniture, or something she had picked up recently in some old junk shop.

"Leonard would come up from the cellar, in which was the office of the Hogarth Press, and have tea with us, at which there were often both crumpets and muffins, as well as Passover bread,

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and Virginia would call him Leo, almost as though she were trying to make me think of him as a noble lion with a mane, and then she would banter him through me. 'What shall we make old Leo tell us about?' she would say. 'Has he caught many mice today in the cellar?' Leonard would take very little notice of this sort of affectionate and whimsical baiting. He would turn and look at me with the bluest of blue eyes fringed with the blackest of lashes, and start on some different subject. It made me feel like an eaglet in its nest, sitting between those two pairs of eyes, so different in quality—Leonard's the more intense of the two, Virginia's opening with surprise or gleaming with amusement; but each pair fastened on me with genuine and flattering interest in all my minute and childish affairs and friendships and the occurrences of daily life.

"Leonard would retire to work after offering me a bull's eye, a peppermint sweet, while Virginia produced colored papers, sealing wax, paste, scissors, and we would spend our time sitting by the fire making fantastic paper dolls. She once made one that resembled Lady Ottoline Morrell to perfection. Another of our amusements was to lean from the windows looking out over the plane trees in the square, and drop lumps of sugar down, to tempt the cart horses who were standing patiently on three legs waiting for the coalman to finish shooting the contents of his sacks down those mysterious holes in the pavement.

"Virginia's clothes were very characteristic of her, and she somehow combined a natural elegance with neglect and untidiness—there was always some frill floating, or an impression of the most evasive pieces being caught and held by the pin of a single brooch. And yet she wasn't a bit like the White Queen—only the White Queen's sister or cousin. For, whereas I always feel the White Queen would have been at her best in the kitchen or the nursery, Virginia belonged distinctly to the drawing room with a strong whiff of fresh air blowing through it.

"And indeed, it was in the country that she seemed at her happiest. Going over to tea with her at Rodmell was a constant pleasure to us during the summer holidays. Virginia would preside over the teapot in the dining room, which was on a lower level than the garden outside. The green light filtering down through the leaves of plants pressing against the windowpanes in-

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tensified the feeling that she was the Queen of a translucent underwater world. But it was a world full of fun and gaiety and sparkling warmth. A great deal of teasing would go on on both sides and bursts of laughter as Virginia's flights of fancy became more and more unpredictable. After tea we swam out into the open and had a game of bowls, which we played on the Woolfs' lawn, overlooked by the village church and ourselves overlooking the Ouse Valley, which stretched away into the distance until it was met and bounded by Mount Caburn.

"One of Virginia's greatest gifts was for intimacy, and she could always get into touch with even the shiest of young visitors with no apparent effort. She dazzled and charmed them and showed such an interest in their lives and occupations that they were flattered into telling her all she wanted. In her avidity for knowledge of other people's lives, she 'pumped' them mercilessly, and although her victims were flattered, they were also probably surprised. 'What did you have for breakfast?' we always reported as one of Virginia's stock gambits for beginning a conversation with the shy and unwary. But although a certain ruthlessness underlay the questions, if she unearthed something that pleased her, her pleasure was communicated to all of us."

As for me—I almost always saw Virginia and Leonard Woolf together. They would arrive in a car: Virginia a bit flushed, greeting one with warm robust affection, her eyes sparkling a little as she took in the faces of the company; Leonard silent, lean and mossy, greeting one very quietly or speaking only to his spaniel to curb its demonstrations. Virginia's went uncurbed.

When I went to their house it was Leonard who would open the door and, after his quiet greeting, I would go in and find Virginia still somehow tempestuous and storm-tossed even indoors. She was a sea that I never saw in a flat calm: the wind was always blowing, the waves breaking. Her mind had the same sweeping quality.

I never knew what Virginia would talk about or what she would say, but I did know what she would not. She would never make the living into the dead, or the concrete into the abstract. She would never try to harmonize or streamline her and her

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hearers' conflicting ideas and sense impressions into a uniform consistent, neutral-tinted world. She would not generalize: she would always particularize; never flatten the focus, always heighten the three-dimensional depth of detail. Her imagination ranged in a world in which everything was alive. She knew that every living thing is unique: that only when its unique quality is perceived can it be understood and can it become a subject for art. It was the unlikenesses that she looked for, not the likenesses. When the revelation of some unique quality in the person she was talking about, or talking to, came to her, she would stretch her neck out like a bird, take the cigarette in its long holder from her lips, and crow with delighted laughter, and her voice in moments of excitement would break and split like an adolescent schoolboy's.

She was interested in everyone. She responded to young men and girls who aspired to write; she entered the make-believe worlds of children, she was fascinated by the old familiar figures of her childhood: the friends and relatives of her father's and of her girlhood, some shriveled by time, some still brightly vigorous, some horribly decaying. She could be wittily sharp or horribly cruel about those she disliked.

There was a strange contradiction in Virginia. She was so beautiful, so tall, so aristocratic and in many ways so fastidious. But she had a sense of humor that would stick at nothing, like Shakespeare's or like Chaucer's. And she had an appetite and relish for life that one finds most often in barmen and in market women.

Nothing made her wish to avert her eyes and cross to the other side of the street. Like Rembrandt she could have found the subject for a work of art in a side of beef.

Because of this, no doors were closed to her: she could pluck the secret from the heart of a dried-up old lawyer, a charwoman or a young actor enjoying his first triumph. Whenever Virginia appeared, she brought new treasure trove with her: something she had heard in the street, been told over the counter, found in an old letter. After she had been to a party she would come around and regale her sister with an account of it and what she said might have been written by Thackeray if he had been a poet with a

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completely uninhibited sense of humor. She was vain and sensitive to criticism, but she liked talking about herself and making herself into a ridiculous figure and laughing at herself.

Almost all her stories had one point, one object: to catch the unique living self that makes one human being different from another.

When she went into the street, she saw the same crowds that we all do hurrying and scurrying along like disordered sheep. But for her the spectacle was, I think, an illusion. She never forgot that each figure was not a unit in a mass, but an individual with a secret. So that even in Oxford Street there was no crowd, and on the Downs the sheep were not a flock: the shepherd or his dog could tell each one apart.

To that I would add that as a young man I was well aware of her avidity to find out my secret feelings and of the ruthlessness with which she might use her knowledge, so for several years I was rather shy of her. If Mr. Albee had been born to ask his question, "Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf?" I should have admitted that I was.

But as time went on I felt more sure of her. She used to call me her badger—not Bunny, as other people did—and from the way in which she asked: "How's my old Badger? What's he been writing?" I knew that she felt an amused but warm affection for me. Then, in the year before her death, when she realized that Angelica was in love with me, her love embraced us both, and she was a most comforting support.

I cannot improve upon my wife's description of Virginia's physical appearance, but I would add this: that she was beautiful with a beauty that gave the lie to Shakespeare's lament in sonnets:

> When forty winters shall besiege thy brow
> And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
> Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
> Will be a tattered weed, of small worth held.

Virginia was fifty-nine at the time of her death, but the signs of that siege, the presence of those trenches, did not subtract from her beauty. The hollow temples, hollow hooded eyes, and almost fleshless face were as lovely as the almost unearthly beauty she had as a girl in her twenties when I first remember her.

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I should perhaps add that Virginia committed suicide. The war horrified her and the sky in Sussex was often full of fighting aircraft. She felt madness coming on and found death in the river. Angelica and I had seen her two days before, and she had never been warmer or expressed her love for us more freely.

Dogmatizing about the sexes is foolish. I only do it here because it may explain a quality in Virginia Woolf's work. For she made what men regard as a weakness in women's minds, her strength. Her originality as a writer was largely in expressing it. Women, it is said, do not concentrate. They can attend to the subject in hand, but their attention has not the wholeheartedness of a man's. If so, it is just possible that since women have been cooking the supper, mending clothes, listening to half a dozen children all talking at once and keeping them good-tempered and amused since before the dawn of history, they have learned to be able to attend to several things at a time. A man, on the other hand, focuses his mind. A watch has stopped, let us say. Time and space and his environment cease to exist for him when he begins taking it to pieces and analyzing the possible reasons for its going wrong.

In art and literature men do the same. They concentrate on one point after another and the result is a series of events or facts or statements logically related together on which the mind is focused as our eyes are focused on the illuminated patch of road when we drive at night. We do not see what is in the woods or fields on either side of the road. Almost all women writers have imitated men more or less successfully in this. But Virginia Woolf's work resembles that of the woman who is mending clothes in the kitchen while she watches the pots simmering on the stove and tells a story to the children around her knee without forgetting that there is a homemade cake in the oven which, judging from the smell, will soon be ready to come out.

In other words, time, space and the environment never cease to exist for Virginia. One of her chief interests, or at any rate one of the things she is always aware of, is relative motion.

But there was no silence; all the time the motor omnibuses were turning their wheels and changing their gear; like a vast nest of Chinese boxes all wrought steel turning ceaselessly one within another, the city

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murmured; on the top of which the voices cried aloud and all the petals of myriads of flowers flashed their colours into the air.

That last sentence of the little sketch *Kew Gardens,* written toward the end of the First World War, probably in 1917, illustrates a preoccupation of Virginia Woolf's mind. All her subsequent novels and stories show the same absorbed interest and awareness in simultaneous relative motions which are independent of each other. It was by means of that awareness that she developed her very individual method of telling her stories and exhibiting her characters to the reader.

Jacob in *Jacob's Room* is shown to us as a young man through the eyes of old Mrs. Norman protesting feebly as he enters the railway compartment, "This is not a smoking carriage," and imagining that she would throw her scent bottle with her right hand and tug the communication cord with her left if he assaulted her.

She was fifty years of age and had a son at college. Nevertheless it is a fact that men are dangerous.

She sees his face and is reassured. We see Jacob through her eyes as he travels to Cambridge. Then as she goes out:

this sight of her fellow traveller was completely lost in her mind as the crooked pin dropped by a child into the wishing well twirls in the water and disappears for ever.

That image is an illustration of Virginia Woolf's other most remarkable quality as a writer. The prose is like poetry. The language is as sensitive to the beauty of things as the mind of the writer is to the multiplicity of events. The dispersion of attention that might have become a trick is never so in her. It is never a formula but the expression of her individual taste and as carefully chosen, as inevitable, as her taste in words.

In Bloomsbury we were all living very much in a world of painters; looking at pictures all the time and listening to discussions of aesthetics which were always devoted to the visual arts rather than to literature. Indeed for many years I was accustomed to hear the adjective "literary" used only as a term of abuse. I wonder whether Virginia did not learn something about her art from the painters and the art critics, from watching her sister

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Vanessa and Duncan Grant paint, from listening to Roger Fry and Clive Bell?

I certainly learned a lot from the painters; indeed my whole conception of an organic unity in writing is taken directly from watching Duncan and Vanessa, sitting at their easels. What I think Virginia learned was what one might call her palette—the richness and the harmonies of her colors.

In a discussion of the influence of James Joyce on writers of his time, Professor William York Tindall gave his opinion that Virginia Woolf drew not only the theme of *Mrs. Dalloway* from *Ulysses* but her literary method as well. I don't believe that Professor Tindall knows what the theme of *Mrs. Dalloway* is. And I think I can disprove the statement about literary method. *Mrs. Dalloway* derives directly from *Jacob's Room* in method. The resemblance is so close that one book might almost be the sequel of the other, if the same characters occurred in both, which they do not. And the origin of *Jacob's Room* was, as we know from Virginia Woolf's diary, her experiments in writing *The Mark on the Wall, An Unwritten Novel* and *Kew Gardens,* which she said "should take hands and dance." All of them were written from 1914 to 1918 before she had read the first excerpts of *Ulysses* published in the *Little Review* in 1919.

Not that I don't find any literary influences. If as my wife suggested Virginia were a racehorse, I should expect to find in her pedigree Henry James and Laurence Sterne. The opening chapters of *Night and Day* have a distinct flavor of James. Later on, although the texture of her writing is quite unlike Henry James, there is the same accurate sensitive analysis that one finds in novels of James's middle period. It was a surprise to me when I first visited Leonard and Virginia Woolf's house at Asheham in Sussex, before Virginia had published anything but *The Voyage Out,* to find upon her writing table a large framed and autographed photograph of Henry James. It was a surprise because although I admired his work immensely, I did not know that she did. And surely anyone can see in the willful interruptions in the narrative—which turn out to be so relevant to the matter in hand—an echo of *Tristram Shandy?*

The theme of *Mrs. Dalloway* is probably more easily missed by

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an American than by those who have grown up surrounded by the English social scene. The theme of *Mrs. Dalloway* is the death of the soul, or perhaps one should say the withering, for death is an exaggeration. It is the study of a woman who as a girl had her chance but took the wrong turning, who failed to realize her highest potentialities by sticking tightly to the traditions of her class.

Peter Walsh, who had been in love with her, puts it clearly:

> There was always something cold in Clarissa, he thought. She had always, even as a girl, a sort of timidity, which in middle age becomes conventionality, and then it's all up, it's all up, he thought, looking rather drearily into the glassy depths, and wondering whether by calling at that hour he had annoyed her.

And it is Peter Walsh, who waking suddenly after dozing in the park, puts a name to it by exclaiming: "The death of the soul." Now whatever the theme of Joyce's *Ulysses* may be, it certainly is not the death of the soul resulting from too rigid an adherence to the conventions and too great a love of social success and of respectability. Clarissa Dalloway took the wrong turning when she was a girl. Her gay irresponsible friend Sally, and Peter Walsh, who awakened her mind, but whom she had rejected, represent the intellectual who values personal freedom and spontaneity and truth above social and monetary success—that is to say, Virginia Woolf's world which she, and her sister Vanessa Stephen, very definitely chose, in opposition to the world of her half brothers, the Duckworths, which was anxious to gather her and her sister into its fold when they were young women. Peter Walsh indeed has the independence of mind of Leonard Woolf, although Peter is not as intelligent as Leonard, nor is he a Jew. And the novel, which is an account of a day in the life of Mrs. Dalloway, is an analysis of just how and why she had failed to live up to the hopes of two most intimate friends, who had chosen freedom. It was partly cowardice in her, but perhaps also a certain idealistic loyalty to the traditions of her class. This is shown by her admiration for Lady Bexborough who had been billed to open some charity, and who carried out her engagement while she held in hand the telegram which had that moment reached her, announcing her son's death in battle. *Noblesse oblige.* One may be appalled and horrified by some examples of the tradition of *noblesse*

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oblige. One may regard it as inhuman, but one respects it. And *noblesse oblige* is deep, deep, deep in what are still the British upper classes. Politically it is something of immense value: a Fascist leader like General Franco, a civil war like that in Spain, are unthinkable in England because the tradition of *noblesse oblige* forbids them.

The comic side, the contemptible side of Mrs. Dalloway's world is represented by Hugh Whitbread who has a job at Court "blacking the King's boots," his friends say unkindly. But all the same in spite of his greediness, snobbishness, fatness and general imbecility, I have a sneaking liking for him because he is a gentleman and invariably considerate of other people's feelings, although of course he doesn't know what they are.

Clarissa Dalloway goes out shopping, meets her friends, returns home a little embittered because her husband has been asked to lunch without her, although it was only to meet Hugh Whitbread, who is helping Lady Bruton to write a letter to the *Times*.

Peter Walsh has come back that day from India, just as Leonard Woolf had returned from Ceylon. He is invited to Clarissa Dalloway's party that evening, preparations for which have already disorganized her household.

Virginia gives a perfectly astonishing picture of the surface of London as it was in the early twenties. The spirit of the West End of fashionable London glittering during the season in June has never been brought so well between the covers of a book. The prose descriptions are full of poetry; no one else's prose is so full of poetry. Even the clouds sailing overhead are not forgotten:

> A puff of wind (in spite of the heat, there was quite a wind) blew a thin black veil over the sun and over the Strand. The faces faded; the omnibuses suddenly lost their glow. For although the clouds were of mountainous white so that one could fancy hacking hard chips off with a hatchet, with broad golden slopes, lawns of celestial pleasure gardens, on their flanks, and had all the appearance of settled habitations assembled for the conference of the gods above the world, there was a perpetual movement among them. Signs were interchanged, when, as if to fulfil some scheme arranged already, now a summit dwindled, now a whole block of pyramidal size which had kept its station inalterably advanced into the midst or gravely led the proces-

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sion to fresh anchorage. Fixed though they seemed at their posts, at rest in perfect unanimity, nothing could be fresher, freer, more sensitive superficially than the snow-white or gold-kindled surface; to change, to go, to dismantle the solemn assemblage was immediately possible; and in spite of the grave fixity, the accumulated robustness and solidity, now they struck light to the earth, now darkness.

Anyone who has flown a light airplane about the summer sky, reading that passage, would think that Virginia was a fellow pilot.

And then she introduces what at first sight appears to be a complete irrelevance—the study of Septimus Smith and his Italian wife. Septimus has fought in the war and delayed shell shock has resulted in madness. Virginia, as I have reminded you, had had recurrent attacks of insanity and Septimus Smith's delusions are drawn from her personal experience:

> Men must not cut down trees. There is a God. (He noted such revelations on the backs of envelopes.) Change the world. No one kills from hatred. Make it known (he wrote it down). He waited. He listened. A sparrow perched on the railing opposite chirped Septimus, Septimus, four or five times over and went on, drawing its notes out, to sing freshly and piercingly in Greek words how there is no crime and, joined by another sparrow, they sang in voices prolonged and piercing, in Greek words, from trees in the meadow of life beyond a river where the dead walk, how there is no death.
>
> There was his hand; there the dead. White things were assembling behind the railings opposite. But he dared not look. Evans was behind the railings.

We know from Leonard Woolf that Virginia had had that experience. She is drawing madness from the inside. But what is Septimus doing in the book? What relation has he to Mrs. Dalloway's day? I think he is the shadow in the picture that throws the brilliant colors into relief. He is the reminder of what is always around the corner for each of us: madness, tragedy, death. Septimus and his unhappy wife deepen the book and add greatly to it. They are not irrelevant, for they are always there among us. We are aware of their tragedy during all the preparations for the party and when Septimus has thrown himself out of the window to his death, we meet the specialist who had attended to him, and had arranged to send him away from his wife to an asylum, at Clarissa Dalloway's party in his white tie and tails.

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Then there is another strand: Clarissa's daughter, Elizabeth, who is challenging and questioning her mother's values, accepting for the moment those of her ugly unattractive history teacher, Miss Kilman. One is confident that Elizabeth will find something very much better before long, but even Miss Kilman is better than unquestioning acceptance. Elizabeth is just at the age when a young girl often resents the fact that she is bound to grow into a woman:

> And already, even as she stood there, in her very well cut clothes, it was beginning . . . People were beginning to compare her to poplar trees, early dawn, hyacinths, fawns, running water, and garden lilies; and it made her life a burden to her, for she so much preferred being left alone to do what she liked in the country, but they would compare her to lilies, and she had to go to parties, and London was so dreary compared with being alone in the country with her father and the dogs.

Finally there is the party—the party that brings all the strands together and that symbolizes all that Clarissa Dalloway values. Sally Seton whom we have only known from memories in the minds of Clarissa Dalloway and Peter Walsh, and who broke away from her family and said outrageous things that shocked the conventions of her youth, sweeps in uninvited. She has scarcely had time to embrace her hostess when the Prime Minister is announced and Clarissa has to leave her old friend, and Sally finds Peter Walsh. They talk about their hostess as Clarissa takes the Prime Minister around. Sally condemns her utterly.

> What Sally felt was simply this. She had owed Clarissa an enormous amount. They had been friends, not acquaintances, friends, and she still saw Clarissa all in white going about the house with her hands full of flowers—to this day tobacco plants made her think of Bourton. But—did Peter understand?—she lacked something. Lacked what was it? She had charm; she had extraordinary charm. But . . . to be quite frank then how could Clarissa have done it?—married Richard Dalloway? a sportsman, a man who cared only for dogs. Literally, when he came into the room he smelt of the stables. And then all this? She waved her hand.
>
> . . . Clarissa was at heart a snob—one had to admit it, a snob. And it was that that was between them, she was convinced. Clarissa thought she had married beneath her, her husband being—she was proud of it—a miner's son. Every penny they had he had earned.

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But Peter is bored by this and is seduced by the charm of Clarissa Dalloway's personality into accepting her as she is.

That is my reading of this wonderful book which seems to me one of the great novels in the English language. The subject of it I believe had been suggested to Virginia by what had happened to a close friend of her girlhood, who, as they say, had made a "very suitable marriage," unlike Virginia herself, who had chosen freedom.

I should like to add that there was another side to Virginia. She was a literary critic of the front rank. In her two volumes, *The Common Reader* and the posthumous volume *Granite,* one sees that she was not the daughter of Sir Leslie Stephen for nothing. The wish that her godfather, James Russell Lowell, then United States Ambassador, sent with a posset cup, that her heredity might flower and bear fruit—I have not Lowell's exact words by me, but that is the sense of them—was abundantly fulfilled. Not only did she assume that her object in life was to write good books, not only was she bookish, but she was a scholar. Her critical works reveal the balanced orderly powers of a first-rate intelligence. She could at any moment write a biographical sketch, or an article in the *Times Literary Supplement* marshaling her facts and delivering her judgment with ease, scholarship and wit. In her novels the originality of her approach, the beauty of her language, and the associations, which echo poetry and can be called out of them like the murmur of the waves evoked for us by a shell clasped to the ear, make Virginia one of the half dozen greatest women writers and perhaps the least like a man of them all.

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The Student Movement

Some Impressions at Berkeley

HENRY F. MAY

THIS IS NOT A HISTORICAL SURVEY of the Free Speech Crisis at Berkeley. The events of the fall of 1964 have been well and repeatedly summarized. Here in Berkeley these events—the sudden suspension of certain student political privileges, the defiance and violations, the attempted arrests and the blocking of the police car, the agreements and negotiations which always broke down, the concessions which came too late, the final student occupation of Sproul Hall, the resultant mass arrests and the ensuing strike—all these have become as familiar as the events that led up to the French and the Russian Revolutions. And like the events of these big revolutions, the events of our little one sound distressingly different in the versions given by equally honest men of differing political emotions.

Another thing this is not is an attempt to assess the blame for our conflict. The ineptness of the administration and the unwieldiness of our huge institution, both major causes of the trouble, have been dealt with again and again. Here, my sole concern is with the students. They were, as I saw it, the actors: faculty and administration merely reactors. They won major victories, they have great power here, and they are being watched—with anticipation or foreboding—on other campuses of the nation.

My approach toward the Free Speech Movement and its constituency is necessarily that of an outsider, although I have talked to members and sympathizers a good deal and attended a good many of the open rallies. To supplement what immediate knowledge I have, I must rely on two kinds of analogy. First, in the mid-

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thirties I was a student at Berkeley and cannot help comparing this generation of students to my own. Second, I am by profession a student and teacher of American intellectual history, and I cannot talk or think about any popular movement without other movements coming to my mind.

In some ways students in Berkeley have changed a lot since the thirties. They are more intelligent now. The University is harder to get into, and many enter from "enriched" high school courses. Telegraph Avenue, the "Left Bank" area near the campus, now offers an intellectual bill-of-fare of almost indigestible richness. It is easier to find Italian, French or Japanese movies than Hollywood products near the University. Bookstores offer everywhere overwhelming displays of the latest paperbacks in philosophy, religion and pornography. A wide range of magazines and newspapers of dissent, displayed everywhere around the campus, plead all possible and impossible causes.

Many students are nourished and stimulated by this fare. It is not surprising to find sophomores who read Sartre and Camus in the time they can spare from their assignments. Yet now, even more than in the thirties, range and excitement are commoner than intellectual discipline. Languages, including English, are seldom a bright student's strongest point. History, particularly European history, attracts great numbers, but this does not indicate that students are at all traditionalist. Institutions of the past make few claims on people who have not yet managed to feel any great identity with institutions in the present. Formal systems of thought —abandoned anyway in philosophy departments—attract no allegiance; the students are likely to be eclectic and experimental. The more rigid simplifications, including Marxist ones, fall apart under their uncommitted scrutiny.

The best quality of Berkeley students is their uncompromising effort to be honest with themselves and others. The defensive, pseudosophisticated pursuit of intellectual fashion that plagues some colleges is the last thing one need worry about here. Whether one talks to our students about politics, religion or art, one feels that as they listen they are trying to decide, somewhat warily, what they believe and like—not what is In or Out. Despite all that has

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been said, justly but too simply, about the University's concentration on research, despite the heartbreaking problems of teaching undergraduates in such numbers, I know some faculty members who refuse high salaries elsewhere and stay in Berkeley not for prestige, libraries or climate, but for Berkeley's undergraduate students.

The nature of the student body in general has much to do with the shape of the radical movement that has grown up here. In the thirties, notoriously and also in actuality, the student movement was ranged in concentric circles around a Communist core. The Communists, open or secret—and there were both kinds—repelled most students by their pomposity of manner and language. Yet the causes of Communists espoused in those days of the "United Front" were everybody's causes: liberal unemployment relief, racial equality, and particularly international peace. In the late thirties, among "student leaders," it actually became fashionable and respectable to dabble a little in the movement. Thus there was a fairly clear series of stages or levels of radicalism, from fellow travelers to on-and-off sympathizers and beyond them to respectable but worried liberals. Beyond all these, of course, was a very large group—larger then than now—of students who were interested in dates and athletics and not at all in politics.

Today, a free-form figure, or even a mobile, has to be used instead of a system of concentric circles to symbolize the political makeup of the Berkeley campus. At the center there is still a group of dedicated, more or less full-time radical leaders. At the edge of the picture a large semistudent fringe fades by imperceptible shadings into the immediate background. And in between is a large and rapidly shifting mass of students, sometimes indifferent, but occasionally, in particular crises that involve their strong feelings, suddenly moved to dramatic action in thousands. Each of these three parts of our picture, the radical leadership, the semistudent fringe, and the shifting, potentially active mass needs separate definition before a pattern can even begin to emerge.

In discussing the full-time leadership, one is led, regrettably but inevitably, to the Communist question. In discussions of the F.S.M., as of other American radical movements, Communist in-

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fluence has been both irresponsibly exaggerated and uncritically denied, and probably given too much importance in both cases. Grizzled and battle-scarred Stalinist veterans of the thirties are certainly on hand in Berkeley, as are shrill young devotees of Mao and Castro. A few of the leaders of the Free Speech Movement have themselves linked the student struggle with the Cuban Revolution and the supermilitant tactics of the Progressive Labor Movement. Yet insiders report that the orthodox Marxist minority in the movement has often opposed the direct-action tactics—to them unrealistic—that have proved so successful. It may be worth noting that demonstrations against American policy in Vietnam draw only a few hundred, whereas Free Speech demonstrations sometimes draw thousands. In the leadership, Communism exists but is probably unimportant. Various kinds of socialism, unaffiliated radicalism, and above all ultramilitant devotion to the Civil Rights movement are inextricably mixed together.

The relation between radical leadership of any kind and large-scale student support is very tenuous. It has been demonstrated that the thousand who occupied Sproul Hall were mostly without political affiliation or experience, and this is doubtless true also of the thousands more who supported the student strike. Yet it is not irrelevant that an experienced radical leadership has existed in Berkeley since long before the administrative mistakes that immediately produced the current crisis. At least since the so-called "San Francisco riots" of 1960 (the much misinterpreted protest against the House Un-American Activities Committee) Berkeley has been something of a radical Mecca. Some administrative quarters, here and elsewhere, have claimed that Berkeley is the first target of a deliberate nationwide drive which will later hit all major campuses. I have no knowledge whatever that this is (or is not) so, but more than one graduate student has told me frankly that he chose Berkeley partly because of the movement. Some former undergraduate leaders stay around and lend a hand.

Since 1960, the student movement has carried on guerrilla war with the Kerr administration over a set of presidential directives that then attempted, plausibly but unrealistically, to define the rights and duties of several distinct and complicated categories of

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undergraduate organizations. Since then, important concessions have been made and student victories won. By this fall, it was nonsense to talk about a "climate of oppression" in Berkeley. Students, by observing certain forms and rules, could *say* (although in theory they could not *do*) what they wanted. The climate was rather one of bureaucracy. It is particularly hard to explain to our students why a given kind of organization can have open meetings but not membership meetings on the campus, why Communism or free love may be advocated here but not there, as long as one has an associate or full professor—but not an assistant professor—as chairman. All these rules had their historical *raisons d'être,* but this kind of history is not a favorite subject here.

Last year, the movement's center of attention shifted with new intensity to the compelling cause of Civil Rights. Berkeley contributed a few students to Mississippi and many to militant demonstrations in the Bay Region. And finally, at the beginning of the fall term of 1964, before administration errors revived the question of campus political action, a publication of the left student organization called Slate seemed to suggest another major shift of emphasis, this time to the alleged outrages of the academic "system" itself. A Slate pamphlet called for "AN OPEN, FIERCE, AND THOROUGHGOING REBELLION ON THIS CAMPUS," demanding that grades be eliminated in the social sciences and humanities, rules be abolished in university housing units, and negotiations undertaken about the question of examinations. Ways suggested to achieve these dazzling goals included civil disobedience at university public ceremonies and maybe "a mass student strike . . . something which seems unthinkable at present."

Thus, before the outbreak of the recent controversy and the formation of the Free Speech Movement, an experienced, tough, continuing radical leadership existed. The leadership of the new movement consisted partly of old-timers, partly of newcomers.

In one unpleasant way the Free Speech Movement seems more reminiscent of the Communist-led "United Front" movements of the thirties than it really is. These always started with lists of respectable constituent organizations and impeccable liberal objectives. The key posts, however, were always filled by the tried and

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true, who somehow ended in firm control. The F.S.M., formed this October to protest new political regulations, originally included representatives of radical, liberal and even conservative student groups, and also of student religious organizations. Before long, however, the moderate groups fell away, and it became obvious that the movement was dominated by militants. The process in the two instances was different. In the thirties, radical caucuses consciously arranged to run the "United Fronts." In the F.S.M., extreme tactics, derived from the Civil Rights movement, were, I believe, invoked without much planning in response to administration blunders. These tactics alienated moderates but drew sudden waves of student mass support which far outran, for short periods, the expectations of the most radical leaders.

Much has been said about the nonstudents, radical or Bohemian, who surround our campus in considerable numbers. Tourist buses stop near Telegraph Avenue, so that sightseers can goggle at the "beatniks," with their bare feet, beards and long dirty hair. With luck, they may even hear a speech, by a well-known nonstudent character, in favor of marijuana.

Nothing irritates the F.S.M. more than the newspaper charge that it is made up of a bunch of beatniks. During the height of the crisis some sitters-in and other protesters wrote to the local newspapers insisting angrily on their own high grades, clean clothes and bourgeois habits. Yet to some, beards and sandals do represent part of a general protest against confining restrictions. And people who *look* like extreme caricatures of nineteenth-century Bohemians appear at all demonstrations. The F.S.M. is indeed not Beat, but Beats favor, and perhaps slightly affect, the F.S.M.

Real Beats are usually nonstudents. Semistudents, a group more important here, may or may not be unconventional in behavior and dress. Many bright, attractive and serious young people, often from bourgeois families, cannot bring themselves to accept for long either the discipline of grades and requirements, or the professional goals these sometimes imply. Disaffected by the campus program but fascinated by campus life, many are in and out of the university.

Among those who are in, out and halfway, some students here

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and elsewhere suffer deeply, like many young people everywhere, from various kinds of psychic malaise. Resort to psychotherapy is almost as commonplace as getting treatment for mononucleosis. Student worries and even student neuroses are not peculiar to Berkeley or America. To some extent—I suspect a slight one—their immediate cause may indeed lie in the system of grades and examinations the student movement is always condemning. Students here take, as they took in the thirties, five courses at a time. Ambitious and even devoted professors have sometimes raised the requirements of individual courses to quite unrealistic levels. Thus students are harassed by too many examinations and papers—a fault that the crisis has brought to the university's attention and one that will be corrected. But it is hardly necessary to point out that student malaise comes from a whole range of causes, individual and cultural, which lie far beyond the power of the university to deal with.

The relation of psychic disorder to political unrest is complex. But I suspect that it is important, for the understanding of the Berkeley crisis, to remember that a considerable minority of young people here has withdrawn, in whole or in part, from conventional competition. These are, admirably in their way, impossible to deter by appeals for individual prudence. Fear of the security check and the police record has declined together with career ambition. For secession, some have paid a heavy price. Others are willing to pay it, and many more contemplate joining the seceders but keep one foot in respectability.

The main body of students who have supported the F.S.M. in action belongs neither to the radical core nor to any kind of semi-student fringe. Many are apparently well adjusted and highly successful students even in the most conventional terms of grades. Yet even among these, even among those least identifiable with any obvious source of unrest, many are asking ultimate questions in immediate and personal terms.

The most striking fact about the present generation, to me, is that large groups are both more idealistic and more alienated than any but a handful in the radical thirties. Not only is this student generation critical of the parents and the parental social order; it

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is often trained to be critical by the parents, themselves perplexed and somewhat guilty in their attitude toward their own times. Exposed early to a quite unprecedented range of ideas and committed to none, they will follow no leader consistently. But for the kind of immediate cause that stirs them, they will follow any leader who is going their way, and going fast enough.

The alienation of our students is social rather than political, and it is to this alienation that Mario Savio, far the most effective of the F.S.M. leaders, is best able to speak. Always extreme but never sectarian, at times Messianic and—to adult ears, often skirting the edges of the ridiculous—Savio is the only leader who seems to represent a new genre, as different from the Slate leaders of 1960 as from the Marxists of the thirties. Many students, he says, find "that for them to become part of society, to become lawyers, ministers, business men, people in government, very often they must compromise those principles which were most dear to them, they must suppress the most creative impulses that they have; this is a prior condition for being part of the system." In the thirties most students, and particularly the Marxists, took the "system" more for granted than this.

The sort of potential radicalism I am describing finds few easy outlets. Normally, I believe, our students are not much stirred by politics. They will turn out to work against laws that interfere with free speech or menace racial integration, and the Peace Corps offers one real outlet for their zeal for personal, concrete involvement with the problems of the world. President Johnson's profound political practicality fails to attract them; still less are most of them drawn toward the disciplined ruthlessness of the Communist world. I cannot imagine that sexual freedom presents, today, much of a fighting cause; the question now is more what to do with it than how to get it. Thus the Civil Rights movement is the one organized effort that can claim their complete allegiance; it is personal, immediate and revolutionary. The local sit-ins, shop-ins and the like roused much white resentment, but scored some undeniable successes in forcing the employment of Negroes. The high purpose of these efforts, their achievements, and also the courage they demanded gave them unrivaled prestige.

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From Civil Rights to Free Speech proved to be an easy road. One participant in the Sproul Hall F.S.M. sit-in told me that he had long felt guilty about not participating in Civil Rights civil disobedience. Perhaps, he thought, because of his conventional upbringing he had never been able to persuade himself that real integration could be brought about in this manner. The Sproul Hall sit-in, on the other hand, took place in the name of Free Speech—a cause he had been taught to consider an absolute, and this gave him a chance to prove his courage. This honest self-analysis may well be representative. Many argue plausibly that the relation between the two causes is a more concrete one, that the restrictions on campus political action were tightened because of outside resentment at Civil Rights demonstrations. Some students devoutly believe that the efforts to suspend leaders of the demonstrations were intended to cripple the Civil Rights cause.

In my opinion the links between the movements should not be allowed to obscure the differences. Surely it is not the same thing to stay in a restaurant for the purpose of insisting on one's moral and even legal rights and to occupy a university building for the stated purpose of obtaining a "capitulation" on matters of university regulations. Defying a dean, or even risking academic units, does not call for the same kind of heroism—or the same degree of anger —as defying an Alabama sheriff and risking one's life.

No cause other than these two could have made so many students follow the F.S.M. leaders into the startling actions of this fall. And nothing but the cause of Free Speech—not even Civil Rights —could have drawn together the amorphous and shifting mass, together with some of the disaffected fringe, behind the experienced leadership. No other cause could have combined so many resentments, dispelled so many misgivings, and brought to the surface so much frustrated idealism.

If one looks, as I cannot help looking, to analogies in other times, one passes fairly quickly by the various forms of American proletarian radicalism. The I.W.W., with its free speech fights and its insistent toughness of language and manner, is closer than any kind of Marxism. But at its most effective, the F.S.M. speaks a language very different from the studied truculence of syndicalist

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revolt. Like other movements of youthful rebellion in America, the F.S.M. is far more deeply rooted in the national tradition than it seems, or than its members always realize.

In the person of Savio, the movement speaks with a voice that has been heard in America since the beginning, the voice of an exalted, quasi-religious romantic anarchism. For all of their toughness, some of the F.S.M. are crypto-transcendentalists and neo-antinomians. It is interesting that the movement has been patronized by some, although not all, of the Christian chaplains that surround our nonreligious campus like holy wolves, waiting to pick off anyone who strays away from the secularist campfire. One of the most eloquent and penetrating early appraisals of the movement came from a Methodist minister who could not but approve moral outrage in the face of depersonalization. Despite the F.S.M.'s frequent ugliness of speech and action, this observer found to his own surprise "a remarkable gentleness and sweetness of spirit which comes out here and there as the life of the movement goes on."

In terms of standard American transcendentalism, Emerson is obviously too decorous and optimistic to furnish much support. The American ancestor most nearly admitted is Thoreau. In his wake Tolstoi and Gandhi, with their methods of passive resistance and their hatred of the machine, obviously provide some precedent for the sit-ins and also for the continual F.S.M. denunciations of I.B.M. cards and factory methods. One of the few relieving light moments in the tense day when students lay down around the police car, and hundreds of police waited around the corner for the word of attack, occurred in the name of the Indian saint. The harsh and unpleasantly professional exhortations coming from the improvised speakers' stand on top of the car were interrupted by an announcement that it was Gandhi's birthday and the crowd, lying and standing, responded by singing "Happy Birthday to You." Actually the intensely individualistic discipline of Thoreau contrasts sharply with the F.S.M.'s dependence on crowd emotion. And Gandhi's insistence that in an unjust society one must remain in jail is sharply different from the F.S.M.'s confusing insistence that court punishment of demonstrators is an outrage and a grievance.

In terms of religious and quasi-religious precedent, modern

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existentialism seems closer than Tolstoyan nonviolence. What Savio was demanding, when he urged in a peak of passion that students throw their bodies on the administrative machine and bring it to a grinding halt, was something like an existentialist *acte gratuit,* a gesture of self-identification.

Radical democracy, with its love of liberty and its dangers of tyranny, its trust in the mass and its contempt for institutions, seems to me to pervade the movement as it has many American movements. At times Whitman, that protean patron of American cranks and prophets, democrats and loners, furnishes texts that might well be used by the F.S.M.:

> I hear it was charged against me that I sought to destroy institutions
> But really I am neither for nor against institutions,
> (What indeed have I in common with them? Or what with the
> destruction of them?)
> Only I will establish . . .
> Without edifices or rules or trustees or any argument,
> The institution of the dear love of comrades.

The F.S.M. would agree with Walt about rules and trustees, and also about love, a word it often invokes. Joan Baez, the F.S.M.'s Maid in Armor, urged them to go into Sproul Hall with love in their hearts. And several of their leaflets have talked about the need for a "loving university," instead of a brutal and bureaucratic one.

Knowing that the movement proceeds partly from alienation, one is tempted to look to the 1920's for precedents. The literary rebels of that period interest our students, but they were very different. Sometimes frivolous, but often as serious as Savio, the writers of the twenties were more interested in literature than politics, sometimes inclined to dabble in Menckenian elitism, and concerned about Negroes mainly in terms of art and music. Perhaps significantly, the less completely alienated rebels of 1912 seem to offer a closer parallel. Their mixture of socialism and anarchism has its similarities to the present mood, especially when, as in the case of Randolph Bourne, it developed tragic implications.

One contemporary analogy that has often occurred to me I hesitate to bring up, because it is partly—only partly—misleading. This is the analogy to the Goldwater movement. When I hesitantly

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suggested this to a pro-F.S.M. graduate student of my acquaintance, he surprised me by saying that the same analogy had haunted his own dreams. The resemblance does not rest on the actual temporary cooperation between the Goldwaterites and leftists in the earliest days of the movement, when in protest against prohibition of certain kinds of political activities, students sang "Left and Right together, we shall Overcome." The relation I am speaking of is less direct and more lasting. Both the so-called conservative political movement and the radical student movement are protests against bigness, bureaucracy and official liberalism. Clark Kerr is actually a rather better symbol of the Liberal Establishment than is Lyndon Johnson, who has his archaic side. Both protest movements express vague wishes for immediate and simple solutions to complex problems. No statement could better summarize the whole F.S.M. defense of its methods than "In Defense of Liberty Extremism is No Vice." And both movements appeal to the heart—by implication, sometimes, against the head.

So far I much prefer the anarchism of the left to that of the right. On the whole, the causes in which laws have been violated by the Bay Area Movement or the F.S.M. are to me noble causes, although I think their tactics have distorted these causes. And even discounting its disastrous "Southern" strategy, the Goldwater movement had far more hate and less love than the F.S.M., although skeptics have to expect harsh treatment from both.

All these analogies seem to me to help, and none to explain fully the student movement that came of age in Berkeley. To go further one must, in the first place, keep in mind the place and time, the American mass university in a time both of quickening intellectual life and collapsing patterns. And finally, one must admit that one never understands a new generation, although one deals with it every day.

Not understanding entirely, one may either accept or oppose the student movement. Perhaps one can defend certain boundaries against it. What one cannot do—and this one faculty group after another has learned with considerable cost—is to bargain or compromise. Essentially, the movement is absolutist. It is therefore very hard to fit into the habits or structure of our campus institu-

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tions, based, like all our institutions, on consensus or compromise.

What remains in doubt is not the existence of the student movement, although it will continue to have its ups and downs, or its militance, although this too will wax and wane. It is rather its direction. Having won nearly everything it could ask in terms of campus free speech, will the movement turn its energies once more completely outward into Civil Rights or some other major cause, or inward into further university revolt? Some leaders call for the "Free University," a new kind of academic community without grades and rules, in which students share in all academic decisions. In Berkeley, moreover, faculty and administration have been so shaken that it is not clear that either has the moral authority or the will to draw clear lines and defend them if necessary. Like modern parents, deans and professors find it easy to sympathize with revolt, very hard to act their traditional roles.

Even if the program of the Free University collapses, as it may, for lack of support, and even if no further "internal" causes emerge, a student body so deeply committed to off-campus causes presents many subtle problems. In the midst of conflict, with slogans screaming from the placards and blaring from the loudspeakers on the edge of the campus, can the faculty insist on the values, never the easiest to defend in America, of precision and complexity and patience, even of humility before one's subject? How great will be the continuing appeal of subjects that have—at least on the surface—little to do with current controversy? American education has long been plagued by utilitarianism, and there is a utilitarianism of the left as well as of the Dewey-to-Kerr center.

A few years ago many professors, I among them, were deploring the passivity and complacency of American students and of American life, and wishing for a revival of campus radicalism. Somewhat wryly, we are forced to realize that radicalism never comes in the shape or size one has asked for. It is the breath of life, and it is full of danger. Our campus now is lively and dangerous. Divided between hope and anxiety, I can look for comfort only to the very considerable reserves, in Berkeley and elsewhere, of intelligence and honesty.

February, 1965

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POEMS

ROSE BURGUNDER

Oak Bluffs

In summer there's a magic town
(the town where I was born)
we visit when the sun goes down,
a magic marvelous nighttime town
where a hundred faces are the face of a clown
and a hundred sounds a horn

a horn the piper must have played
in Hamelin long ago
when mothers watched their children fade
down cobbled alleys unafraid—
are these their kinsmen, on parade
in the magic town I know?

There Chinese lanterns light the tide
to streets where sweets are sold,
bright music blares and pinballs glide
and lace-trimmed houses glow inside
and I on the Flying Horses ride
and catch the ring of gold!

"Oak Bluffs!" the winds of August cry
"Oak Bluffs!" the seagull calls.
When day at last has left the sky
and the beach is cold, my heart climbs high
and follows the wind and the seagull's eye
and far with the comet falls.

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Polly by the Pond

Polly by the pond
is brushing her hair,
a long golden ode
to summer.
Renoir is smiling
for who's so fair
as a three-year-old daughter
with torrents of hair
brushed to a shimmer
of bridal veils
over her bare
beguiling?

Polly by the pond
her brush flung down
whirls in a far
ballet.
Is she a bareback
rider in gown
of sunlit tulle
galloping to town
or pale Aurora
her brave prince found
under a tree
today?

✪ ROSE BURGUNDER's poems and translations have appeared in the *Paris Review*, the *Hopkins Review* and the SCHOLAR. She is editorial assistant for the *Paris Review* and does an occasional book review for the Baltimore *Sun*. A book of her poems for children was published this spring.

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Ballad

KATHRIN PERUTZ

What can I bring you, my honey, my dear?
And what can I give you, my dove?
Bring me your lips for me to kiss
And give me your body to love.

How shall I kiss you, my own sweet boy?
And how shall I love you, my darling?
Kiss me as though I'd be gone tonight
And love me as though it were morning.

Where must I travel, my own sweetheart?
And where shall I go, my honey?
Follow the men who are bold and kind
And I'll follow the girls with money.

✪ KATHRIN PERUTZ is now working on her third novel, *The Ghosts*. Her first two novels, *The Garden* and *A House on the Sound*, were published in New York and London.

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Sir Winston Churchill

T. S. MATTHEWS

A GREAT MAN MUST APPEAR to his fellowmen as a hero, and not on one occasion only; his heroic quality must be durable enough to maintain a lasting public image that is larger than life. George Washington qualifies, and Nelson; Napoleon (alas) and Wellington (hurrah); Robert E. Lee is a clearer case than U. S. Grant; Lincoln, certainly. Martyr a "great man" and you ticket him for the ages. Lindbergh, whose one great deed put him in the running, deliberately disqualified himself by refusing to run one step further. There must have been many "better" men in his own generation than Winston Churchill; but who can we say was "greater"?

I saw him, in close-up, three times. The first two were at small private dinners in New York given by Henry Luce, at which Churchill was the guest of honor. The club at which these dinners were held was spiritually (if the word can be applied to such a place) much the same as the Carlton in London; materially, it was more like Kubla Khan's pleasure dome.

We met in a large anteroom for drinks before dinner. In the center of the room stood a table loaded with dishes of caviar, toast, slices of lemon, and the grated whites and yolks of hard-boiled eggs; surmounting this collation was a large eagle carved in ice, with half-spread wings, under the tip of each wing a silver bowl to catch the drip.

When Churchill entered and our obeisances had been made, I watched him to see what he would drink: rumor had it that he lived exclusively on brandy and cigars. Not a bit of it: he called for a dry Martini, and had two more after that one. We flowed slowly into the dining room, where the table decorations surpassed the

✪ T. S. MATTHEWS, a former editor of *Time* magazine, who lives now in England, is currently working on a novel. This is his second appearance in the SCHOLAR.

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ice-carved eagle. In the center of the round table a thicket of varicolored flowers stretched out vinelike tendrils; from the thicket itself a concealed fountain jetted arcs of blue-lit water. Churchill took a grinning look at this display and growled, "I hope it doesn't turn *pink!*"

The food was of a piece with the stage setting: every dish so famous and fancy that in effect it exceeded the borders of taste; we might as well have been eating ham and eggs. But it was Churchill we had come for—and we got him. I suppose we all admired him, some of us close to idolatry. Two of the company had recently collaborated on a brief biography of him. (How many such biographies appeared in his lifetime? I'm sure he had never heard of this one.) One of these men, who had the unfortunate mannerism of seeming to be supercilious or challenging even when he was at his most respectful, as he was now, asked Churchill an explosive question. How did it happen, said he, that after Germany had been knocked out of the war, the overlords of Allied strategy had far overestimated the effort it would take to finish off Japan?

Churchill's lip went out, and he looked at his questioner a long minute from under his lowered eyebrows. He mentioned a date and a single fact. Then—it was like a tank getting under way—fact followed fact in a relentless caterpillar tread until he shifted gear into a roar of peroration and crashed to a stop. He glared again across the table at his questioner and growled: *"Have I answered you, Sir?"* The burst of laughter was like a cheer, and Churchill's hapless opponent flung up his hands in surrender and bowed his embarrassed head. Then someone asked another question.

It was not really a question, although it was politely phrased as one: it hinted, it suggested, it almost stated that the first fact Churchill had mentioned and on which his whole case depended was simply not a fact. In short, it was a devastating question, and this time it was Churchill's turn to make a gesture of surrender. Quite unashamed at being caught out, however, he grinned at the table in general, and chuckled, "Good thing I didn't try that in the House of Commons!"

On that occasion he left quite early. We all knew that he had

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an important speech to make in the next day or two, at Fulton, Missouri. We wondered if he would use (he didn't) the Churchillian phrase we had just heard him apply to Russia's rulers: "that ruthless little gang of bloody-minded professors!" And he let us in on the fact that he had bought two American dictating machines, and that he always dictated the first draft of anything he was writing, before he got out of bed in the morning. With a descriptive sweep of his arm he indicated his distaste for the outdated drudgery of putting pen to paper: "All those dirty little words!"

A year or so later Churchill was in New York again and came to another dinner given by Henry Luce. This time he had his son Randolph with him.

After dinner we went into the next room, where there were little tables. In a few minutes Luce sent for me to come and sit at the table where he and Churchill were. In characteristic elaborate Lucean style he reintroduced me as "the head of the English Fifth Column on *Time*." Churchill, who either didn't understand or didn't care, said, "Huh."

Throughout the evening, he gave the impression of quite frequently not being in direct communication with the person he was talking to. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the person he happened to be addressing, the questioner he happened to be answering, seemed merely the current representative of the thousands, the hundreds and hundreds of thousands, he had addressed and answered in his time. He sometimes misunderstood or disregarded the particular point or intention, but he always met the general question behind it squarely.

His physical appearance and behavior were of a piece with this large and somewhat removed mental attitude: he seemed partly blind and partly deaf to the actual presence of the people around him. His eyes twinkled at times with good nature or gleamed with delighted anticipation when he was about to say something funny or flooring, but at other times they stared glassily at nothing; then they looked less like eyes than like warm brown bruises.

He also exhibited considerable hardness of hearing. Here too,

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of course, there were mitigating circumstances: he was surrounded by the greatest little collection of mumblers ever concentrated under one roof. When one of them asked a question, the old man would cup his ear and lean forward, and invariably ask him to repeat.

The performance he gave as a conversationalist was of championship caliber. But it was an exhibition, not a bout. Occasionally someone would be foolhardy enough to slip into the ring with him; there followed a few foot-shuffles and the sound of hard breathing—then, crack! and the champ stepped back, grinning, while the crowd roared.

In between times, as if to employ his incredible old man's energy, he would balance himself on one finger or practice funny faces. He was certainly no deadpan Britisher—his face waxed and waned continually from a sad, almost sulky old baby's to a mischievous old boy's to a completely captivating crinkled-up, charming clown's. He gave us an imitation of his facial contortions under the ordeal of television lights. ("If you're a suckling pig, at least they turn you around occasionally.") He disliked television and thought it a threat to the simple pleasures of domestic life. Somebody objected, "But that's the only way our children would ever see Mr. Churchill—on television." He replied, "But you must always allow for the exceptional case." And when somebody argued that television was proving a good thing for homelife by gathering the family together in the evenings, Churchill grunted, "Yes, like a jury in a box."

He spoke of Beaverbrook, "a foul weather friend." Churchill and his advisers had been much concerned after Pearl Harbor lest all American war production be diverted to American uses, but Beaverbrook had reassured him: "You have not seen a quarter of what the United States can do." He commended Beaverbrook's enthusiasm: "He had an influence on me and I liked that." Although he shook his head over Beaverbrook's defection from the Tory ranks, he said, "Beaverbrook is still for me personally—he wants the jockey to win but not the horse."

He spoke with affectionate admiration of Bourke Cochran, a Tammany politician whom he had once visited, and whose ora-

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torical flow he much admired. He quoted Cochran (apropos natural resources) with appreciative orotundity: "The earth, our great mother . . ." He became so fond of that quotation, he confessed, that Mrs. Churchill refused to go on the platform with him unless he promised not to use it.

He was obviously worried about his forthcoming speech at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. For one thing, he didn't want to bear down too hard on the cheering fact of Britain's recovery, because that would give the Labor Government ammunition in the next general election. And I got the impression that although he was apprehensive about stirring up the same sort of angry clamor he did by his Fulton speech, he was perhaps almost equally apprehensive that he wouldn't—because, as he was at great pains to make clear to us, he did not favor a showdown with Russia just now; and, in short, he had nothing very startling to say. He thought things were going just about as well as they could, and he gave the distinct impression that if the Russians kept their strength and their pushing ways, "the fraternal association" of the English-speaking peoples would soon become a very solid fact indeed—up to and including a common citizenship, which he said was bound to come, "not in my time but in yours." His explanation of Kremlin policy: "They fear our friendship more than our hostility." His answer to that policy: "We must make them fear our hostility more than they fear our friendship—then we may be friends!" (A pity he didn't use this in his M.I.T. speech, two nights later.)

He was very strongly in favor of the United States's admitting "a million or two D.P.'s—vetted, of course"—this, with our "breeding habits," would be a "rich addition."

At one point Churchill leaned over the table to Luce and said in a tone of satisfaction mingled with almost awe: "My prestige is *enormous*. Workmen along the road salute me and wish me well."

He would not be drawn out about his opinion of Truman. He liked him at Potsdam, but thought he was a bit uncertain of himself then. Now, however—"Who has done more?" (in taking a firm line with Russia). Churchill said that he himself never misunderstood the proposed Vinson mission to Moscow: Vinson would not

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have gone as an appeaser, but as an earnest messenger of U. S. intentions to use the bomb if it became necessary.

Asked which of his schools had had the most influence on him, he replied (perhaps deliberately misunderstanding the question): "I was not happy at Harrow. I patronize the school now, but I don't know which I disliked more, the games or the lessons; I think the games." How did he like Sandhurst? "I passed in at the bottom [I think he said] and ended eighth from the top. I liked Sandhurst. It was there I first began to feel that I might not be altogether a failure."

Speaking of the scientists among whom he would find himself at M.I.T.: "I shall give them a crack or two . . . Scientists were made for man, not man for scientists . . . Scientists are servants." (He seemed to mean it in the menial sense.)

He ended by quoting Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*—which reminded him that one of Tennyson's most admired phrases, "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," was batted back to the poet at a weekend house party: someone asked Tennyson if he knew how long a cycle of Cathay was. Tennyson said, why no, come to think of it, he hadn't looked it up. A cycle of Cathay, said the critic, is exactly fifty-two years. This so troubled the poet, said Churchill, his whole face one crinkled chuckle, that he went upstairs and didn't come down for the rest of the weekend.

Like all men who have presided successfully over great affairs, Churchill regarded the human answer to life's questions as essentially simple: the clever men, the scientists, the intellectuals, complicate the issue needlessly and hopelessly—"all we have to do is our duty." (In other words, those with perfect moral pitch—among whom he would stoutly number himself—have no difficulty in hearing clearly the "stern Daughter of the Voice of God.")

As he toddled from the room, at a quarter to twelve, smiling and nodding benevolently to the whole company, he paused by the door where his son Randolph was standing, and I heard something like this:

Churchill: "Why, you know America, you have been more places in the United States and know the country better than I do."

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Randolph: "Yes, but they don't make so much fuss over me."

My third and last sight of Churchill was at his country house, Chartwell, in Kent. It was an early spring afternoon, and fine weather (that is, not raining). It was also an auspicious moment: Churchill's newly acquired racehorse had just won its first race. After his greeting at the front door he retired into his study and I was left with Mrs. Churchill and her daughters. As we waited for her husband to join us for tea, Mrs. Churchill told me of a time during the war when Mr. Churchill had been taken ill on a trip to North Africa. She was flown out to be with him, in a special R.A.F. plane. They flew at night and the plane was unheated, so she and her two companions, a W.A.A.F. and an aide-de-camp, lay down on the floor of the plane, covered with layers of heavy blankets. The two young ones were soon asleep, but Mrs. Churchill was wakeful. From where she lay on the floor she could see a pile of crates and boxes, and on top a bunch of bananas. She thought she would like a banana, and tried to struggle up from under her blankets to get one. But the blankets were too heavy: she simply couldn't move. She could shout, however, and did; and woke the aide-de-camp. He brought her a banana—"and," said Mrs. Churchill, "I eat it and felt much better."

Churchill joined us, and we all sat down at the tea table. He gave me my choice of whiskey-and-soda or tea. I chose whiskey. This may have given me the nerve to ask Churchill a question. (I was told afterwards that that was a mistake; he didn't like to be asked questions.) An old friend of mine had told me that when she was a teen-age girl she and Sarah Churchill had both been members of a children's ballet troupe that used to perform at church bazaars and such affairs. They didn't regard themselves as amateurs but they didn't make much money. Once they put on their show at a village nearby, and were invited to swim afterwards in the pool at Chartwell. This time the audience had been so large that they thought they must have made a profit, but when they counted up the takings, they found they were five pounds short of breaking even.

They were sitting on the side of the pool, trailing their legs

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in the water and feeling glum, when Churchill and several other men emerged from the house.

"Why so disconsolate, little girls?" said Churchill. They told him. He turned to one of his companions and said:

"What would you bet I wouldn't jump in the pool?"

"With your cigar?"

"With my cigar."

"Five pounds!"

In he jumped with a tremendous splash, slowly heaving into view again with his quenched and shredding cigar still clenched in his teeth.

I repeated this story (I must have had two whiskeys) and asked Mr. Churchill if I had it right. Instead of answering me, he rumbled out that "the meanest peer in England" (was his name Lord Monboddo?) had once bet him five pounds that he wouldn't jump into the pool with his clothes on.

"He was *asking* for it," growled Churchill—and the incident was closed.

After tea he took me on a tour of the house and grounds. A sizeable room was filled with his paintings; I peered at several and said nothing, which seemed to satisfy him. We emerged from the house into a walled courtyard: on two sides the court was half-roofed and on these walls Churchill's nephew, John Churchill, was painting scenes from the life of their famous ancestor, the first Duke of Marlborough. Churchill paused and looked out over the sweep of countryside. He pointed toward the Weald of Kent.

"There should be mountains there," he said. "But there aren't."

We were joined (at a military three paces to the rear) by a tall man in mufti with sweeping moustaches—Churchill's bodyguard. At our first stop, a small fishpond, this individual handed Churchill a tin can, from which the old man poured out several handfuls of something that looked like caviar, sweeping it out over the fishpond with a sowing motion, at the same time shouting, "Hike! Hike!"

As the carp rose to the surface and went for this stuff, Churchill said, "And some people say that fish can't hear!"

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I ventured to ask what it was that he was feeding them.

"The very best maggots obtainable!"

Next stop was the pool. Churchill informed me with satisfaction that it was heated, and that the water flowed down into a lower pond and was piped back to be used again and again. We stumped down to this pond. It was stately with swans. It was also ringed with searchlights set on high poles: he had lost some birds to marauding foxes and intended to lose no more. Close inshore, penned in by chicken wire, a black Australian swan paddled moodily to and fro. Churchill pointed his stick and said, "He doesn't get along with the others. We call him Tito."

The moustachioed guardian stepped smartly forward and presented hunks of stale bread. Churchill took a couple, I took one. The swans sailed toward us.

"Don't be afraid," said Churchill. "He won't nip you."

I broke off a bit of bread and gingerly held it out to the nearest beak. There was a muffled oath behind me. I turned to see Churchill wringing his fingers.

"He gave me a *hell* of a nip!"

We trudged on, and came to a farmyard. Large grunting pigs in a stye: Churchill looked at them benignly and scratched their backs with his stick.

Chartwell takes in both sides of a narrow valley, with the farm at the bottom. To get back to the house we would have to climb a fairly steep hill. I asked myself how the old man was going to manage it. But at this point a station wagon was waiting: we clambered in and were driven back in style.

I wondered what sort of memorial Britain would raise for him after his death. It would have to be a big one—bigger than the Nelson column. But what more could be added to the memorial he himself had already built: the tremendous Churchillian monument of his own words?

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Decor

JOHN UPDIKE

Brown dominates this bar
where men come to age:
the waiters Negro,
the whiskies unwatered,
the overheard voices from Texas,
the cigars and varnished wood.

Brown, the implication is,
is a shade of the soul,
the color of a man:
well-tanned and stained
to the innermost vein
as if life is a long curing.

✪ JOHN UPDIKE was born in 1932, in Shillington, Pennsylvania. He attended Harvard College and the Ruskin School of Drawing and Fine Art in Oxford, worked for the *New Yorker,* and has published three novels, two collections of short stories, two volumes of verse, and a book of essays and sketches. He lives in Ipswich, Massachusetts, with his wife and their four children.

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"Tradition" and the New Art

ALVIN C. KIBEL

THE YEARS SURROUNDING THE TURN of this century witnessed a revolution in the arts as momentous as any since the Greeks first separated drama from religious ceremony. Music developed a new harmonics; poetry became "impersonal," its images juxtaposed in a manner that could not be identified with the grammar of the speaking voice; sculpture and painting departed from the representational in favor of abstract spatial innovations; even the novel, which had painfully evolved over two centuries toward a precise and accurate rendering of social fact, now abandoned the narrative line, and with it the forms of verisimilitude through which Western man had been accustomed to impel both thought and action. The natural community between artist and audience has been broken, it would appear deliberately; the reader of a poem or the spectator at a gallery, even the relatively sophisticated reader or spectator, does not find in his experience as child, as parent, as neighbor, as citizen, any guides to aesthetic comprehension: nothing outside of art seems to offer responses appropriate to it, nothing tells the audience what is expected of it. The art of the past supplied clues to the nature of its presentations by deliberately incorporating references to the esthesis of communal activities—to the feeling of space and time shared by public occupations, in work, in leisure, in the act of religious worship. The eye was instructed in the relative importance of various elements on the canvas, or the ear in the weight and emphasis given to words and phrases, by habits of attention drawn from a wide area of common experience. The work of art implicitly established a rhetorical level, a degree of assumption about the situation of its audience and the quality of its attention, which the audience knew

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how to meet. The sensitive reader of Milton's *Paradise Lost,* say, or Byron's *Cain,* might resist the complication that the artist chose to work upon this attention, but he could always offer reasons for the nature of his disaffection. The new art, in contrast, seems to deny him this opportunity. Its references to extra-artistic experience are either extraordinarily oblique or else deliberately contradictory; a rhetorical level, a presumptive ground for critical argument, never seems to get established.

The new art, however, did not want for its busy advocates and defenders: the artists themselves, at first, and then their academic surrogates, the critics and teachers. Over the course of several decades, and as a result of a variety of independent efforts, we have evolved a new way of speaking about art, one that not only accounts for the unprecedented difficulties of the modern, but also reinterprets the art of the past. I have in mind the situation reported by Professor Meyer Schapiro in his article, "Style" (1952): "Basic for contemporary practice and for knowledge of past art is the theoretical view that what counts in all art are the elementary aesthetic components, the qualities and relationships of the fabricated lines, spots, colors, and surfaces." The idea that the formal elements of a composition have an authority of their own, that they compel attention a certain way and that the artist must presume an acquaintance with them in his audience, has always flirted about the periphery of aesthetic consciousness. We now embrace it directly; and one offspring of this union has been a variety of techniques for investigating the possible significance that artistic forms have in themselves. I wish to argue the improprieties of this situation. The ability of artists to make use of the means that revolutions place at their disposal is, finally, a power of *choice*—in acceding to, or denying, the complication of response that these means offer to produce. Such discriminations, of course, cannot be predetermined by argument; but if the result is seriously to heighten awareness, they absolutely require all that intelligible discourse can put at their disposal. This is probably not much; at all events, the current practices of formal analysis may well prejudge the issue, and that should be the occasion of some serious thinking.

Some manner of arranging the elements of a composition there

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must be, of course, peculiar to artistic work, or art would be indistinguishable from other modes of expression; the movement of which Professor Schapiro speaks proposes to deal with these in isolation. The average reader may suppose that nothing more is required to absorb a poem by Keats or a play by Shakespeare than a sound intelligence and a healthy acquaintance with life. But this is not so. Their full possession depends upon mastery of certain artistic conventions, and this, in turn, presumes an education in literature—from being jogged up and down on someone's knee, through an extensive course in nursery rhymes and folk songs, to graduate work in various forms of mature verse. In one sense, this advanced training is part of the general process through which each person acquires the habits and skills pertinent to his civilization; part, then, of "a healthy acquaintance with life," such as learning how to dress for dinner or how to conduct oneself toward a superior. But there is good reason for distinguishing this training from training of other kinds, if only because it reveals an independent development.

Let me illustrate my point by an instance where most people would take their powers of interpretation for granted. Ernst Gombrich has pointed out that Leonardo achieves his greatest triumphs of lifelike expression by blurring precisely those features in which expression resides. What leads us to interpret the daubs of pigment as we do is not our knowledge of how things really look —the most interesting expressions upon the faces of our colleagues are not, I hope, slightly out of focus—but our acquaintance with the conventions of Renaissance art, which has taught us how to read the two-dimensional canvas as if it were a fully developed three-dimensional space. The painter relies upon habits of interpretation developed through several generations of artistic effort, during which time the corporate eye of mankind learned to move over the pigmented surface, following clues, building and rebuilding the various planes of the representation. It is this training that guides our attention around the canvas, prompting us to endow every speck of paint with the qualities of significance shared by all the components of a rigorous geometrical projection. The vague, suggestive aspect of the blurred features, then and only then, acts

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upon us as it would not otherwise do, hinting at qualities that lie just beyond the threshold of visual perception. A spectator unfamiliar with the conventions of projective space—someone, for example, who knew only the narrative symbolism of medieval art—would lack the high sophistication that we take for granted with regard to representational painting; he would see the blur simply as a blur, and miss the whole point. As Heinrich Wölfflin observed, works of art may owe a good deal to extra-artistic habits of thought and perception, but they owe still more to the training provided by other works of art; and we may add that our ability to interpret the meaning of an artist's work is correspondingly indebted.

I bring forward this consideration because it is the starting point of the formalist argument, and points to something that any criticism must acknowledge. Art, like other human activities, assumes a basic vocabulary of forms to begin with, but these are learned, rehearsed, complicated, changed, as each generation puts them to new purposes. One can no more create a meaningful image on canvas without relying upon inherited habits of interpretation than one can successfully court a wife without knowing what gestures, attitudes, and patterns of behavior communicate (and elicit) in our society domestic affection, rather than naked lust: it is necessary to get the full weight of a tradition behind every word and gesture. For this reason, artists, like suitors, frequently initiate themselves in the mysteries of their profession by consciously echoing the styles of their predecessors. One thinks of Keats's attempt to model his own work upon the examples of Spenser and Milton, or Constable's studies in the manner of Poussin and Ruysdael. Manet's *"Déjeuner sur l'herbe,"* which scandalized Paris, actually lifted the arrangement of its principal figures bodily from a currently accredited masterpiece by Marcantonio Raimondi, an engraver of Raphael's school. The purpose of intramural reference and copying in the arts, however, is never slavish imitation: it is always a testing, a challenging of the abilities of past work to inform the present. A tradition is not merely accepted, it is modified in the light of the artist's own sensibility. The poet does not simply learn the conventions of the aesthetic mode from his ancestors, he also determines which of his ancestors is, or ought to be, alive for

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the present. In this connection, the word "tradition" presumes a distinction between the learning processes involved in the communication of scientific knowledge and the training upon which forms of behavior like art depend for their continuity and perpetuance. The issue of scientific work, once it has been incorporated into the previous body of scientific achievements, increasingly presents a curriculum rather than a tradition—a corpus of work that can be taught by appeal to a basic, if complex, intelligence.* But the continued life of art requires something other than the brainpower needed to master a logical system, an elusive disposition of energies and sensitivities which is not a given of our nature but the specific achievement of individuals. And this distinction suggests another, this time among the forms of traditional behavior itself. Art, like organized religion, is one of the few traditional activities that constantly subject the authority of inherited practices to revision in the course of transmitting them; and this presumes a developed intimacy with the previous body of tradition and an indefatigability of discrimination that not even the most ambitious suitor of women need possess.

Until the present century, however, artists have always imagined that their familiarity with the art of the past informed their ability to see something outside of art: "nature," perhaps, or the majesty of God, or (as in the case of Keats) fugitive glimpses of the evanescent heroism of the human spirit. I don't mean that artists, in accepting a tradition and modifying it, thought very deliberately about the uses to which their tribal magic should be put: merely that a host of assumptions about these uses characteristically governed the artist's choice among possibilities and thereby circumscribed the nature of his results. The work of art sought what I have termed a rhetorical level and was docked and limited in this search by "the social context of the aesthetic attitude" (Gombrich)—if not by local interests, then by the general horizon of extra-artistic endeavor that encloses what we call an historical epoch. The development of Renaissance art trained the eye to see

* Professor Michael Polanyi has recently argued that the power of discovery and critical verification in the sciences, as distinct from the ability to transmit an achieved body of knowledge, depends quite as much as art upon an elusive disposing of energies and sensitivities.

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the complex relationships of pigmented surfaces a new way; but it also forwarded a conception of space as eschatologically neutral, indifferent to the temporal drama of human salvation that unfolds successively within it. Up and down, right and left, came to bear a purely geometrical significance; they were no longer (as they are once again in Blake's engravings) spiritual dimensions charged with the immanent presence of God. And to a notion of this sort, certain artistic conventions must seem irrelevant; for example, I do not think that it would have occurred to a Renaissance artist to nourish his own work upon the systematic distortions of projective space that later attracted the Fauves to African sculpture. By the same token, precisely because art had reference to qualities of experience beyond itself (experiences, one hastens to add, that need not be identified with the explicit subject matter of the work), it was able to transform historical complexes of feeling; and criticism was enfranchised to argue the dangers, impertinence, or triviality of every alteration in sensibility. It was perfectly possible for Constable to believe that observation depended upon art for instruction and yet to argue against a public that "looked upon pictures as standards by which nature is to be judged rather than the reverse." Here "nature" is the result of complex civility, accessible only through artistic tradition, yet not identical with the artistic vision itself.

Formalist criticism means to change all this. It has awakened the possibility that art can develop according to its own principles, which have their own interest, and are independent of other forms of traditional behavior. In the critical writings of T. S. Eliot, for example, what was hitherto a by-product of poetic utterance, the identification of a vital tradition in works of the past becomes the conscious aim of the modern; while the need to interpret new combinations of words in terms of other cultural activities is depressed to a secondary position. The poet, as Eliot describes him, is primarily aware of his immense responsibilities to his ancestors, the poets who have gone before him. Internal complication of the medium, which formerly directed aesthetic energies upon the disposition of our personalities for work, for play, for religious worship, is liberated from its obligation to these activities. Not that

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art is meaningless, that it has nothing to say to life; only that the artist should not allow the need to address a public to influence the labors of composition. "I do not deny," writes Eliot, "that art may be affirmed to serve ends beyond itself; but art is not required to be aware of these ends, and indeed performs its function, whatever that may be, according to various theories of value, much better by indifference to them." Here the need for art to strike a rhetorical level, to address its powers discernibly to some extra-artistic quality of human attention, no longer preoccupies the artist even by implication. His modification of existing artistic traditions is to take place in a social vacuum, apart from the limitations characteristically imposed upon the art of the past by the historical context of the stylistic event. Where artists had previously been guided by the unacknowledged pressure of external circumstance in choice of style and techniques, the contemporary poet, musician or painter surveys the whole of past art and chooses whatever seems alive for his own purposes. His conscious aim is to prompt an awareness of the latent powers of lines and masses, of clustered and repeated images, of purely formal tensions inherent in the medium that create an intelligible order of their own. In a paper in the *British Journal of Aesthetics* (June, 1961), J. P. Hodin writes:

> Modern art . . . linking up with a tradition of its own choice, of universal significance and without limitations in time and thus breaking with the chronological tradition generally acknowledged in art history . . . strives for a synthesis *in* the work of an individual artist and *through* the mutual influence of its different trends upon one another; a many-faceted process moving towards a new unitary concept, a new artistic tonality, in other words, a style. (My italics.)

Mr. Hodin is arguing, rather abstrusely, that despite the presence in a single work of different stylistic tendencies, each appropriate to different epochs of political or social history, there may be a dark, inscrutable workmanship that reconciles discordant elements; what appears to the untutored eye as a meaningless jumble of forms and colors is to the initiate a coherent whole. Mythic and ritual imagery from outworn vegetative cults, the religious iconography of the Middle Ages, the geometric representationalism of

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the High Renaissance—*all* may suggest aesthetic possibilities to the modern artist, even though the particular forms they embody once forwarded beliefs and conceptions irrelevant to contemporary life. The artist sees the work of the past spatially, as it were, and chooses among the entire body of inherited techniques, concentrating them upon his own purposes, synthesizing out of a wealth of possibilities his own unique style, without fretting about the incompatibility of their historical connections.

Eliot has written a poem that illustrates this theory. I refer to "The Waste Land," by any standards a difficult poem, and difficult in ways for which nothing in the aesthetic of the past can prepare us. Within some four hundred lines the reader is compelled to move through an extraordinary variety of rhetorical modes, narrative, dramatic, lyric, descriptive, hallucinatory, without discernible transitions, passing across interpolated lines in German, French, Italian and Sanscrit by the way. One finds snatches of Elizabethan lyric side-by-side with bits of popular songs, fragments of Jacobean dialogue, satiric verse in the public manner of the eighteenth century, high prophecy and annunciation from the King James Bible, reminiscences from books of travel and exploration, phrases from Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Marvell, Oliver Goldsmith, Hermann Hesse, Buddha's Fire Sermon, and the water-dripping song from *Turdus aonalaschkae palasii,* to name but a few. The echoes of previous works that in a conventional poem would establish a rhetorical level, create a host of implicit assumptions about the general human situation to which the work addresses itself, are present in full force; but they have moved from background to foreground. Indeed, they are scarcely echoes, almost direct quotations, for which Eliot has supplied some of the references in a set of footnotes, and their incompatibility of manner and purpose, their use of language in utterly different ways, makes it impossible to conceive any intelligible relationship between the voice of the poem and the voice of mankind in any definable circumstance—save that of writing the poem.

The public has always found what is new to them obscure and hard to read. One thinks of the difficulties encountered by the early impressionists. But this was in spite of the references of nine-

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teenth-century art to a tradition, not because of them; impressionist techniques still led back to instances in the past of art's enhancing, informing or challenging other human activities with which a Degas or a Monet might reasonably expect an audience to be familiar. At all events, the space portrayed by a canvas shared certain qualities with the space of everyday perception; just as the voice of the Romantic poet, however extraordinary, was discernibly related to the voice of men in situations other than the act of writing poetry. The artist, the poet, addressed the power of tradition to a particular human situation, showing how the ritual magic of previous art, by a suitable modification, can inform present circumstance; and this definable relation to context gave all art before the twentieth century its historical presence, its temporal identity within the continuity of human events. But the speaking voice of "The Waste Land" has no historical location; we cannot be simultaneously Renaissance courtiers, eighteenth-century men of the world, Hindu priests, and one amongst the tribes of Israel, nor is there any conceivable social identity that intelligibly subsumes the qualities of mind appropriate to these roles, by association with which the poem might derive its coherence. Nevertheless, Eliot would argue, we still recognize a power, a purely *literary* force. The scraps of borrowed poetry functioned originally to some rhetorical effect; but their ability to delight or unsettle stems from something inherent in the medium itself, some magical authority in the arrangement of words, in resonances of sound and patterns of connotation peculiar to verse alone. If you were to print the lines of a poetic masterpiece in reverse order, the result would be unintelligible gibberish; and this is not simply because you have destroyed the syntactical intentions of the poetic voice, but also because you have, to some extent, upset the sequence of images, the organization of specifically aesthetic components that the poet has labored to construct. "The Waste Land" is meant to imply that one's consciousness of such organization is basically independent of rhetorical level, of the consciousness upon which other cultural activities depend. Precisely through its deliberate anfractuosities, its balking of historical reference at every turn, the poem coheres as no poem has done before, or rather (if we grant

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Eliot's claim) as every poem has done before, although the fact has never been brought strikingly to our attention.

One can find parallels in other arts. Professor Gombrich writes of Picasso's "Still Life with Guitar" that "primitive representational cues turn up, but only to tease and misdirect us—we try to integrate the guitar . . . but find that we are everywhere brought up against a contradiction, till our mind is set in motion like a squirrel in a cage." And one result of our general critical acceptance of this frustrating activity has been, as Professor Schapiro points out, a tendency to slight the content of past art:

> The most realistic representations are contemplated as pure constructions of lines and colors. The observer is often indifferent to the original meaning of works, although he may enjoy through them a vague sentiment of the poetic and religious. The form and expressiveness of older works are regarded, then, in isolation [from each other], and the history of an art is written as an immanent development of forms.

Virtually every artist since the Magdalenian draughtsmen has felt the presence of aesthetic elements as a distinct force in composition. A complex landscape to the untutored eye cannot be hung upside down because our experience with nature tells us that trees do not thrive in the sky nor do cattle browse to any effect while standing on their heads. But the artist knows that the relations of colors and the balancing of masses dictate a rhythmic up and down independently of the subject matter, and that it is quite possible to get the subject right and the aesthetic disposition wrong—to produce, in other words, a recognizable likeness that is an artistic failure. My concern is not with the propriety of such intuitions; either you have them or you do not, and beyond a certain point there is nothing that further elucidation can do to compel response. But modern criticism has argued against the whole effort of reason and imagination that sought within this response some necessary reference to other communal activities: it treats the aesthetic moment in isolation and claims to have actually discovered a transhistorical basis for artistic development. "My best poems," writes Richard Wilbur, who is somewhat old-fashioned in these matters, "seem to me to account somehow for my whole experience and to engage my whole nature." For Eliot,

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as we have seen, that is just what poems cannot do; art calls upon and articulates psychic energies basically indifferent to other aspects of the human condition. Between these two views, there is a quarrel that no appeal to the immediate experience of poetry can decide, for they represent fundamentally different attitudes, not to the immediacies of poetic experience but to its underlying character, its origins and intentions.

Eliot himself is quite aware of the possible deleterious or salutary effects of poetry upon social character and in a number of essays has called rather anxiously for the scrutiny of imaginative works according to explicit ethical and theological standards. But he seems to think that this sort of criticism has only a transitory and relative value, that it represents the changing accommodation our other traditional institutions must make to the given existence of art at any particular time. Addressed to the reading public alone, ethical criticism (as Eliot would have it) neither threatens nor promotes the continuity of artistic development. Rather it guards an immoderate national character against a dangerous indulgence in various psychically charged experiences: art, sex, or the consumption of alcoholic spirits. (In a properly managed Christian society, Eliot everywhere implies, the proper restraints might be taken for granted, and such criticism prove unnecessary.) Over against this ephemeral practice, which radically alters with the moral character of each generation and vanishes utterly upon the advent of Christian self-consciousness, Eliot has set what he terms "substantive" criticism, which treats of art, not in its social context but in its timeless, self-contained autonomy, as a purely immanent structure of aesthetic forms. He writes in "The Function of Criticism" (1923):

> I thought of literature then, as I think of it now, of the literature of the world, of the literature of Europe, of the literature of a single country, not as a collection of the writings of individuals, but as "organic wholes," as systems in relation to which, *and only in relation to which,* individual works of literary art, and the works of individual artists, have their significance. (My italics.)

If I understand this correctly, Eliot is proposing, as an alternative to the ethical criticism just described, the scrupulous examination

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of technique, which substitutes elucidation and comparison for what Eliot would term the arbitrariness of evaluative judgment. And as a result of this imposed dichotomy the potential dialogue between aesthetic consciousness and the forms of awareness appropriate to other aspects of social life—a dialogue that furnished the implicit substance of all previous criticisms—is suspended.

One may, of course, accept "The Waste Land" as poetry and deny the accompanying aesthetic; it is not necessary to read an artist after his own instructions. But the social context in which Eliot's poem acquires its meaning (its rhetorical level, so to speak) would not be easy to describe. It would be a mistake, however, to imply that this difficulty first presented itself during the present century, or that only modern formalist criticism can avoid subscribing an art in debased acquiescence to ethics or theology. Our critical problem takes its origin in the nineteenth century, when artists themselves began to mark the difference in their work between the consciousness promoted by art and that fostered by everyday adult awareness. "The artist," wrote Coleridge, "brings the whole soul of man into activity, with the subordination of its faculties to each other, according to their relative worth and dignity." Yet together with this intensely normative vision (engaging, as Mr. Wilbur says, one's whole nature), the artist advanced the claim that his mode of consciousness was rooted in a kind of experience that normal, civilized consciousness rejects: in the experience of children, of peasants, of savages, whose characteristic states of mind were mythologized as types of a spiritual ideal; in aspects of sexual maladjustment and inconclusive perversities of erotic feeling; in a fascination with delirium and with the value of self-destruction. The effect of this art was to project, on the basis of aesthetic states peripheral to civilized consciousness, a rhetorical level whose appropriate voice was not so much inconceivable in any social context (the way Eliot would have us accept the voice of "The Waste Land") as insupportable in them; and a good deal of nineteenth-century criticism may be understood, for all its psychological innocence and philosophical naïveté, as accepting this opposition and trying to place it in the context of an historical

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perspective. In this light, Arnold has provided Eliot with a steady target; and Arnold's essay "The Study of Poetry" has suffered unduly from being read in connection with a kind of ecclesiastical nostalgia. Of his contemporary Europe, he writes,

> There is not a creed which is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve. . . . More and more we will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us. Without poetry, our science will appear incomplete; and most of what now passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry.

Arnold speaks in this vein often enough to justify the charge that his notion of poetry as a substitute for the consolations of religion is inadequate to the power of imaginative literature and of religion alike. But in the light of his full critical accomplishment, it should be evident that what Arnold saw poetry arrogating from religion was its capacity to transmit the contradictory and the intransigent in human experience: "those elements," as he says in his Victorian way, "that for fulness of spiritual perfection are wanted, even though they belong to a power which in the practical sphere may be maleficent."

When we speak of *spirituality,* we have reference to certain moral and aesthetic conditions imposed upon the exercise of impulse—conditions whose satisfaction distinguishes mankind from the rest of the animal kingdom. One thinks, rather easily, of desire as one kind of thing and the restraints upon its satisfaction as quite another. But what gets established in human life as a need, the kinds and qualities of enjoyment that man accepts as his own, relates intimately to the conditions imposed by his relations to his fellows, as child, as parent, as husband, as citizen. These relations involve a disposition of psychic energies, they demand a corresponding set of expectations and aversions: what appears desirable or undesirable and how it appears so bear upon the accommodation that every person makes to the fact of his existence in a particular society. Not merely restraint but the very quality of human life, the felt substance of desire, issues from accession to our roles in the human community; and there is good reason to identify our

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spirituality not with restraint as such, with mere accommodation, but with some attempt to open this process to overriding critical standards. And in this connection, I think, it is reasonable to argue that religious institutions once promoted the necessary tensions of our humanity in a way that they are no longer capable of doing. Until the nineteenth century, paradigms and patterns were laid down for the critical reference of specific acts to a religious or theological background. These paradigms not only supported everyday relations but also supported a good deal of ambiguity and unrest. They articulated a considerable opposition to the total identification of the self with its secular identities. The case for religious paradigms suffers at the hands of those proponents who raise the ghost of an imagined age of spiritual harmony in order to contrast it with the fragmented body of modern secular existence. But the real strength of the argument lies in its perception of a genuine loss. What appalls the critic of modern society and underlies much of the contemporary effort to revive religion as a shared public fact is not the lack of harmony in secular life or the absence of coherent paradigms to consecrate our daily ways, but the sense that such paradigms as continue to exist have lost their transcendental, critical overtones. The accommodation that each individual makes to his existence in society fails to establish a decisive tension between what is and what ought to be the substance of human desire. That is clearly the direction of Arnold's thinking. Whether or not we approve the particular means he located for "going back upon the actual instincts and forces which rule our life, seeing them as they really are, connecting them with other instincts and forces, and enlarging our whole view and rule of life," the generosity of his program establishes itself.

Art as paradigm, as the basic human act—the idea has been steadily before us ever since Shelley intimated that the best part of religious systems had been their unconscious poetry. It is still an essential, acknowledged or not, of our thinking about the arts, enabling poets to express an abhorrence for the didactic while setting up as inspired prophets, and leading critics to slight the paraphrasable content of art while fostering an uneasy awareness of its immense moral significance. One can, of course, read the

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Romantic account as a celebration of ultimate, confirming powers that belong, properly speaking, neither to art nor to anything else; it is difficult to address an argument to the terms of a quarrel that has since shifted its ground considerably. But recalling the occasions of its utterance and considering the specific artistic accomplishments of the period, one can acknowledge the perception of something in human experience that was denied by the progress of industrial society and that the mode of aesthetic consciousness was uniquely qualified to sustain. In the half-light of the Romantic penumbra, art became mysteriously connected with a way of life, a range of experience, resistant to the corrosives of science and reason; congenial, perhaps, to religious and ethical perceptions, but antecedent to them in force and intensity. Art came to seem the new guardian of our proper humanity, the agency of perfection, "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge," and the way was opened for Ruskin and Morris to criticize the quality of life provided by industrial society for its failure to approximate an aesthetic ideal.

To be sure, the line of nineteenth-century criticism tended rather easily to associate the rhetorical level of art with its explicit subject matter, the manifest content of a presentation; and this habit of association makes it inappropriate to estimate the value of an art that deliberately skirts the mimetic and frustrates our inherited skills at interpreting the representational. Modern art has deliberately turned away from traditional abilities developed since the Renaissance, and one result has been a good deal of angry philistinism in the name of the old dispensation. But formalist criticism, while at least gaining the new art a fair hearing, often ignores the intention, as well as the method, of the nineteenth-century dialogue. One charge against nineteenth-century critical generalization has been, for example, that it operates predominantly at the behest of a social vision irrelevant to art, in whose name poets are denied full access to the literary past and audiences robbed of the many pleasures and illuminations that aesthetic experience might otherwise afford. The point to be remembered, however, is that for this criticism the process of aesthetic discrimination works out as well as in, acting upon life in order to organize

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the substance of aesthetic awareness. Precisely because it risks parochialism, an effort like Arnold's must seek the continuity of aesthetic experience in something wider than the area of literature itself; it must find and enlist the support of other disciplines where, no longer at the center of communal life, the critical paradigms of human conduct have taken refuge. It must try to consolidate and unify into what the nineteenth century learned to call a *culture,* the sense of resistance and the primary engagement with the substance of human desire that has largely vanished from industrial society; it must strive restlessly to make them once more a general property and not elevate them into exclusive possessions of art.

We have already said that, like a good conversation, the aesthetic transaction must establish a basis of agreement among interlocutors; one draws upon a certain range of experience with signs, meanings, interpretations, to get a point made. And when the artist imagines that the decisive tensions of his work are the general property of mankind, he can raid experience nearly indiscriminately for symbols: to adopt an instance of David Jones's, when he sensed a congruity between his own efforts and that of established religion, the word "wood," associated with the Cross, can be "used with confidence to implement, to call up or to set in motion a whole world of content belonging in a special sense to the myths of a particular culture and of concepts and realities belonging to mankind as such." But when politics, domestic life, religion, no longer inspire a spiritual authenticity that the artist can share, while the sources of his inspiration seem to alienate him from other occupations, then one may expect him to grow uneasy about the relation between art and life; and this disquiet is bound to affect his relation to the art of the past. Precisely through their association with other institutions—with the act of worship, with habits of ratiocination, with the organization of practical life—it may seem to the artist that many works of art commissioned by general esteem and habitual acceptance can no longer function as guides to his own activity. The artist himself must turn critic, if not explicitly, then by implication, in the body of his work, searching inherited accomplishments for those instances that depend

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least upon the assumption that art and life develop congruently. "If my conclusions are admitted," writes Wordsworth, "and carried as far as they must be carried if admitted at all, our judgments concerning the works of the greatest poets both ancient and modern will be far different from what they are at present."

This separation between the continuity of art, on the one hand, and that of other modes of traditional behavior, on the other, is an unacknowledged premise behind the independence of modern criticism from the elaborations of systematic philosophers and the murmur of casual appreciation. Since the end of the eighteenth century the existence of tradition in the arts, of continuity in the development of a vocabulary of artistic forms, no longer derives from the general continuity of human life, and artists have been excogitating peculiar mechanisms whereby to nourish their own work upon the achievements of the artistic past. The notion of art as paradigm is one such mechanism; Eliot's "timeless continuum" of aesthetic forms is another. Whether artists and critics choose to follow Eliot and regard the aesthetic disposition as ethically neutral is something that cannot ultimately be decided, as I have said, upon any immediate evidence. It is a matter that involves the whole bent of personality. But I would argue that once the substance of art is in doubt, an individual synthesis of different stylistic trends cannot illuminate the work of the past, cannot distinguish within the accepted body of accomplishments what is of immense significance from what is an esoteric diversion. The task of generalizing response to what is termed the "aesthetic surface" of art, the purely formal properties of line, rhythm and texture, is immensely difficult; and I do not imply that every critic must bring to bear an explicit metaphysic upon its election. I have been confronting, rather abstractly, the question whether the underlying character of aesthetic response does not suppose a particular historical value, with which criticism should deal; whether, in other words, the task of criticism is really, as one writer recently put it, simply "to turn our attention once again to the plastic elements in painting" (Morris Weitz in the *Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism,* September, 1956), or whether it has not the duty of addressing the artist in its exercise of discrimination and judgment.

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Not the Dying

WAYNE DODD

Thus too Admetus found it,
long ago, when his Alcestis
took the dying from him and
gave back a greater terror,
death. It's not the dying
stills the heart within us.
Death comes not to the dying
or the dead, but to
the living, from whose heart
it draws its life—until the dying
comes in mercy and
takes back this death.

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European Reaction to the Death of Charles I

C. V. WEDGWOOD

WHEN CHARLES I WAS BEHEADED, Clarendon, the historian of the English Civil Wars, could hardly find words strong enough to convey his anger. Sweeping up the whole fateful year of 1649 in his loathing, he described it as

> a year of reproach and infamy above all years which had passed before it; a year of the highest dissimulation and hypocrisy, of the deepest villainy and most bloody treasons that any nation was ever cursed with or under; a year in which the memory of all transactions ought to be rased out of all records, lest, by the success of it, atheism, infidelity and rebellion should be propagated in the world . . .

Clarendon is noticeably inconsistent in hoping that the King's execution should be expunged from the record while not hesitating to record it himself, but, rhetoric apart, his personal grief was extreme and his anxiety over the effects this defiant and public king-murder would have on the existing order was shared by many thoughtful statesmen. The inviolability of sovereign power, of an authority widely believed to have divine sanction, appeared to be of the utmost importance in maintaining civil order. The belief that rebellion was a form of blasphemy might appear to some politicians and thinkers as a useful fiction, but it was to others a genuine article of faith. For this reason Clarendon, in common with other English Royalists, believed that the King's death would provoke a general outburst in Europe against the "incarnate devils" who had brought it about.

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Indeed, news of the execution was received with expressions of horror by the princes and rulers of Europe. Cardinal Mazarin said that tears of blood would be shed for the murdered monarch, had such tears been possible in nature, and similar indications of abhorrence were uttered by the ministers of most European states. But Clarendon was to be disappointed. Almost immediately events in The Hague, where the young King Charles II was in exile, should have indicated to him the wide divergence between what people said, and what they were prepared to do to avenge the late King's death. The words of Clarendon's history reveal the opening fissure:

> There could not be more evidence of a general detestation than there was amongst all men of what quality soever. Within two or three days . . . the States presented themselves in a body to His Majesty to condole with him for the murder of his father, in terms of great sorrow and condolence, save that there was not bitterness enough against the rebels and murderers.

If reports from the Spanish Netherlands are to be believed, the caution of the Dutch went even further. It was said that, in conveying their sympathy to the poor young King, they had as far as possible avoided calling him "Your Majesty," had pronounced this form of words only once and very indistinctly and had refused to set it down in writing—a sufficiently broad hint that they had not made up their minds to break off relations with the existing Republican government of England.

From Münster which, since the recent conclusion of the Peace of Westphalia, was still a center of European diplomacy, the Venetian ambassador wrote home that the murder of King Charles was a shame and a scandal to his fellow sovereigns who could have intervened to save him had they been less concerned with quarreling among themselves.

The indignation provoked by the strange death of King Charles turned out in the end to be not so much an inspiration to action as a substitute for it. This pattern, not altogether unfamiliar in modern times, was most noticeable in France. Here Queen Henrietta Maria, widow of the murdered King and aunt of the young Louis XIV, had taken refuge. It was to France that the English Royalists looked most confidently for help. Here, too, the

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popular outcry against the murderers of King Charles was both widespread and vehement. Indeed, exiled Cavaliers were sometimes molested by the angry populace who saddled all Englishmen indifferently with the guilt of regicide. In his letters Gui Patin freely compared the English to wolves, while the diarist Jean Vallier condemned the execution as the "most horrible and detestable parricide ever to be committed by Christians," not least because they had arraigned their sovereign before the petty lawyer Bradshaw, *"un petit juge subalterne."* Popular pamphlets and ballads also bewailed the King's death and called down vengeance on its perpetrators.

But, as the English Royalists noticed with growing disillusion, Mazarin did not break off relations with England and the resident agent of the Commonwealth government in Paris was not "in any sort disquieted." At least in The Hague the Dutch populace, stimulated by the angry idle Royalist soldiers who abounded there, was plaguing the life out of Walter Strickland, the Commonwealth's emissary.

Meanwhile the behavior of other European rulers to the new *de jure* King of England was nothing if not cautious. The Dutch Estates had set an example. Soon the Archduke Leopold, Governor of the Spanish Netherlands, was writing to the King of Spain saying that he had postponed sending a letter of condolence until he had word, either from the Emperor or from Philip IV, as to the form of address that he was to use. The same embarrassment was felt in Spain, where the King's Council eventually decided not to offend the newly proclaimed English republic by acknowledging Charles II as King. The letter of condolence to the bereaved prince should be carefully antedated so that the royal title accorded to him could be explained away on the grounds that King Philip IV had sent the letter before hearing that the abolition of monarchy in England had followed the execution of the King.

Royalist hopes of assistance had been falsely raised by the conclusion of the Peace of Westphalia in October, 1648. They had believed that the treaties that brought to an end the Thirty Years' War in Germany and the Eighty Years' War between the Spaniards and the Dutch would free the resources and troops of some European princes at least to come to their aid. But the signatories of

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the treaty were by no means liberated from their own pressing needs by the reestablishment of a partial peace. The efforts of King Charles II to raise money among the North German princes were not successful. His own first cousin, the newly restored Elector Palatine, who was actually in London when the King his uncle was tried and executed, was at the time more anxious to settle his war debts in Germany than to raise any protest against the English regicides.

The Vatican was more concerned to denounce the religious clauses of the Peace of Westphalia than to object to the judicial murder of the heretic King of England whose agents had, over the last four years, repeatedly sought in vain for Papal help. King Charles had, it was true, in the days of his power been on very good terms with Rome but he had disappointed their hopes of major religious concessions, and in his critical last weeks his cause had been damaged by the insidious belief, propagated by the Spanish ambassador in England, that the present government of extreme sectaries intended to introduce religious toleration for everyone, including Catholics.

Even the Portuguese, who had been Charles's most consistent ally during the Civil War, acted cautiously after his execution. Their representative at Münster did indeed take the trouble to pay a visit of compliment to the new King of England, but was careful to explain that he was acting as a private individual having as yet received no instructions from Lisbon. The Danish Chancellor Ulfeldt, on the other hand, proclaimed himself ready on his King's behalf to offer financial aid to Charles II and actually did provide a small amount; but this source of revenue quickly dried up.

The truth was that the Peace of Westphalia on which the English Royalists had placed too much hope did not adequately settle the quarrels of Europe or relieve most of the continental rulers of their personal ambitions and fears. France and Spain, the two major monarchies, were still at war; the first was not able and the second was not willing to give a lead in the matter of the King of England. Yet the trial and execution of Charles was almost universally felt to have violated the most sacred and significant political beliefs in which all monarchies and most governments

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shared, and it was widely predicted that awful consequences must follow if the criminal English remained unpunished. Charles himself had believed until the eleventh hour that his fellow sovereigns must come to his aid in their own interests if not in his. The English newspapers reported him, within weeks of his execution and even after the prison doors of Hurst Castle had been shut upon him, as confidently averring that help would certainly come from France, the United Provinces and Denmark.

But France had been his chief hope and in the correspondence of Mazarin the gap between theoretical indignation and practical action is most clearly revealed. As early as January, 1647, before he was handed over to Parliament by the Scots at Newcastle, Charles had drawn up a memorandum for the French ambassador, then in attendance on him, to give to the Queen Regent, Anne of Austria. His cause, the defeated King declared, was not his alone but that of all Christian Kings. If they did not wish disorder and rebellion to triumph everywhere, let them hasten to make peace among themselves and come to his rescue.

The King's opinion of the general danger inherent in his defeat was shared by Cardinal Mazarin, the effective ruler of France. He had already instructed his ambassador that the establishment of a republic in England would be "*très dommageable*" to France and personally offensive to the Crown, owing to the close family relationship between Charles I and the boy King Louis XIV. As soon as the Peace of Westphalia was concluded, and in spite of France's continued war with Spain, he wrote to his ambassador in England, the Comte de Grignan:

> The peace now concluded in the Empire, and the likelihood that this will facilitate peace with Spain, may contribute to a settlement between the King of England and his subjects, for they may well be apprehensive lest, once a general peace is made, his Majesty may receive help from France, Spain and other princes whose interest it is to prevent his defeat and the establishment of a republic in England.

Cardinal Mazarin was too experienced in statecraft to imagine that the successful rebels, who had made themselves masters of England at the head of a formidable army, would modify their attitude to the King on a mere apprehension that the rulers of Europe were belatedly about to help him. At the time of writing,

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early November, 1648, the King's situation did not appear desperate. It was true that Royalist risings in different parts of England had been utterly crushed during the summer, but Parliament, which was apparently in control of the situation, was disposed for a treaty with the King and negotiations for a settled peace were actually in progress at Newport in the Isle of Wight. This looked like a breathing space.

Not until November 20th by English reckoning (November 30th in France) did the Army present to Parliament its Remonstrance denouncing the proposed treaty and calling for the trial of the King as the "capital and grand author of all our troubles." The text of this document was known in France within a few days and startled Mazarin into expressions of the highest indignation. Writing to Grignan on December 6/16, he declared that he was beside himself—*"hors de moy"*—at this effrontery.

> It is inconceivable that subjects should imagine such extraordinary ideas against their King. . . . I have read with horror the demands of the Army, and I trust that God will not allow this unhappy Prince to fall into such great misfortune, nor do I believe that the English will bring themselves to carry out such dire intentions against him.

But Mazarin had other interests in England more urgent than that of helping the King, and having thus piously hoped for a change of heart in the Army and commended King Charles to the care of God, he filled the rest of his letter with instructions about recruiting English troops for the war against Spain.

Throughout the English Civil Wars the French, the Spaniards and the Venetians had all, from time to time, requested permission from Parliament to recruit men for their armies, sometimes from Royalist prisoners of war, sometimes from disbanded regiments. Quite apart from the usefulness of the troops in themselves, it was important for the French and the Spanish ambassadors each to hinder the other from acquiring too large a share of the available manpower. In this the French envoy was usually outmaneuvered by the Spaniard. French ambassadors in England had not been popular during the war; the close relationship between Charles I and Louis XIV, the fact that Queen Henrietta Maria had taken refuge in France, and the various ineffective efforts at mediation made earlier in the war by the French govern-

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ment had created a deep suspicion in the Parliament side and a disinclination to grant favors.

The Spanish ambassador, on the other hand, Don Alonso de Cardenas, had shown great skill in conciliating the Puritan Parliament and had done virtually nothing to assist the King. The agents of France and Portugal, both of which countries were at war with Spain, had conveyed messages for King Charles to Europe during the wars, the Portuguese envoy getting himself into considerable trouble about this. But the Spaniard had throughout cultivated the government in power so that, by 1649, an Anglo-Spanish alliance seemed a threatening possibility to the anxious French ambassador in London. It was thus more important for him to raise men for France and to block the activities of Cardenas than to jeopardize French relations with the English by intemperately supporting the King. Between the end of October, 1648, and the middle of January, 1649, Mazarin wrote to his ambassador five times on the subject of recruiting; his instructions about the unfortunate King, although often expressed with great fervor, were no more frequent and far less explicit.

On December 6/16, the day on which Mazarin expressed his horror at the suggestion of the King's trial, coupled with further requests for the raising of men in England, the Army under Fairfax and Cromwell surrounded Parliament and expelled all members who favored negotiating with the King. A week later Mazarin wrote once more to Grignan expressing his anxiety at the King's increasing peril, and a fortnight later he instructed his ambassador on the urgent request of Anne of Austria to omit no measures that could help him. Precisely what these measures were he did not, and indeed could not, specify. The boy King of France had correctly appended his signature to a rhetorical declaration against the blasphemous conduct of Fairfax and his Army, calling upon "all neighboring Kings, Princes and States" to join with him on behalf of Charles, but the purpose of this document was evidently to save the French King's face rather than the English King's head.

The truth was that Mazarin had far too many domestic troubles on his hands to spare time, resources or energy for the King of England. Since the unsuccessful attempt by the Queen Regent to intimidate the Paris Parliament by the arrest of its leaders in

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the previous August, the unpopularity of Mazarin had become extreme and Paris was smouldering with revolt. The Cardinal was personally afraid, as his notes and correspondence reveal. Events in England only served to sharpen his fears. The troubles of King Charles had begun, as he was not slow to point out to Anne of Austria, with his fatal willingness to sacrifice his faithful first minister, Strafford, to appease the multitude. But yielding of this kind had only made matters worse; so far from being appeased, Parliament had been encouraged to further revolt and now to this final excess of bringing the King to trial. The analogy between his own position and that of Strafford was clear; so was the moral that Anne of Austria was to draw from this terrible example.

Early in January the French Court secretly left Paris for St. Germain with the intention of reducing the city to order and obedience by force of arms. Inside Paris, now in a state of siege, Queen Henrietta Maria remained at the Louvre. Just before the city was cut off she had sent two letters, one to Fairfax and one to the Speaker of the House of Commons, requesting that she might at least be allowed to visit her dear lord the King. The Comte de Grignan in London transmitted these to Parliament and the Army without giving them the official support of his government. As he later reported, he did not wish in this very critical juncture for France to make Anglo-French relations any worse than they already were. It is probable that, whatever persuasions Grignan had seen fit to use, the fate of the poor Queen's letters would have been no different. They remained unanswered and unopened.

From the moment the Court left Paris, it was clear that nothing more could be done for the King of England, although there were rumors of intended help and some face-saving gestures. Talk of a force of forty thousand men under Condé was repeated and discounted in diplomatic circles, where everyone knew that Condé was fully occupied in blockading Paris. Possibly the grotesque rumor was encouraged by the French Court to enable them to say afterwards that an expedition to help the King of England had only been prevented by their domestic troubles. This was certainly the excuse that Grignan offered to explain why he had raised no official protest whatsoever against the trial and execution of the King. A special envoy, the Comte de Varennes, was indeed

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dispatched toward London, but he did not arrive in time and may not have been intended to do so. There was a little more honest realism in the letters composed for the ten-year-old Louis to send to Fairfax and Cromwell when Charles was already on trial. They were dated 23rd January/2nd February—a week exactly before the execution—and in them Louis pointed out that solid rewards could be expected, not only from the King of England but from himself, if they would desist from their terrible purpose and restore Charles to his freedom and his throne. The appeal to personal ambition, although wholly unacceptable to those to whom it was addressed, showed at least a more practical attitude than the official threats which had been issued a month before.

Meanwhile in England the newspapers, in what space they could spare from the King's trial, reported the disturbances in Paris with enthusiasm and equated the cause of the Frondeurs with that of the English Parliament. In this similarity, more apparent than real, the Spanish ambassador at once saw an opportunity of embarrassing the French government and in his dispatches to Madrid indicated that he was doing his best to link up the rebel government of England with the rebels in France.

This possibility had also occurred to Mazarin. Writing from St. Germain on February 3/13, a date at which he still imagined Charles to be alive, he repeated his formal instructions to Grignan to exert himself, however uselessly, on the King's behalf. But the more important part of his letter was devoted to his anxiety lest any understanding should be achieved between the regicides and the Frondeurs, an eventuality against which Grignan was urged to take every precaution.

News of the King's death must have reached St. Germain very shortly afterwards, but not for a fortnight did Mazarin communicate again with Grignan and then he contented himself with eloquent but hollow expressions of horror.

He need not have been anxious lest the Frondeurs of Paris gained encouragement from the awful spectacle of a king's execution. The members of the Paris Parliament, although they obstructed the Court and hated the Cardinal, were firm in their loyalty to the King. They immediately denounced the "execrable regicide" and "mad fury" of the English. Indeed the shock of the

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execution, so far from encouraging them in their rebellion, undoubtedly had a damping effect. Early in March terms were signed at Rueil and the Court returned in triumph to Paris.

Meanwhile pamphlets denouncing the execution and appealing to the rulers of Europe to avenge King Charles came in considerable numbers from the French press. The Huguenots were particularly vehement in their repudiation of the act of regicide, so embarrassingly committed by Protestants, but so contrary to the true teaching of Calvin.

Very few pamphleteers took an opposite view. The strongest of these was the anonymous author of *Avis à la reine d'Angleterre* who gave special praise to the English for executing their King in public. Traitors may act in the dark; the just do not fear the daylight. These bold words seem almost to foreshadow the boast of fanatic Harrison at his trial as a regicide in 1660: "I do not come to be denying anything but rather to be bringing it forth to light. . . . It was not a thing done in a corner." In 1650 Leveler influence on the revolt in Bordeaux would show that Mazarin, although he was wrong in his estimate of the Parisians, was not wholly wrong in fearing a connection between the ideas of the English rebels and those of France.

With his domestic troubles temporarily at an end, the Cardinal was at last able to take stock of the English situation. If he did not like the new government of England he could see that unequivocal support of the Royalists, besides being expensive, might precipitate an Anglo-Spanish alliance. On the other hand, he did not feel that it was consonant with the dignity of the French Crown to keep Grignan any longer in London. But he instructed the ambassador to find some plausible unofficial excuse for his return to France, and while avoiding all formal recognition of the Commonwealth government, to do nothing that could give cause for offense. His chief secretary, Croullé, was left in London to represent French interests and—a matter of some importance to Mazarin—to send word of any bargains that came up when the pictures and tapestries of King Charles's famous collection were sold. In this matter, as with the recruiting, the French were once more outmaneuvered by the Spaniards, and Alonso de Cardenas sent eighteen wagonloads of works of art to delight his master in Spain.

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The French ambassador in London, although very cautious, at least considered the prestige of monarchy and went through the motions of sympathetic concern at the fate of the King. His Spanish colleague behaved with a cynical callousness that was subsequently reflected in the conduct and policy of Philip IV and his Council. They, too, like Mazarin, and indeed rather more urgently, had pressing troubles of their own. Revolt in Catalonia, revolt in Portugal and the continual war with France had lowered the prestige of the Spanish government and brought it near the end of its resources. The King, or at least his councillors, felt also some justifiable bitterness against Charles I for the support that he had given to the Portuguese revolt by recognizing King John IV and receiving an ambassador from him.

Alonso de Cardenas, in England, had two guiding aims: the first was to serve the interests of Spain in her war with France, the second was to protect the interests of Roman Catholics in England. As the Independents of the Army made religious toleration a principal part of their program, he had in 1649 reason to hope better things of this government than of any of its predecessors. For the rest, it was evidently his cue to take advantage of the awkward predicament of the French ambassador and to make himself as far as was consonant with his dignity *persona grata* with the new government.

There were many in London, nonetheless, who looked to Cardenas, as the representative of the proudest monarchy in Europe, to do something for Charles. He was approached both by Royalists and by Presbyterians to intervene. But while he freely admitted that the King's trial and execution would be regarded with the utmost disapproval by his royal master, he blandly argued that, for so unusual an occasion, His Catholic Majesty would no doubt send an ambassador extraordinary if he wished to take action. In the meantime, he had no instructions.

Madrid was a long way off. Brussels was a great deal nearer. Here the Archduke Leopold, Governor of the Spanish Netherlands, began to bestir himself. Three days before the King's execution he dispatched a letter to Cardenas asking him to protest in the strongest terms. Cardenas was probably telling the truth when he subsequently stated that this letter had arrived only after the

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King was dead. Once the tragedy was over, he knew the correct diplomatic procedure; he put his whole household into mourning.

Five weeks later, receiving his dispatches in Madrid, the King's Council condemned the wicked action of the English in killing their King but saw no cause to take action; King Charles was merely a heretic prince, and they could not recollect that Spain had ever found it necessary to interfere when previous Kings of England had come to grief. The minutes sound rather as though the ministers of Philip IV regarded the deposing and murdering of English Kings as a commonplace occurrence and saw no difference between this and previous occasions. But among the dependent and allied Hapsburg states great anxiety was felt about the indifference of Spain to the moral aspects of the King's execution. Both at Vienna and in Brussels doubts were expressed as to the wisdom of condoning the actions of rebels and encouraging an unholy alliance between the regicide government and the Frondeurs.

But at Madrid friendship with England was thought advisable. A determined, although unsuccessful, effort was made to prevent Hyde and Cottington, the emissaries of Charles II, from completing their journey to Spain. Their reception there was unsatisfactory and, by the end of 1650, the King of Spain was the first monarch in Europe to accord official recognition to the English Commonwealth.

The only state in Europe that made a formal intervention in favor of the King was, paradoxically enough, the Dutch Republic. Their relations with England were far closer than those of either France or Spain, but were confused by commercial and dynastic complications which in 1648/9 were rapidly coming to a crisis. As early as 1641, King Charles, in the hope of improving his financial position, had married his eldest daughter to the only son of the Prince of Orange, a match that at the time seemed a very fine one. Subsequently political developments in England had left the young Prince with a crowd of his wife's relations and dependents seeking help and asylum in Holland.

Meanwhile tension had been developing between the Prince of Orange as hereditary stadtholder, and the Estates of the United Provinces, especially those of Holland. The peace with Spain in

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1648 left a discontented party in the Netherlands who believed that more could still be gained from a renewed prosecution of war. Prince William II of Orange, a high-spirited young man, soon became associated with the war party, while the Estates of Holland above all were strongly for peace. In the autumn of 1648 the Prince was privately sounding out Cardinal Mazarin as to the prospects of French help and cooperation in a renewed attack on Spain. He was also, both for personal and dynastic reasons, very willing to link the cause of Charles I with his other martial plans.

Popular feeling in the United Provinces was divided between animosity toward the English owing to commercial and maritime rivalry and sympathy for the religious and political demands made by Parliament at the outset of the war. By 1648 this initial sympathy had been partly estranged by the emergence of more extreme views in England and there was fluctuating support for the Royalists. It was thus possible for them to operate a small fleet, made up of ships revolted from Parliament, from the Dutch coast. They preyed on English shipping and sold their prizes in Dutch ports, in spite of the protests of the Parliamentarian representative at The Hague, Walter Strickland, who lamented in his letters home that the Royalists "bring in our merchants like slaves and captives" without any redress from the Dutch.

On the news of his father's trial, the Prince of Wales appealed to the Estates General of the United Provinces, accompanied by Sir William Boswell, the much respected diplomatist and scholar who had represented the interests of King Charles I in The Hague for the past sixteen years. The Estates responded sympathetically and agreed to dispatch a special embassy without delay, to protest against the trial of the King and, if possible, to mediate a settlement that would at least save his life. They chose for the task their most experienced negotiator, Adriaen Pauw, who had recently led their delegation at Münster. He took with him the venerable Albert Joachimi, who had for many years been the resident representative of the Dutch Republic in England. He was now ninety years old, but still alert in mind and body. The two envoys were to travel overland as far as Calais, thus shortening the sea journey, so apt to cause delays in the wintry season.

Walter Strickland knew the worth of these two ambassadors

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and wrote at once to his masters in England urging them to treat them with all respect. He need have felt no anxiety as to the diplomatic tact of the Army and the remnant of Parliament now in power; in their handling of foreign representatives throughout these critical weeks they displayed an ingenious mixture of courtesy and caution. They were not looking for trouble with any foreign power; they merely asserted their right to act independently of criticism and to be the best judges of their own affairs.

Distinguished as were the two representatives that the Estates General had chosen to plead the King's cause, their conduct during their brief visit to England suggests that they had no real intention of interfering with the course of events. Given the confused state of domestic politics in the Netherlands, the tension between the young Prince of Orange and the Estates, his known dynastic ambitions and his entanglement with the House of Stuart, no experienced Dutch statesman was likely to commit the Republic to a whole-hearted intervention on behalf of King Charles or a total breach with the existing Government of England.

The ambassadors who arrived on January 26th tamely accepted the decision of Parliament not to receive them until the 29th. The reasons given were very simple: January 27th would be fully occupied with the King's trial and January 28th was the inviolate Puritan Sabbath. When the ambassadors realized that the King had been condemned to death on the Saturday, they were sufficiently perturbed to seek interviews on the Sunday with the Speaker of the House of Commons and Lord Fairfax. They achieved nothing by this, since both the Speaker and Fairfax (who was accompanied by Cromwell and other leading Army officers) declared that they were unable to take any action before Parliament reassembled on Monday.

On Monday, January 29th, therefore, the Dutch ambassadors were formally received by Parliament, but were told that no answer could be given to their plea for the King until it was translated into English. The Commons then rose with somewhat unseemly haste and the ambassadors withdrew to prepare a translation. Only next morning did they realize that the execution of the King was about to take place within a few hours. This provoked them into making one more appeal to Fairfax. He was alone

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this time, listened sympathetically to them and hurried off to Whitehall to see what he could do. They themselves went back to their lodgings to await events, although they judged, from the number of soldiers now on guard in the streets of Westminster, that there was no hope of saving the King. By the early afternoon he was dead. With a touch of personal kindness they stayed to pay a visit of condolence to the King's two young children at Sion House. Pauw then returned to Holland while Joachimi remained behind to look after Dutch interests in England.

As in France, so also in Holland, the news of the King's execution was received with the greatest indignation. But it soon became apparent that the link between the English Royalist cause and the House of Orange would inevitably throw the massive weight of the anti-Orange party onto the side of the English Republic. It was significant that within a month of the King's death the Royalists were complaining that, to please the Dutch Estates, they now had to relinquish some of their naval prizes and curb their piratical ventures in the Narrow Seas. Popular feeling still ran high against the King's murderers. The envoys they sent over to seek the friendship of the Dutch Republic were hooted in the streets, and when one of them, Dr. Dorislas, was assassinated by Royalist soldiers the Dutch authorities made little attempt to find the culprits. On the other hand, the Estates, and more especially those of Holland, were unwilling to give financial aid to the young Charles II. The ambitious scheme of William II of Orange to resume the war on Spain with French help and to link this offensive against Spain with a plan for restoring the King of England came to nothing owing to his premature death and the subsequent triumph of the peace party. Naval and commercial rivalry was, within eighteen months, to involve the English and the Dutch Republics in open war, but this explosion had nothing to do with the rights and wrongs of the English Royal Family.

While disapproval and some genuine dismay were expressed by almost every European state on the news of King Charles's death, and historians have often referred to the "shock of horror" that it caused, it is necessary to look as far as Russia before meeting with any immediate and effective expression of hostility to the English government. Even here the expulsion of English mer-

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chants by the Czar is now recognized to have been nothing more than the culmination of a long-standing policy, the King's death being used as an excuse for an action that had long been intended.

Pamphlets in considerable numbers came from the presses of France, Germany, Holland and, more occasionally, Denmark; the paper warfare was ferocious, the most famous engagement being that between Saumaise and John Milton. The story of the King's last days was translated or retold for the next five or six years in French, Dutch, German and Latin, also in Italian and even in Polish. Journalists heightened its effect by adding Christ-like details to the sufferings he was said to have endured, and by inventing last-minute intrigues and attempts at rescue—some of them worthy of Alexandre Dumas. Thus the King's death deteriorated with remarkable speed into a sensational story, the political significance of which was obscured by the drama of the detail.

Logically the death of Charles I ought to have damaged the mystique, or at least the prestige, of royalty throughout Europe. But in spite of the anxiety expressed on this score by the King himself, by Cardinal Mazarin and many others, it had no such effect. In the eighteenth century his fate would be rhetorically cited as an awful warning to George III in the American Revolution and to Louis XVI in the French Revolution, but the similarities were slight. In the latter half of the seventeenth century there is little evidence to show that the institution of European monarchy was in any way affected by it. It would seem that practical statesmen were right to pay lip service alone to the idea of avenging the outrage, and to govern their conduct toward its perpetrators by purely practical considerations.

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Amo Ergo Sum

Ann Hayes

I

This calm is grown of trust: the city ways
Are empty of all others, just alight,
And nothing follows on the steps of sound.
But wakeful to your sense, alive in you
And leisurely in breath and even pulse
The unaccustomed pace that is our own.

Walking through shadows of forgotten size,
We move together down an avenue,
The privacy of others giving place.
Each motion is the evidence of trust
And confidence of order: all the world
Shudders in balance on the dancer's step,
Accepts itself upon a moment's grace,
Remembers what it is to breathe again.

II

Heart of the fruit has flowered, was a day
When petals opened wide beneath the sun
And fragrance hung upon a milder air
Spun with the beating wings, transparency
A weight of sweetness on the silken bloom.
In shape of brilliant fruit, returning flesh
Changes the various colors of the light
To smoothly stretching skin, to seed and stem,
Distilling summer to formality,
Itself the shadow and the gift of time.

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A breath that comes and goes: what edge of pain
Moves in the stirring wind as petals drift,
Flake from the shivering stem the curling rose?
Current of seasons, irresistible,
Moves in the placid air of summer night:
Form upon form, self upon self is lost
Without regret or haste, without surprise,
Borne upon joy a moment balancing,
Still in the moment waiting other selves
As shadowed being folds upon itself,
Bearing in living flesh the living mind.
Nothing is equal: being in its time
Most absolute of possibilities,
Reflecting light a moment, passes by
Even as drops of rain to spring and fall
In pattern on the ground of promises.

I thought of quiet: in the falling rain
The separate present drops identical.
I thought of quiet: murmurings of mind
Only myself and inadvertent pain,
And worst of guilt the usual mischance.
Self upon self the grave and ghost remain:
Now in the shaking quiet of the night
Alone myself unequal to myself
I watch the shadows measuring the light.

III

I have a dream of grief, a dream of love:
Awakening at morning from the past,
No more than dream a sleeping night away,
No more than recognition that I am,

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I search across my senses: memory,
Identity I put aside with sleep,
Awaits repeated sound, whose echo then
Is reassurance of a history,
Today secure upon a yesterday,
A shadow of the time unquieted.

I have a dream of grief, a dream of love:
Even as breath upon the lips of sleep
Draws in and out upon its hidden ways,
Catches with pain and wakens into tears,
I have a dream of substance turning real,
Amassed beyond the mind's capacity,
Born into weight and size, and taking shape,
Dream without place, without alternative,
At rest upon the heart of sacrifice,
The living flesh within the reach of time.

IV

The offices of love are left to me
Because I will observe them as I am.
So I observe that self and self are true
When hope of loving and the act of love
Mingle with breath a moment to respond.
So I observe I am: and must draw near
Beyond the shadows of alternative;
And I observe for love and charity
The gentleness of health, the lively thought,
The brave creation I would still confess
For love and charity: death comes to this,
For knowledge is as separate from will
As I am from myself in saying so,
But I will not deny the thing I know.

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I am my body: be it taken then
For I am given as I give my word.
I am my blood: a channeling of time
However slight or fine its dwelling place
Instinct with life or death. I know it lives:
Answers more swiftly than the busy nerve
By willing enterprise can call it back.
I know it lives: obliterating sense
Comes with the mercy of the passionate
To take away the knowledge of itself
Crowding the instant from the sense of time.
What shall I do? My body and my blood
Created life exactly images
The unimagined infinite alone.

V

The day of dying, shadowing the ground,
Is absolute forever in the mind,
Measuring light against oblivion
In patient circles turning into time:
A moment without shadow, stroke of noon,
Steadily grows the length of any day.

And ordinary progress of the sun
Is yet a day that waits incredible
And does not reoccur and only is.
In this reunion we take up our lives
To meet ourselves and find upon our lips
Our living promises to bless and praise.

In this reunion, in the crossing point
Of time that simply was and always is,

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Beyond the ceremony of the fact,
Be curious and sad: awake again,
Puzzle a little and forget and grieve
The minutes turning hours into years.

In this reunion, in the crossing point
Of hand on hand supported, lifted, given,
My dear, in flesh upon the marks of time,
Upon the interlacing crevices
Of sweating skin and nerve, accept today
Our human love and its mortality.

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The University Seminar as a Source of Spiritual Power

JOHN HERMAN RANDALL, JR.

DURING THE MIDDLE AGES, in Western Europe the Catholic clergy were the real intellectual leaders of European culture. Even during the height of nineteenth-century anticlericalism, men from as different backgrounds as Auguste Comte and Ludwig Feuerbach, since they had both acquired a Romantic historical sense, were free to admit this fact. But in the Middle Ages the clergy themselves fell into two main groups. There were the seculars, who attended to ministrations to the people, and to what intellectual education they received; and there were the regulars, who originally, in the Cluniac and Cistercian orders, were set apart to perform the distinctive function of gaining the requisite knowledge and spiritual power needed by the great administrative system of the Church. With the increasing secularization of Western society, the preaching friars appeared, hoping to bend the energies of even the regular clergy toward ministration in this world. But both the Dominicans and, much against their will, the Franciscans speedily became instead the great teaching orders in the schools and universities. The wisdom of the Church has always seen the need for a relatively independent intellectual and spiritual power, and has usually made suitable provision for it.

In the modern world, the university has come to play the role of such an intellectual leader, of such a spiritual power. It has become, ideally speaking at least, the institutionalized form of organized intelligence. The university arose, in Salerno, in Bologna and in Paris, as a teaching institution for training and educating members of the learned professions. When, in the 1870's and 1880's, universities in any real sense first made their appearance

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in America, their primary practical function was to take the place of the expensive German universities as a suitable training-ground for college teachers. But Daniel Coit Gilman at Johns Hopkins, and both John William Burgess and Nicholas Murray Butler, the creators of Columbia as a genuine university, during the 1880's and 1890's kept the ideal of the "advancement of learning" as the central function of their new institutions. To the end of his days Butler always considered the university as "a company of scholars." Young students could receive an apprenticeship in scholarly investigation through assisting these mature scholars in their inquiry. After the establishment at Columbia of the Faculty of Political Science and the Faculty of Philosophy in 1890, and two years later of a third Faculty of Pure Science, Burgess and Butler regarded these three graduate faculties as the very core of the university. Both, indeed, for a brief time toyed with the idea of doing away entirely with the old undergraduate college, which Gilman had hoped to exclude from Hopkins—Burgess seriously, Butler, with greater loyalty toward his own alma mater, only at brief intervals. And both accepted rather reluctantly the presence of professional faculties for the training of their persumably "learned" practitioners.

Since 1890, two major changes have taken place in American graduate studies. In view of the tremendous demand in our complex technological culture for what Dean Virginia Gildersleeve used to call "trained brains," the graduate faculties have inevitably become primarily teaching bodies themselves. And secondly, since World War I at least, there has been a pressing call for all kinds of technical assistance from government agencies and, increasingly, from industrial organizations. First in our great state universities like Wisconsin and California, and now in the private centers of learning as well, the provision of such services has become a major feature of what has truly developed into a "multiversity." At the same time there has been the inevitable specialization and fragmentation of knowledge. University departments have both proliferated and narrowed their scope. The resulting lack of communication among these various scholars, not only between the "two cultures" of the humanities and the social and natural sciences, but within each humanity and science itself, has grown into a perplexing problem. If the source of intellectual and spiritual power has

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not dried up—and we have as much if not more such power than ever before—it has at least tended to get swamped under the performance of other demanded and necessary functions.

One answer has been the setting up of independent research institutes, like the Princeton Institute of Advanced Studies and the Institute of the Behavioral Sciences at Palo Alto. The idea has been to segregate the scholars and investigators and to turn them loose, without responsibilities for teaching or for communicating enlightenment and advice directly to the community. These are, in intention at least, admirable institutions, and are serving a useful and indispensable purpose. But they do not deal with the problem of the fragmentation of knowledge and the lack of interdisciplinary communication. And segregation from modern life may well not be the way to understand best today man's adventure in the cosmos. In the sciences in particular, graduate professors, with immense aid from the Federal Government and now from industry, have been freed from teaching students to conduct research and to extend human knowledge. But the research has naturally been directed mainly to immediate and pressing problems, and there is the constant complaint that really "basic" investigation, the imaginative exploration of new possibilities, has tended to get lost in the shuffle. Earnest efforts have been made, and should be made, to provide funds for such basic research; the foundations have worked valiantly and nobly on this problem. But the further issue of lack of communication between minds, of fruitful cooperation and mutual imaginative suggestion, is still not solved by any amount of foundation money alone.

Into this situation there has come a new and promising idea, the child of the fertile imagination of Frank Tannenbaum, Professor Emeritus of Latin-American History at Columbia. This is the idea of the "university seminar." After an experience of twenty years at Columbia, it seems to offer genuine promise of concentrating on the traditional function of providing a spiritual power in our Western culture—of furnishing new sources of perspective, fresh and much-needed integration of knowledge, fertile cross-communication between distinguished minds, and even some modicum of philosophic wisdom about human life in nature today. What Burgess and Butler expected of the graduate faculties in the

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1890's can, it seems not unlikely, be better performed under present-day conditions by the university seminar. In other words, the university seminar can become the very soul of the university, the source of its best intellectual inspiration, the guide and coordinator of its manifold useful activities, and the light from which its intellectual and practical influence can radiate into the community at large.

Frank Tannenbaum's conception of the university seminar has been simple.* It is organized about some problem, some theme or field of interest, like "labor," "peace," "the state," or "the Renaissance," "classical civilization," "the eighteenth century." It embraces professors from the parent institution, other professors invited from neighboring colleges and universities, and usually experts from government agencies, the United Nations, industrial organizations and the foundations. Usually, although not in all cases, advanced graduate students are admitted to participation. Such a university seminar tries to meet the two great lacks in present-day organized and institutionalized intellectual life. First, it provides a friendly and intimate forum in which experts concerned with a common problem, theme or field can meet and receive stimulus from each other in the kind of creative interchange of ideas that can develop over a common dinner table—the seminars usually begin by dining together. Over the weeks there emerges a group understanding of one another's points of view, a comprehension of those distinctive languages thoughtful men develop in their own field, or even for themselves, a willingness to let down one's hair and speak with perfect frankness. Some seminars have employed a *rapporteur* to preserve the stimulating results; others have felt this might interfere with the freest possible

* There are so far thirty-seven university seminars, with a total membership of 881. Of these, 363 come from the Columbia faculties, 295 are associates from other academic institutions, and 223 are associates from nonacademic institutions. Associates receive Trustees' appointments, with all academic privileges, but serve without pay. Scholars are appointed associates normally only after having attended a seminar regularly for at least a year, and are retained only if attendance is regular. Most but not all of the seminars meet for dinner in the Columbia Faculty Club, and then hold their session in the same room. Some seminars meet once a month, others every two weeks.

One hundred and one colleges and universities are represented, and fifty-three of the departments at Columbia. There are members from eight government agencies, nine labor unions, forty-two business establishments, twelve foundations, twenty-eight institutes and societies, seven religious organizations, eleven publishing houses, magazines and newspapers, eight hospitals and three museums.

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interchange of ideas and slants and hunches. That is as it may be; it is for the group to decide. Where minutes have been kept, the illumination has spread widely to those eager to peruse them and capable of learning from them. In a metropolitan center like the New York area, it has proved possible to bring together scholars and experts from a dozen major institutions to participate in these interchanges. In the seminar I have been most closely connected with, we have had faithful members from as far away as Princeton, Cornell and Harvard, who have thought it worthwhile to come twice a month for our discussions.

Secondly, it has proved possible to draw in members from non-academic institutions and professions, to furnish their invaluable slants on what might become too detached academic viewpoints. This varies, of course, with the theme of the seminar. It has been most fruitful in seminars dealing with problems in the social sciences, where labor leaders, the more intellectual members of the staffs of industrial corporations, physicians, lawyers and the like, as well as the appropriate officials from the foundations, from government agencies and from the United Nations, have taken a leading part, often being elected chairmen. Frank Tannenbaum originally hoped to make some intelligent criminals members of the seminar on crime. Things have not gone quite that far—unless some faculty members or government officials fill the bill. The influence of the seminars these professional experts can carry away to their own pursuits and colleagues is not negligible. More important is the perspective and detailed knowledge they can bring to bear on the more academic minds. In the seminar on the Renaissance, some of the most useful members have been drawn from the museums and from the rare book trade.

Already the seminars have justified the claim that they can now serve as the soul and imagination of the university. The records of papers and books prepared for, read to, or inspired by seminars is impressive. The setting up of new courses—often conducted jointly by several members from different fields, who have come to see the inestimable advantage of such intellectual cooperation—has been considerable. The number of ideas generated and gained on which graduate students can be set to work is unrecorded but enormous. And most of all, there is the unrecordable

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stimulus that occurs in the minds of able and informed men. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I among you." There is true psychological—and spiritual—insight in the well-known promise. The university seminars have become a source of genuine spiritual insight and power.

It has often seemed to me, trained as I have been in the Calvinistic doctrine of an independent spiritual power offering advice and guidance to secular society, that in our day and generation the universities might well begin to share—as to an unrealized extent they already have—in the spiritual power that in our pluralistic culture has in the past been exercised, often nobly and intelligently, by our churches in all their multiform diversity. It is significant that in our own social revolution today, in which we are just beginning to understand what in the past American life has lost because of its failure to appreciate the resources we might have been drawing upon from our Negro fellow-citizens, it has been the churches and the universities together that have taken the spiritual leadership. This has been not merely in rectifying the injustice that has been done to the rights of other human beings; even more important, it has lain in welcoming their contributions to the never completed task of constructing an American culture and way of life that can stand on its own feet in this modern world of ours, where such constructions of culture, out of heritages at present fragmented, pose so insistent a problem to so many new lands.

In this process, the university seminar cannot deal unaided with the monumental task. But is it too much to hope that our universities may lead the way, that their graduate teachers and scholars may furnish many of the necessary ideas and the knowledge, and that the university seminars may serve as the spearheads and, dare I say, the very heart and soul of the whole movement toward the emancipation and enhancement of the human mind? What Cluny was in the tenth and eleventh centuries, the university seminars have the chance to become in the twentieth. And Frank Tannenbaum may even aspire to go down to future ages as the Hildebrand of our age.

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the way it is

In the Transcendent Hour

WALTER TELLER

You often overlook what is taking place on the very scene in which you are acting but later, in the transcendent hour, stumble onto what happened.

Mystery. In what turned out to be their last November, I drove my parents to Philadelphia International Airport, the first leg of their journey south. They wanted to make the airport with time to spare and after weighing the bags in, they still had an hour till flight time.

As my father sat in the long, low, glass-walled, sealed and anonymous corridor waiting, holding canes and umbrellas and emitting a characteristic humming, expressive I cannot say of what; as he sat and waited and droned in that personal way, I wondered what he was thinking. He had been born and raised in the nineteenth century and thus belonged to a generation wrung by a greater than usual gamut of change. He was a philosopher in the academic sense, versed in and devoted to the subject although he had not made it a profession. As, on that day, my father sat waiting, he presently looked up at me—I was standing, the better to survey the scene—and speaking in resonant tones unimpaired by age said, "Walter, I like everything you are wearing but I don't think much of the combination."

Not altogether taken by surprise, for by then I was experienced on the paternal as well as the filial side, I told myself to remember that the father-son relationship is not an easy one. Aloud, and giving an indirect answer, I said, "The relation of mind to matter seems to me the most mysterious thing in the world."

My father shifted his grip on canes and umbrellas, looked down, and then up at me again and said, "If you read more philosophy you would know that some philosophers look on mind as only another form of matter. No, the most mysterious thing in the world is the relationship of a man to a woman." My father, when he spoke those words, had been married to my mother more than fifty years.

I could not, that day, agree with my father but I find I can now. The relationship of a man to a woman, a woman to a man—the geography, the chanciness of it; chance could be the most mysterious thing in the world. Or psychological inevitability, destiny, the wings of an angel—all obviously very mysterious. Change, circumstance, or circumcision; the continuity of hope, the deep-seated cravings of human beings, the possibility that the First Cause may, after all, turn up missing; yes, the relationship of a man to a woman, the reality of it, or the imaginative transformation of that reality—could be the most mysterious thing in the world. And the world's most underestimated tragedy could be how little time they spend together.

Middleman. Never mind most mysterious, never trust a superlative. A positive response will do, such as dancing with all the fat girls in the organization, or simply knowing what you like. "I don't know about art but I know what I like" seems to

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✪ In his own phrase, a "journal-keeper of thoughts and days," WALTER TELLER presented philosophical observations in *Area Code 215: A Private Line in Bucks County,* his latest book. His earlier books include *The Search for Captain Slocum, The Voyages of Joshua Slocum* and *Five Sea Captains.* "In the Transcendent Hour" is the fourth installment of THE WAY IT IS.

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me an intelligible remark. And intelligent, too, provided it is not masking defensiveness or hostility. Probably there is no wrong reason for liking a work of art. Only the man who heeds the call of the moral imperative is obliged to know not only what he likes but also why he likes it.

To know what one really likes is no minor achievement. Most do not know. Instead we know what we were conditioned to like. Thus one easily becomes a middleman, a jobber of secondhand preferences as well as of used ideas. Is it possible that works of art made since the year 1850 will in future be reckoned greater than any produced in the five hundred years preceding?

Middle East. This is a time when conditioning and inherited culture tend to go by the board. The force of the past counts now for little. In consequence many a well-fed, more or less educated American finds that while he has virtually everything to go with, he has, in the present history-making moment, almost nothing to go on. Well-fed Americans are not necessarily comfortable. Few know the comfort of opening and walking through an old barn door. Most Americans lack the support of tradition, such assurance as a meetinghouse sometimes affords. Architect, builder or homeowner, each individual is on his own. If we well-fed Americans are fat, we are unlike any fat men of the heretofore. Although we live in a nightmare of beer cans and eclectic grossness, we nevertheless are achieving tremendous things. Our visions of the world are not only post-Hiroshima but, in effect, post-eschatological. Current attempts, by and large, to nail down outlooks and values begin to resemble courses in Middle East studies. You find, on getting into the subject, that very little is known.

Meetinghouse. The architect is on his own, the synagogue designer is on his own, maybe the shamus, the sexton, that is; certainly the free-lance rabbi. Some time ago a handful of Jewish families living in and around Doylestown, Pennsylvania, county seat of Bucks County, decided to set up a synagogue. Although in modern usage "synagogue" means a gathering of Jews for public worship, or a building used for that purpose, the word, when first borrowed from the Greeks, meant simply an assembly. After securing a charter from the state, the aforementioned families then prevailed on a roving rabbi to take them on in the pastoral, social and educational ways a contemporary congregation demands.

The rabbi's first problem was where to shelter his flock. Himself not a man fenced in by boundaries of party or creed, he turned to friends among Friends. The result was that Doylestown Friends Meeting and Temple Judea of Doylestown, as the new outfit called itself, worked out an agreement whereby members of the latter might forgather in the meetinghouse Friday evenings (Sabbath) and on certain Jewish holidays. Happily no conflicts in dates turned up and none of course in essential point of view. So a temporary arrangement began which has now been going five years.

Long enough to make a point, a point I shall come to presently. Jews, in spite of their long-fibered history, perhaps by virtue of its itinerant nature and even because of it, have not yet evolved a suitable synagogue architecture, one that expresses the basic doctrine of Judaism—belief in one God—or any other aspect of religious experience and insight. If such an architecture once existed, it has surely got lost. One can only guess at the physical environment of the first synagogues. Were those early assemblies held in groves, housed in tents?

It is said that the invention of the synagogue was mothered by the necessities of the Babylonian Exile and the consequent loss of access to the Temple on Mount Moriah. In Babylon, captive Jews must have kept the synagogue simple: an assembly of nothing more, perhaps, than the people and the Torah, the teaching, that is—or call it law, or scripture.

Those two requirements for a synagogue have not changed and actually nothing

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more is demanded. Candelabra are not needed. No furniture whatsoever is necessary. A Jew who wants to pray may do so standing. It is just because a synagogue concentrates on the people and the teaching that a Friends' meetinghouse strikes me as a better ordered material environment for Jewish worship than perhaps all the synagogue edifices of the past two or three thousand years, whether in Alexandria or Amsterdam, Capernaum or Cracow, London or Philadelphia. What is Greco-Roman, Byzantine, Moorish or Bohemian architecture to Judaism? What is Judaism to mosaic, to stained glass?

Judaism, at bottom, and as I understand it, is a profoundly simple religion. "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Such religious and ethical concepts could have arisen only in the unfancy conditions the prophets, in their day, must have known. Inevitably, however, and in the course of travels through ages and civilizations, superfluities got added, simplicities fell by the way. Or to put the matter another way, only when distinguishing between purposes does man know a temple when he sees one.

You often overlook what is taking place on the very scene in which you are acting but later, in the transcendent hour, discover who your good teacher was and also why he was good.

Morley. Returning to Haverford College in the fall of 1930, for my senior year, I heard the Great Man was coming to teach. Although few, if any, bright undergraduates now respond to his name, it was then well known to bookish persons. He was to teach two classes, an elective in Chaucer and a very limited one in advanced composition, not a bad title, by the way, for a writing course. So Christopher Morley came and for the best of serious reasons undertook to teach: he loved the English language and its literature, and he needed the money. The time was Early Depression.

Christopher Morley was born at Haverford, Pennsylvania, in 1890 and died at Roslyn, Long Island, in 1957. After graduating from Haverford College he then, as a Rhodes scholar, studied at Oxford, and there, in 1912, published his first book of poems. When, in 1930, he returned to Haverford, Morley was forty years old, married and raising a family. He had worked in many phases of publishing, had been a newspaperman in New York and Philadelphia, had written *Parnassus on Wheels, The Haunted Bookshop, Where the Blue Begins, Thunder on the Left,* as well as poems, juveniles, essays, plays, book reviews, prefaces, short stories, articles—all told, hundreds of pieces. That autumn, in addition to part-time teaching, he was, as he later wrote me, "hard at work mistletoeing." He was writing *John Mistletoe: An Autobiographical Novel.* The book was published in May, 1931.

More vividly than his words I recall his ways. In a plain, if far from poor Quaker college, he radiated warmheartedness. His whole person bespoke good living. He was rich, immensely rich, in all manner of literary wealth, and openhanded in dispensing it. He did not dole out what he knew in carefully measured hours like a course-bound professional. He was, when it came to teaching, in the high, noble sense of the word, an amateur. His subject matter spilled over into beauty, truth and joy. He was not a man to resist an impulse and his impulse was invariably generous. In material ways too, as some of us were to learn, he bestowed largess.

I remember he said he was often asked to reveal the secret of writing. Many people, he said, believed there was a trick, which all writers know but are in a conspiracy not to tell. If they would only let you in on it, then you could go and do likewise. It was understood of course that none of the present company shared this notion; at least, we all laughed. Just the same Morley went on to say he could not teach us, his students, to write; but that he might be able to give us hints on how not to write, and that each of us would have to take it from there.

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His method, insofar as he had one, was zest, for language and its rhythms, and curiosity concerning human motivation and behavior. His technique was to welcome you in. His rule seemed to be, *Fay ce que vouldras*—do as you please—and that was why some of us presently quit referring to him as the Great Man and spoke of him instead as the Abbé de Thélême. Week in, week out, for one short semester of our lives, we wrote as we pleased, knowing he would read what we wrote. Every writer requires an audience, someone to write for, you might say someone to write to, detached, and entitled to have an opinion on writing. Not much praise is handed out in this world and if Morley was overgenerous with it, his good opinion still had value. It kept us writing.

As for Chaucer, between continual relightings of Morley's pipe—he smoked Serene mixture—and the piling up of wooden matches on a once golden-oak seminar table, we reveled with him in the villainies of Pandarus. Pandarus setting up a rendezvous for Troilus and Criseyde on a night of a great smoky rain—Morley reading aloud Criseyde's line, "Who yaf me drinke?"—his gusto wild and contagious—I see now that he understood, and understanding appreciated, not only Chaucer but also the immature mind, and that he knew how to reach it. What a demonstration of the fallacy of teaching that mind to analyze before first showing it how to enjoy. You can shoot the bird down and dissect it and you still won't know what makes it fly. Any man, however, who has had the experience of coaxing words off the ground can guess.

On Friday, 2 January 1931, a classmate, Lockhart Amerman, now and for many years a minister, and I and Christopher Morley held the first meeting of the Second-of-January Club. Christmas vacation was closing down when we met in New York, at Morley's office, at the then *Saturday Review of Literature* on West Forty-fifth Street, with, in Morley's words, "the whole afternoon before us."

And so we began—walking east along Forty-fifth Street till we came to Christ Cella's restaurant, a place Morley frequently tavernized, and whose dark paneled walls and white napery proclaimed it an island of comfort. There, pointing with pardonable pride, Morley showed Amerman and me the private room of the Baker Street Irregulars, the society he founded to study the "Sacred Writings of John H. Watson, M.D." In addition, he had recently written a lengthy preface to the complete Sherlock Holmes. We paid our respects, then returned to the dining room where we three sat down to a session at once a gastronomic and spiritual delight, indeed a perfect graduate course in gladness. When the long lunch hour ended, Morley proposed that we step around to visit a friend, Mitchell Kennerley, who happened to live close by.

I remember the courtly air with which Mr. Kennerley swung back the door of what one instantly recognized, even if one had not seen its like before, as an elegant bachelor apartment. I was twenty, Lock Amerman the same age, Mr. Kennerley may have been fifty-two. British-born, he looked exactly right in his part, that is, a man who had had his own publishing firm, and who lived among books, many beautifully bound, and other expensive things.

Introductions over, our host, just met, was persuaded to open "the last bottle of 1855 Overholt in the world." This perhaps is the place to note that repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment was still two years away. The bottle opened, it was passed to Morley, then sitting on Mr. Kennerley's sofa. Holding it in two hands, Morley got up, went to a window and standing there, sniffed the contents. "Just like old fence rails in the sunlight," he said. Mr. Kennerley, bemused, stared at the spot where Morley no longer sat. "That sofa," he said, "is precisely where Eva Le Gallienne was conceived."

I do not remember how often the Second-of-January Club met but the Club must have been like a little magazine—two issues and you are through. On 28 December 1932, Morley, who had just published *Human Being*, wrote:

Dear Walter:

I think Jan. 4 will be O. K. but better call

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me up on Jan. 3 and let us make sure whether it is O. K.

I'm very depressed; another year is coming; there seems to be no end to them.

It is raining! . . .

The more I think about it the more I urge you to base your career on some activity that does not involve continuous work!

These gruesome ejaculations are largely due, I suppose, to the fact that I have got to start work on another book.

Your affectionate,
Christopher

Perhaps 4 January was, after all, okay. And that may have been the day when, calling at the *Saturday Review of Literature* where only partial dividers then separated office cubicles, Amerman, sporting a new pipe, smoked a blend more confection than tobacco. We had barely entered the anteroom when, from an inner sanctum, Morley's voice boomed, "Who smokes molasses in this sacred place?"

That is about all from student days. Ten years passed. I had moved to a farm. Morley had pulled out from the *Saturday Review of Literature,* and written *Kitty Foyle,* his one best seller. From his office, now on West Forty-seventh Street—"Button on door at street marked C. M. but don't tell anybody about it"—he wrote, 4 March 1942.

. . . Your mode of life sounds sensible to me. I wish I could say the same of mine but at the moment I'm in the middle of a long job of composition and my vision is full of spots. The mixture is still Serene, however, and stress divided by strain occasionally comes out an integer. Good luck, old son, and best wishes always from

Yours indeed,
C. M.

That same year he was destined, if not indeed doomed, to receive a copy of my first book, *The Farm Primer.* "It was kind of you," he wrote in acknowledging it, "to send me your farm primer and timetable of chores. Alas, my bonny boy, my own timetable of chores has been so heavy that I haven't yet seized the book by the udder as I eventually shall. Even this letter is stolen time, but pilfered with pleasure and affection. With the regards of your grizzling maestro . . ."

Ten more years passed and then from a classmate, and fellow Chaucer student, Alfred Crawford, who about that time called on Morley at his home on Long Island, I received, of all things, my manuscript Chaucer exam of 1931, silverfish-eaten and weary-looking in its faded red exam book, and with the teacher's comments in the margins. Why he had kept it I don't know but evidently the Abbé was culling Thélême's magnificent library. I wrote and thanked Morley. Came the reply, undated. The letter, however, was postmarked 22 May 1953.

Dear Walter:

Bravo indeed! Yr delightful letter. I write briefly these days: I had a Walt Whitman tickler from Old Reaper a couple yrs ago, wh left me with a semi-palsied R hand, and has slowed me down pleasingly. Don't wait until yr 60's to learn to loaf, is my advice to you young sprouts. I was appalled to see that Al C. is growing grayish! . . . My first impression of him was difficult, when at our humble seminar in Chase Hall he came in sweater and parked his feet on the table. This troubled me a bit; he was very young & v sure of hisself. But not at all sure of myself (my only qualification for that job was a true love of Geoffrey) I do remember thank God I had the wit to say, "We're here to do honor to one of the greatest gentlemen that ever lived, G. Chaucer; and I hope we'll all bear that in mind." (Giving a straight eye to Al's feet)—Al flushed up, pulled down his long rawbones; and we were good friends ever after.

These days, now I've had to be a bit of an old crock and don't get round much. . . I think a good deal about H'ford. I see some rather squawky editorials in the News now & then wh make me wonder whether the boys realize how lucky they are to be there. But we were all pretty damn callow in our undergraduate fledgetime. . .

Now I must pull wool over my eyes and take a hack at a leetle work. What news have you of our mercurial parson Lock Amerman? How I enjoyed those little New Yrs reunions of ours! Always afftly yrs,

Chris

Hail, grizzled maestro, Christopher Morley. Hail to the scene in which one is acting. To sunlight on fence rails, spots on the vision, Serene still the mixture—hail!

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Portrait

O quam te memorem, Marjorie Hope Nicolson!

ROSALIE COLIE

The subject of this memoir, when approached about its appearance, said grumpily, "Much better to wait till I'm dead; then you can say what you like." The challenge to the writer is obvious—to say what he wants even if she *is* alive; but the background to the challenge is not quite what one expects. It isn't that Marjorie Nicolson is afraid of hearing bad things said of her (those she can cope with, as part of the data of the postlapsarian world), but of hearing nice things. She is a Calvinist, and for a Calvinist to hear good of herself is a very heavy cross. Although I shall attempt to emulate the sternness Calvinists attribute to their God, it stands to reason that something I have to say about Miss Nicolson will be favorable, and perhaps true as well; so she will have to wince. I have Calvinist blood, too, and believe that men ought to bear their proper punishment on earth, for that is how the world wags. More than this, although it may be painful for the person praised to hear of his virtue and value, it is pleasant for the praiser, who is permitted to say publicly what could never be said face to face.

First of all, Marjorie Hope Nicolson is not dead. On the contrary: after her retirement, in 1962, from Columbia University, where she was the first woman to become a full professor in the graduate faculties, she began a new career as energetic as the remarkable one that had officially closed. Returning to California and the Huntington Library, where twenty years before she had done much of her so original work, she ascended for a year the Francis Bacon Chair at the Claremont Graduate School; and returned therewith, for the first time in twenty years, to her real loves, teaching and research. Now at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, she has ransacked the libraries of that town and pestered librarians in the great research institutions of Europe to provide her, as soon as possible, with the materials she needs for her new researches. Miss Nicolson is *not* dead, to say the least; she has shed her administrative cocoon and returned fully to the scholarship that for so many years her duties nurtured in others and almost denied herself. Almost, but not quite: just as Miss Nicolson's laments about her lack of scholarly production were at their loudest, in 1958, she turned out one of her most substantial books, *Mountain Gloom and Mountain Glory,* written, when she sat down to write it, in less than half a year, and written with her incomparable clarity and fullness, as lectures to be delivered at Smith College, where for so long she had worked with President Neilson as his Dean.

Since this essay is supposed to be informal, I may resort to the slant use of autobiography. When I was a child, I heard the academic prayer, "Bless all who teach, and all who learn," which strikes me

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still as a prayer sufficient for most men's needs. When I came, years later, to Columbia, I heard the bureaucratic university version of the same prayer, "Bless all who teach, and all who learn, and all who administer." The order was in ascending importance: at Columbia, the last were first, the others included by the grace of traditional rhetoric. I never thought the day would come when I would bless any academic administrator, but was to eat my words as I knew Marjorie Nicolson better, for she was the only person I ever knew who did all three things, all the time, and still deserved the blessing.

To begin with, Miss Nicolson has all her life been a learner. A very old teacher in Maine told a friend of mine that in her long life the brightest person she had ever known was Marjorie Nicolson—who was, when that lady knew her, all of ten years old. That eagerness to learn marked her at Michigan, where she took her first two degrees, and at Yale, where she won the Porter Prize with her dissertation on Henry More, and marked her as she began her long teaching career. For when she went to teach at Goucher College in 1926 after taking her degree, she enrolled at once in the seminars taught by Arthur Oncken Lovejoy and Edwin Greenlaw at Johns Hopkins, stunning the graduate students with her presence (why should someone *with* a Ph.D. take seminars?) and with the quality of her work. From that period, Miss Nicolson dates her own scholarly awakening. (As an historian, I think her dating is wrong.) She has not enrolled in many seminars since, but has never ceased to learn, although that learning has been so mixed with teaching that it is to the second that I turn.

Between Michigan and Yale, she worked in a manual training high school, where she really *taught* the students, including a wicked pair of identical twins who delighted in their interchangeability, from whom she drove their habitual devils. After that, she taught at Minnesota and Goucher before going to Smith in 1929, where the work began in earnest in those fields she made her own, seventeenth-century English literature and the effects upon literature of the scientific revolution of the long Renaissance.

In her lectures, Miss Nicolson calmly served to her undergraduates material entirely unknown to her colleagues; the Smith College Studies published some of her most important contributions to her field—*The Microscope and English Imagination* in 1935 and *A World in the Moon* in 1936; the scholarly journals were chock-full of her articles, written in order to teach a course at Smith College. It did the students a great deal of good, and some of them, Helen Randall, Gretchen Finney, Aileen Ward, have since made their own mark upon literary scholarship.

Miss Nicolson's teaching, remarkable as that was, was not the crown of the Smith years: the crown was the renaissance and reformation of Smith College itself, effected by that strong-minded, strong-willed pair of Calvinists, William Allan Neilson and Marjorie Hope Nicolson, who to their everlasting credit honored each other's qualities, brought out the best in each other, and created a college without equal in its class. They worked with the singular and beautiful disinterest occasionally seen in colleagues with total confidence in each other and great devotion to the task undertaken; but there were, evidently, rules to that game too. When I was in college (not Smith, a choice that Miss Nicolson has not forgiven me for), Mr. Neilson, the apostle to the barbarians, bounced in one evening to lecture; when asked how Miss Nicolson was, he answered with his twinkle and burr, "Very well, thank you; and with never a good word to say for *me*." Had he waited till he was dead, he might have read the words she had to say, in her "Neilson of Smith," written for this journal in 1946. But he was a Calvinist too, and knew that such things as she felt about him could not be said while a person might still read them.

In other words, Miss Nicolson was an administrator, for ten years Dean of Smith College, a builder, an organizer, a disciplinarian, a speechmaker, a hirer and firer, a paper pusher (who developed the essen-

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tial skill of unobtrusively reading upside down, practicing on the papers on President Neilson's desk). The prayer does not specifically call blessings down upon those who do research, no doubt because to do research is blessing enough and more than most men deserve. Characteristically, research scholars are rare birds, who do not flock together, and who with might and main try to do nothing else whatever—not to help around the house, not to teach, not, God help us, to administer. Miss Nicolson did all those things, and, *(when? how?)* amid the conferences, meetings, speeches, journeys, classes to teach, she found the time for that research.

There are styles of thought, as all students of philosophy know, just as there are styles in art. Miss Nicolson was a literary and a thinking stylist, with an originality that marked each article and book as hers, an originality that was very nearly untransferable. Her work demonstrates, in a word, both science and imagination, the first in scrupulous attention to detail, the second in the range of her reference and the illumination of the connections she makes. With characteristic modesty, she attributes her scholarly acumen, as well as much of her scholarly material, to Mr. Lovejoy's teaching. Certainly Lovejoy invented—if that is the word—the discipline called the history of ideas, and worked the field very fruitfully as far as literature is concerned. But without knowing it, Miss Nicolson had already planted her cabbages in that garden when she selected the Cambridge Platonist Henry More as the subject of her dissertation. Her version of the choice is an interesting one: when asked what seventeenth-century subject particularly interested her, she answered—because, she said, she *had* heard the phrase—"The Cambridge Platonists," only to be stumped by the next question, "Which one?" She stalled, went to the library, where Henry More turned out to be well represented, and returned the following week to report the intensity of her interest in that particular Cambridge Platonist. Whatever her reasons for choosing More, he drove her far beyond the conventional pinfold of English literature. Henry More provides a perennially exasperating, perennially fascinating subject, a man who all his life tried to combine the most divergent intellectual tendencies into one whole, that whole being himself; a man who continually set himself to tasks far beyond him, perhaps beyond any man; a theologian and philosopher who just gets in under the wire of "English literature," since he started life as a Platonizing atomist writing about philosophy, physics and psychology in long poems of many Spenserian stanzas; a scholar and teacher of the utmost originality and staggering eclecticism; the colleague and friend of a host of men and women both more brilliant and more eminent than himself—in short, the answer to a scholar's prayer. Henry More is a marvelous Vergil into the circles of seventeenth-century thought, a guide who maps the terrain as he goes, a guide who never patronizes. By her choice of that subject, Miss Nicolson had marked herself of Lovejoy's tribe before ever she enrolled at Johns Hopkins to begin her study of the new science and literary imagination. Old Damoetas loved to hear her song: to the end, Lovejoy was aware of the peculiar talents of this most brilliant pupil. In 1960, when Miss Nicolson's *Festschrift* was just about to go to press, Lovejoy sent a spidery postcard asking one collaborator whether he should or should not contribute an article; the collaborator wired back "Yes," and held the copy until appeared, in very short order, an article on Milton's astronomical dialogue in Book VIII of *Paradise Lost,* a subject chosen to attune to Miss Nicolson's interest. Very few pupils, however great, are so honored by their teachers.

After Miss Nicolson's work, no seventeenth-century scholar could afford to ignore the effect upon thought of the new science of the Renaissance, although before she published there was little enough to consult upon that subject. She re-created proportions in the literature of that period —made readers see, as no one had quite imagined before, that Francis Bacon was great not for his *Essays* alone; indeed, after exposure to Miss Nicolson's Bacon, the *Es-*

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says certainly seemed the work of his left hand; that he was great for his defense of science in an age at first determined to ignore it or to treat it merely as divertisement. She made readers understand why Donne complained so passionately against the new cosmology; why Raphael warned Adam against undue speculation into the universe; how Jonathan Swift exploited theories of relativity made fashionable by advances in optics and how he satirized the solemn and frivolous experimentation of the Royal Society; and much more besides. She related, of all things, the science of geology to the aesthetic theory subsequently called "romantic"; she outlined classical, medieval and renaissance traditions of space fiction so that, to us, modern space machines seem curiously simple and derivative.

She did still more, however, by her example. Certainly those in her ambiance came to be aware of the "new scientist" and of his more or less ludicrous companion, the "scientific lady," aware of the metamorphosis all things underwent when looked at through the telescope and the microscope; we learned to speak offhand about the macrocosm, the microcosm, and the geocosm, to explicate any part of *The Purple Island;* we hoisted ourselves to unimagined heights by the chain of being that ran so securely through the creation we studied. We "helped" a little too: while she worked on Newton's *Opticks,* we waded through the deep muck of eighteenth-century poetry to make sure of the light theory by which poets saw. During the "Circle" period we all collected circles, regular and irregular, and argued like Galileo the relative merits of circle and ellipse. Many of us worked in material that flowed out of or fed into her researches—things like Traherne's cosmic theory; Orpheus as poet and scientist; Nicholas of Cusa's influence on English poetry (after all these years, I think I can safely put "?" after the word "influence"); the "petrific seed" in English poetry of the eighteenth century; and we argued, endlessly, over the relations of number theory to everything else. We studied unmistakably "Nicolsonian" things, sometimes well and soundly ridiculed therefore by our peers at other universities—but, I notice, we wrote our dissertations on subjects of our own choice, and no one was cockier than Miss Nicolson when one of her students had finally carved out for himself a territory to govern and begun his dissertation. Even when the subject was one for which Miss Nicolson had neither love nor interest, she respected the student's choice and his right to make it. As one thinks over these things, patterns tend to emerge. Miss Nicolson was never an empire-builder: although she was willing to share at any point—even to the extent of permitting a graduate student at another university to read an unpublished manuscript from which he stole the better part —she was not entrepreneurial about her subject or her field. No "conference group" of the Modern Language Association was organized by her; nor did she seek to direct other people's research or publication into areas of her own interest. Hers has become a very old-fashioned view of research, in an age when everyone tries the boondoggle of a big grant and a team of researchers, technicians and typists; but her view is a self-sufficient and honorable one, by which a man reads and thinks and writes down the conclusions of his thoughts—provided that he thinks anyone might be interested in reading them.

Miss Nicolson's own scholarly preferences are interesting, too, as is her attitude toward the material she studies. Her enthusiasm for the seventeenth century is enormous (sometimes she and I commiserate over the foolishness and willfulness of persons interested in another period of time, but not too loudly, so as not to hurt their feelings); the seventeenth century she recognizes is the intellectual one, Whitehead's "Century of Genius." Miss Nicolson is not concerned with the rents in the peaceful fabric of that period, caused by the irrational, passionate convictions of the men who made it up. Even in Milton, a poet whom she honors above all others, her attention slides from his polemical and political treatises to *Areopagitica,* that eminently reasonable argument for the free-

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dom of press and mind; to *Of Education,* the humanist educational program to which she herself would subscribe, and to the great poems. The Divorcer, the Smectymnuan pamphleteer, the railer against Salmasius hardly exists for her—and so much the better for him! In other words, it is the rationalist, reasonable side of the seventeenth century to which her allegiance is given, a seventeenth century preparing for the eighteenth, a century casting off the cerements of ignorance to display the human mind to the full sun of reason. The pursuit of reason has not barred Miss Nicolson from thinking about unreason, irrationality, mystery and unknowing—*The Breaking of the Circle,* after all, records the rejection of an image of completeness, regularity and satisfaction, in favor of images of infinity, limitlessness and even formlessness—but she considers unreason, irrationality, mystery and unknowing as if she knew them and their limitations and could solve the puzzles that had muddled men of earlier generations. Nothing is too hard for her, although she alleges that much is: once she said, of Donne's *Anniversaries,* "I don't know all of what they mean yet, but I will, I will!" And she came very near it, surely: because she can solve puzzles. One of the pleasures of life in the late forties and early fifties was the *Nation* puzzle, which Miss Nicolson ritually did in her office, brilliantly helped by Adele Mendelssohn and Margaret Bohan, who could connect irrationals in an astonishingly witchlike way, and by other odds and ends of folk, from philosophers to deans of admission, who came to try their hand at "the puzzle."

In many ways, Newton's scientific contributions provide a kind of model for her scholarly ones—she ordered a universe of ideas so that men could understand their place in it and could proceed with the job of understanding more. She is an orderer of material, a perceiver of patterns, a provider of schemata, a woman truly of the Enlightenment. When one talks to her about one's work, one comes away secure in the knowledge that in the next six months one will write two books and several related articles, so beautifully confident is she of the value and communicability of this kind of knowledge.

From time to time that confidence has flagged. For years she lectured on the need to learn Latin and Greek—blaming, I may say, the decline of Latin in this country upon Harvard College's decision to admit students without Latin; if Harvard had kept the Latin requirement, schools all over the country would have continued to try to meet it—until shortly after the war, when she said, "If they know *any* language it's a wonder." Once, full of excitement over some new data on the Cambridge Platonists, I poured forth my ideas only to hear her answer, "Oh, is anybody still interested in *them* any more?" And it was she herself who had made them proper subjects for literary investigation! I was depressed, taking this as a criticism of myself; until years later, I realized her fears for the discipline when she said, wearily, "And now everyone's lost interest in the history of ideas." She spoke at a time when what passed for history-of-ideas was remarkably trivial and shoddy, when the major work in English letters was technical, bibliographical, programmatic, or textual criticism; and when it must have seemed as if the humanist interest in literature had been stifled by narrowing professionalization.

Of course she was wrong. On her birthday, just before her retirement in 1962, her colleagues, ex-colleagues, friends and students came to do her honor at a great feast, at which it was quite evident that the history of ideas was by no means dead, that from San Diego up to Maine and farther than that, scribblers were busy within that imprecise and illicit discipline, giving life to worthwhile notions long forgotten or ignored. Two hundred people with eyes bright behind spectacles sat around that room that night, gabbling in enormous excitement about ideas, and about learning. *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice:* human beings using their wits with pleasure, a sight doubly gratifying in an age dedicated to playing it cool.

A research teacher is, ultimately, charged with responsibility for making new teach-

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ers, among whom may be some research scholars. Miss Nicolson's students are bound together by a tremendous knot, since it cannot be said by anyone that to work with her lacked interest or excitement. We learned a great deal from the questions Miss Nicolson asked—"Is there some connection between this and that?" "What are the implications of what you say?"—questions establishing, backward and forward, the continuity and interrelations of human thought. And we suffered. Because of Calvinism and the commitment Calvinism demands. While Miss Nicolson was at Smith, so busy doing everything, one might have expected her to have made her career, as other women scholars had done, in the women's colleges. But all that time at Smith, while she was deaning and publishing her astonishing work, she was also an academic statesman in the nation, active in Phi Beta Kappa (its only woman president and for a time the editor of this journal) and on the Guggenheim committees of selection that had so much to do with nurturing scholarship in this country. And so it was natural that she was besought to go to graduate posts, and finally she accepted "the call" to Columbia.

The language is very important. Her view of the profession, as a calling like the ministry or like the craft of poetry, is surely out of fashion these days; indeed, for us, so cynical as a result of our exposure to silly, lazy, weak, dishonest, and even mad academicians, her language may simply seem naïve. But, after all, in her long life Miss Nicolson must have seen more inadequate and disreputable teachers than we: and she nonetheless does not waver in her conviction that one is called to academic life and to one's particular position within it. She accepted her call and committed herself to Columbia. There are many things wrong with that institution, heaven knows and so does Miss Nicolson, but when approached with offers of more lucrative jobs with lighter work loads, Miss Nicolson turned them all down. To Columbia she had come and at Columbia she stayed, often complaining, always engaged in renaissance and reformation. Her work on the graduate faculties committee on instruction was prodigious, and her influence felt even when she was not formally a member of the committee. Nothing under the sun frightened her, not even Columbia's deans; all problems could be brought to a proper solution.

Because of her concept of calling, Miss Nicolson was often, probably unwittingly, very hard on students. If they did poor work or less than they could do, they must be told, she felt, and told as directly as possible. With some satisfaction, after a scholar had won a large fellowship to study in Europe, Miss Nicolson told of sending him as a young man away from the fleshpots of Northampton into the Siberian wastes of the Middle West, where loneliness and an impersonal institution drove him to the real scholarly accomplishment she knew he had in him. In short, she fired him: for his own good, as all administrators say—only this time, it *was* for his own good. There is much Calvinism in this, with a good deal of straight talk. Too straight, often: I remember one friend, a tall man, staggering out of Miss Nicolson's office, saying, "She told me I'd done good work once—what was I doing now? I feel as if I'd written a good villanelle as a child of eight and nothing since." And another, interviewed before her final dissertation examination and reduced to terror, who called a hospitable friend to say, "Cancel the guest list and double the martinis. I think I won't pass." Of course she passed; the dissertation was, in fact, very good. But not quite as good, in Miss Nicolson's opinion, as it might have been, for that young woman had exceptional talent.

Because Miss Nicolson was called to her profession as a votary she was so stern to inadequate or absent-minded acolytes. In her view, the profession offered apprenticeship not merely in the techniques of scholarship, important though they were, but also in character. If one's character was weak or—unthinkable!—bad, Miss Nicolson could not waste time on one; if one's character was strong or potentially strong, then she turned her firm hand to strengthening it still more. She does not

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mother. She is a Spartan, a Highland woman, detached, idealistic, realistic and unsentimental; I never saw her weep, even under severe personal stress, and I never saw her accept comfort directly from anyone. She was, therefore, hard on other people, although hardest on herself—she worked the longest hours, interviewed the largest number of students, advised more graduate students, sat on more examining committees than anyone else in the department. And, somehow, no one published more, or better, work than she.

I shall now speak of sex. In the first place, she *is* a woman, a fact past praying for. In the second, she is a woman of alarming achievements. She began her professional life when it was not easy for a woman to make her way in university teaching, even in college teaching, and she made her way by her own merits into places women had hitherto not occupied. Nor did she solicit such situations: she was, simply, called to them because her qualities overrode the distinctions of sex. The achievement was tremendous, but there was some cost. An apocryphal story, told me in several versions, runs that when she came to Columbia, she called on each colleague in his office and gave her considered judgment of the quality of his work, then settled down to make friends. There is a kernel of poetic truth in the lie, even though Miss Nicolson is both too gracious and too shy to have done such a thing: but she *was* hard on her male colleagues. She could be very proud of them, too, and unshakably loyal, as smart graduate students, venturing glib comments, discovered to their pain. She was the dragon defender of colleagues whose work was affected by private torment. Naturally enough, for shoddy work and politicking she had only contempt—and the students in turn (who often felt similar contempt for their own reasons) were quick to read her harsh judgment of colleagues involved in such activity, although never from what she said. She was hard on her colleagues, and at Columbia they were mostly male.

If she was hard on men, she was far harder on women. When a young woman cried, she was told not to be feminine; when a woman's work was poor or slow or nonexistent, she was called in to an Interview. When a woman wanted to change jobs—or, as I did, to change fields—she was lectured at, to count her blessings in having a job at all in a field where she was not, really, welcome. So much sternness, because so much hope: Miss Nicolson never advocated shrill or programmatic feminism; she never expected special treatment because she was a woman. Only once did her feelings about women sneak out, in my hearing. At Columbia, graduate degrees in English were awarded in three classes; once upon a time, at least, first-class degrees were hard to come by. In a year in which only three such degrees were awarded, Miss Nicolson allowed herself to say, "And what's nice is that two of them are women." But because she expected so much more of herself than of anyone else, so she expected more of the women she taught, was personally disappointed by their failures and childishly proud of their successes.

Much in their successes, directly and indirectly, women owe to her—directly, because she it was who trained her "girls," groomed them for jobs, wrote letters of recommendation and got them fellowships; indirectly, because her own success, so extraordinary for its time and extraordinary even now, in the next generation, has made it easier for women to get academic jobs at all levels. Her own attitude to the professional help she has given students is interesting. Although I, for instance, have sometimes felt her success, like that of any parent or protector, a burden upon my own inadequacies, Miss Nicolson has never held herself up as a model. My burden is internal, not imposed. Miss Nicolson never exacts toll of that sort, nor does she expect gratitude for the many favors done. When one crawls in to ask for yet *another* letter of recommendation, she makes light of the bother—which must be considerable, since her letters of recommendation are famous in the profession, each one written fresh, directly to the precise situation at hand—and turns her attention to the new project or the new job.

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Her part in her students' success is enormous: of all the things she has done, as teacher, as scholar, and as administrator and policy-maker, the greatest is making members of a profession, or making, in a way, the profession itself. Of her achievements, she is proudest of the achievements of her students, of their performances in their calling. She has succeeded, as few people have, in effacing herself before the importance of the calling.

People who know Miss Nicolson will laugh when I say she has effaced herself, because her presence in a room is always felt, even when she is sitting perfectly still: then she is most mistress of the situation, most aware of the complexities to be dealt with. Queen Elizabeth's masterly inaction skipped many generations of redheads to light upon Marjorie Nicolson's russet poll: she can be most formidable when silent, most forbidding when motionless upon her chair. Those round eyes, of a very light blue, stare unblinkingly out of a poker face in a way calculated to terrify the temerarious interlocutor. Once three very junior faculty members, outraged at extreme injustice done an unprotected colleague, marched to Miss Nicolson to ask her to listen. She did, then said, "I know there's been trouble. And this is inexcusable, of course: although I know you personally stand to lose if the present situation is not changed. Nothing has been done so far—but it could be, it could be." And it was. But the moment in which she let them know that their own interests were clear to her was an uncomfortable one for all three. The incident reveals how she can cope with the crosscurrents of bias and interest and arrive nonetheless at a course of action directed by principle into good practice. She can sort out the bad from the worse, and perceive how good can come from error. For such lightning calculations a poker face is a help: indeed, it is indispensable. All the more marvelous, then, when the face breaks into its sunny grin, and the eyes light up, seeming suddenly a darker sapphire blue; most marvelous, when a deep and bawdy laugh breaks out from the cave of her being. Miss Nicolson, having spent her life among men, has never been cloistered. She likes men a great deal—"H'm, don't mind 'em," she said not so long ago, grinning from ear to ear. Years ago, when giants stalked the earth, (again like Elizabeth Tudor) she regularly ate her sandwich lunch with a group of squires, wits and fair young men, listening with delight to their competitive showing-off. She doesn't mind 'em at all.

The formal mask is usually there, though, always useful, sometimes essential. Miss Nicolson stares out of eyes like dinner plates, her brow smooth as a platter, as if she could not distinguish one word from the next; the while taking everything in, sorting it out, preparing an answer or a strategy, or (at the same time) planning a new article or what to buy for dinner. The breaks in the mask, the cracks in the platter, are always revealing, sometimes poignant. Once, when Miss Nicolson was bearing with stoical fortitude, mask up, a very painful loss, someone blundered into an enormously tactless reference to that loss. Her face did not change until the man was nearly out of the room, and suddenly pure pleasure burst out on it, as her voice rang out, "How —— would have *loved* that!" And then, "Oh, I hope he didn't hear me." She wasn't angry, she wasn't pained, she was amused by the colossal comedy of crudeness—and then sorry, because the fool's feelings might have been hurt by her laughing.

An extraordinary woman: frightening, commanding, compelling, admirable, irrevocably lovable (if one dares to love), larger than life, for whom one must readjust the proportion of one's thoughts. Such people are never easy to live with, precisely because of their size: they remind us, willy-nilly, of our own scale, provide us with models for the enlargement of heart and brain. As Calvin (who was one) well knew, they are the scourges of God, and they are God's gifts to men. Miss Nicolson will snort: only my own headstrong Calvinism, the legacy of many rebellious generations, permits me to risk, once more, her massive retaliation upon me for this article.

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The Revolving Bookstand . . . . . .

For this Summer issue of the SCHOLAR, *the Editors asked a number of distinguished scholars, writers and thinkers to answer for us this question: To what book published in the past ten years do you find yourself going back—or thinking back—most often? Their comments are presented below.*

The most memorable book of the decade for me is Philip Larkin's *The Less Deceived.* It is, I suppose, poetry that is as near to prose as it is possible to get without its ceasing to be poetry. Yet it is poetry of a remarkably pure kind, rooted in the actual and the unexceptional, although the unexceptional in this sense is very rare in poetry. I can think of no poet since Hardy in whom there is a more resolute honesty, a stronger determination to be himself, warts and all; and in a number of poems in *The Less Deceived*—in "Church Going" most clearly perhaps—Larkin seems to me not inferior to Hardy.

WALTER ALLEN

•

You will think my answer to your question very eccentric; furthermore the book I have in mind only comes within the terms of your question because it has been republished during the last ten years, with valuable amplifications.

It is *Kouroi: Archaic Greek Youths* by Gisela and Irma A. Richter. For various reasons, which it would take too long to explain, this strictly factual work seems to me one of the most revealing documents in the history of aesthetics, and since aesthetics is one of my private preoccupations, I find myself going back to it very often.

JOSEPH ALSOP

•

The period 1955-1965 covers the writing and publication of all of my own books to date. Not surprisingly, since one hopes to go on from where one has been, it's these, especially the recentest of them, that I reflect upon more often than upon the work—superior or otherwise—of other current fiction writers, many of whom I haven't yet got around to reading. But I think that of what recently published fiction I happen to know, John Hawkes's beautifully written *Second Skin,* Vladimir Nabokov's delightfully constructed *Pale Fire,* and Jorgé Luis Borges' marvelously imagined *Ficciones* please me most. Different as these three are, I suppose I'd call *Ficciones* perhaps the most memorable, because the most technically and metaphysically sympathetic to my own musings.

JOHN BARTH

•

I think the book that I go back to most often, both in thought and in fact, is Crane Brinton's *A History of Western Morals.* This is partly because I have become increasingly preoccupied with moral or ethical issues, but partly also because of the intrinsic virtues of the book. I remember that I started to skip through it to get the general idea, but found myself even reading all of the footnotes. Brinton does not come out with any clear picture of moral progress; yet he has a feeling, which I share, that conditions have improved since the days of gladiatorial games or of slavery. I found comfort from Brinton's phrasing during the last Presidential campaign, when our deteriorating morals were much discussed: we are becoming not so much a more "permissive society," as, hopefully, a more "humanitarian" one.

MARSTON BATES

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The book or, I should say, the slew of books that intrigue me most today are those of Claude Lévi-Strauss: *Structural Anthropology, Totemism,* and a number yet untranslated, *Les Structures Élémentaires de la Parenté, La Pensée Sauvage, Le Cru et Le Cuit*—most of these written in the last ten years in a burst of intellectual force which is prodigious, to say the least, or a revolution in social thought, to say the most.

These works both fascinate and baffle me. They are either a set of elaborate intellectual games—artful, ingenious and tantalizing—or a new set of perspectives and fundamental assumptions which radically jog the "world-taken-for-granted" (in Alfred Scheutz's phrase)—those apparently self-evident and self-validating suppositions about the world that each society engenders in the course of its history.

To put one of his most subtle arguments quite crudely, Lévi-Strauss argues, against the assumptions of the last eighty years which see mind and thought as irrational *au fond,* that the basic *structure* of mind (as expressed most deeply in myth) is rational. The word "structure" as he uses it is quite distinct from the current sociological usage which is derived from a biological analogy. For Lévi-Strauss, structure is the logical meaning or interconnectedness of thought. In the emphasis on meaning rather than cause, on the logical pattern itself rather than social setting or psychological explanation, Lévi-Strauss parallels the method of phenomenology that has become so dominant in continental philosophy.

But this is only one aspect of his thought. More than any other contemporary thinker, he has reasserted the dichotomy of *nature* and *culture,* arguing for precise scientific observation of human arrangements (as in his own mathematical analyses of kinship), yet making moral judgments, such as his assertions of the "inauthenticity" of modern society (for example: ". . . writing, while it conferred vast benefits on humanity, did deprive it of something fundamental . . . the loss of personal autonomy that has resulted from the expansion of the indirect forms of communication. . ."). He is both the intellectual *raffiné* and the primitivist *manqué* at the same moment. A modern Rousseau in all his ambiguity.

Not wholly comprehending his work, I find myself repeatedly puzzling over it, finding *aperçus* and aphorisms of dazzling power, yet bewildered by the *structure* of the whole.

DANIEL BELL

*

I am compelled to put back your time limit just a few months, to October 1954, and the publication of *The Collected Poems of Wallace Stevens.* Many people in my generation share my experience of returning constantly to this volume, more often indeed than to Yeats or Rilke or any other poet of this century, perhaps more often than to any other poet since Wordsworth. Stevens appears increasingly to be not only the most representative poet of our own time, but the most profound and imaginative, the one who does most to help one live one's life. Part of the splendor of his *Collected Poems* is that ten years of reading in them, almost daily in my case, gives the increasing impression that the late, longer, more difficult poems are the most vital, despite much critical journalism to the contrary. The poet of *Notes Toward a Supreme Fiction* and *The Auroras of Autumn,* in particular, seems as a poet to have been a capable version of what he himself called, following Emerson, the major or central man. As much as Whitman, Stevens seems to have been the poet that Emerson prophesied, a great humanist triumphing over his own and the age's ironies.

HAROLD BLOOM

*

The answer to your question is of course not easy, particularly for someone in the field of contemporary literature whose thoughts quite naturally are often directed to books published within the last ten years, by pure "occupational" orientation. It is quite natural that the book or books I should think back to most often are the

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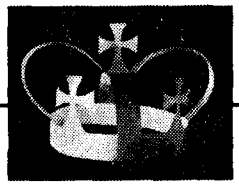
COLUMBIA  COLUMBIA

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last books of Albert Camus, in particular perhaps the *Notebooks* for the fragmentary but quite moving information they give on the development of a young man, a contemporary, into a writer of widely-recognized significance and value.

GERMAINE BRÉE

*

I want to name Owen Barfield's *Saving the Appearances.*

From my notebook:

The principal reason which Lévy-Bruhl, Durkheim and others assign for the fact that primitives "do not perceive with the same minds" as ours, is, that in the art of perception, they are not detached, as we are, from the representations.

Consequently, if our participation should become a conscious experience, it would have to take the form of conscious (instead of, as now, unconscious) figuration.

Representation, as a principle, is accepted by Freud as a matter of course; inasmuch as a great variety of dream-imagery is interpreted as symbolizing particular physical functions. From the perception that the physical functions and organs are themselves representations, he is, however, cut off by all the assumptions of idolatry.

To refrain from uniting with the word, in order to unite with the word made flesh.

N. O. BROWN

*

I would list Teilhard de Chardin's *The Phenomenon of Man* as the book that made the greatest impression on me in the course of the last several years. I often think of it. The book provides a broad historical perspective, in the context of which I find it easier and more meaningful to evaluate such developments as the rise of Marxism and the relationship of Marxism to the broadening social self-consciousness of humanity. Moreover, by combining the idealistic with the scientific, the Chardin study offers, in my view, a more satisfactory conception of the dynamic evolution of man as a *social* being engaged in the constant search for self-understanding.

ZBIGNIEW BRZEZINSKI

*

I go back, perhaps like everybody else, to Nabokov's *Pale Fire.* I'm aware of its flaws, its longueurs, its preciosity and pedantry, but it seems to me to be the first major formal innovation in the novel since *Finnegans Wake.* It's a novel disguised as a poem and an *apparatus criticus,* and this looks like scholar's trickery. But I know of no contemporary novel that makes so concerted an attack on the emotions, the intellect and the fantasy. It represents the sort of way the novel will have to go, if it is to survive.

ANTHONY BURGESS

*

John Quincy Adams has been described as "a *whale*" among American statesmen of the middle period, and Samuel Flagg Bemis' biography, *John Quincy Adams and the Union* (this is the second and final volume), is the only one that matches the dimensions of its subject. Before Bemis, Adams was commonly dismissed as a frustrated minority President and an elderly crank in Congress. We now know that he formulated comprehensive plans for a Great Society more than a century before the current phrase was coined, and that he was the ablest champion of the individual citizen's rights under the Constitution between Jefferson and Lincoln. What is more, the Adamses being what they were and Bemis being the searching and sensitive writer that he is, the book is a contribution to our understanding of human tragedy and human greatness.

L. H. BUTTERFIELD

*

It is not an easy choice to identify the book published in the past ten years which I have most frequently read or consulted. Because I have been much interested in the development of the American economy, and above all of a better society here, I think I have most frequently looked back at Kenneth Galbraith's *The Affluent Society.* I have also looked at his *American Capitalism: The Concept of Countervailing Power.*

I do not altogether agree with Professor Galbraith's interpretations and his programs of action, but his analysis is trench-

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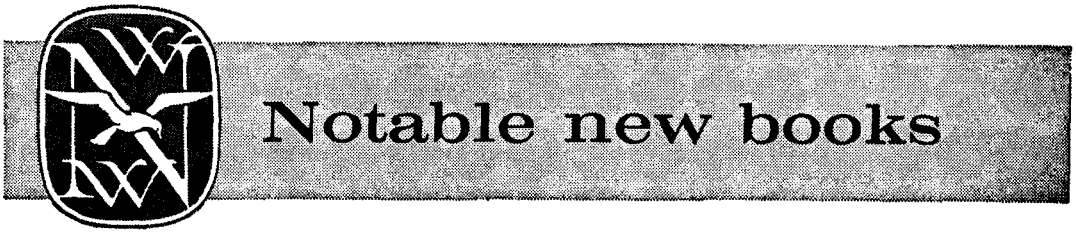

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ant and witty. At any rate, his title *The Affluent Society* has become more of a standard expression, I believe, than any other book title in this period.

ERWIN D. CANHAM

•

Not a book but an image haunts me from the last ten literary years. Conjured by Joseph Heller in *Catch-22,* it is the figure of "the soldier in white," encased "from head to toe in plaster and gauze." The soldier in white is fed by plastic tubes that lead to "zippered lips" in rigid arms; he is emptied of the still clear liquid by means of a zinc pipe forever erect in a cement groin. Diet and waste are interchangeable, and "all they ever really saw of him was a frayed black hole over his mouth."

Immobile in weighted traction he lies—surely the definitive symbol of the antihero. Telstar—not Adonais—beckons automatic from afar, and antihero beeps not benign or solacing from Heller's taut-drawn bed to those who were forty ten insistent years ago.

JOHN STEWART CARTER

•

I should, perhaps, be a little surprised to discover that the book of the last ten years that keeps sliding into my mind, usually when I'm thinking of something else, is not the Big intellectual achievement of the decade or the latest candidate for Seminal Thinking. I'm not quite sure which those would be. The book is, rather, E. B. White's *The Points of My Compass,* or by a kind of fielder's choice reaching back to 1954, his *Second Tree from the Corner.*

It is no news that Mr. White writes as a sort of modern Thoreau, although his Walden is as likely to be Manhattan as a New England village. I admire him for his exquisite precision in expressing with deceptive simplicity ideas that are not at all simple, but that explode in the mind sometimes only after one has turned the page. Behind his quiet and pervading irony is a rich awareness of what philosophers like to call the human predicament. He can be angry about this predicament, or puzzled, or amused, but never less than wise (he usually agrees with me). He cultivates a garden of homely prose but his mind lives with hidden analogies, and his achievement is therefore essentially a poetic one. When he writes about the U.N. or pigeons in New York City or bomb shelters or television or the American kitchen or even English grammar, his fine humane spirit uses these as intellectual launching pads. What really concerns him are such things as the sadly amusing preoccupations of people living quietly against an undescribed although always imminent carnival of horror; and language as a weapon of good taste, good conduct and simple justice. The seemingly trivial—the corpse of a praying mantis or a proposition that a Department of the American Home should be created as a Cabinet position—becomes for him a keyhole into the amazing complexities, banalities and sudden beauties of human nature.

"As for the wellsprings of wonderment," says Mr. White, "they run deep." And so does Mr. White. I shall continue to think about him, I hope, for the next ten years.

JOHN W. DODDS

•

The first time I read *Confessions of Felix Krull* by Thomas Mann, I knew chiefly that I was delighted by the elegant playing by this master tale-teller. Kuckuck was allowed to spend too much time cosmologizing, but otherwise the book was in all respects the one of Mann's I enjoyed most and thought best. Then, the second and third times through, I discovered such varieties of playing with interpretation in that shifty hero's tale and mode of telling as have delighted me even more than the sheer story itself. What this book says will not improve with much glossing, so that now I fear the exegetes may not leave it alone. For playing with interpreting is a game alongside the game of the book, the sort of game that would be spoiled by too much Meaning. In this tale, the old master no longer—thank God—tries to order the Artist's mysteries significantly but succeeds

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in juggling them handsomely, the best thing to do with them after all.

GEORGE P. ELLIOTT

*

A book my mind has returned to again and again since I read it last summer is C. G. Jung's *Memories, Dreams, Reflections.* In a time when activity tends to be increasingly overt; when contemplation is held more a means to action than action a test of contemplation; when change is not considered change at all unless it is visible, this self-examination by a unique thinker is, I believe, of great value.

For example, the remarkable dream about God in the early part of the book is, to me, in itself worth a hundred spoken sermons on the meaning of wholeness. Jung stated about this book (and the statement has been generally misunderstood by reviewers) that in this memoir he realized that what had mattered to him in his life was not its overt events but its inner ones. Where else do overt actions spring from? Jung's philosophy is a warning lest we forget that all the goodwill, all the speeches, all the worthy activity in the world will not change one molecule of one human being. It is the human being himself who (nudged and assisted by the goodwill, speeches and activity, we hope) must in the last analysis always and forever be the one to change himself.

NANCY HALE

*

The Fifth Psalm has a line that goes: "their throat is an open sepulchre." Many of our finest minds nowadays are finding it useful to think of man as an elaborate machine, a creature without a richly particular soul, whose words come as from an open sepulchre. Michael Polanyi's *Personal Knowledge* shows that the most objective of human activities, the exact sciences, get their substance and their coloration from the deep choices and feelings of the men who work in those sciences. The book continues to remind me that a full account of things as they are dares not leave out our various points of view.

PHILIP P. HALLIE

I think of the past ten years in terms of several American novels—Nabokov's *Lolita,* Malamud's *A New Life,* Heller's *Catch-22,* Andrew Lytle's *The Velvet Horn,* Bellow's *Henderson, the Rain King* —and in terms of the brilliant fictional discoveries of Flannery O'Connor, James Purdy and John Barth. *Lolita* appeared at the beginning of this decade as a Gargantuan comedy of love and violence, and in its range of verbal accomplishment and all its pain and playfulness no doubt reveals the fantastic aspirations of the novelist's art. But I would be reluctant to single out even this great book from a period in which many writers have contributed to the growth of the novel as a visionary form.

JOHN HAWKES

*

The book to which I find myself returning—not so much by way of rereading as by way of reacknowledging—is John Kenneth Galbraith's *Affluent Society.* It is by no means a book without flaws, including not least, to my own mind, a failure to persevere in the courage of its own convictions and a tendency to apply small medicines to grave illnesses. But I mention these reservations in order to praise the book more justly. It is, to my knowledge, one of the few books that have actually turned the course of public thought and debate, not alone through the catchiness of its title, but through the unanswerable validity of its main charge. The gist of *The Affluent Society* is that a serious imbalance exists between the overfed private sector and the undernourished public sector—an imbalance that affects our society adversely in every way: economically, politically, aesthetically, morally. If this imbalance is now being belatedly recognized and in timid fashion redressed, the credit belongs to no small degree to this stunningly influential tract.

ROBERT L. HEILBRONER

*

I name Robert Lowell's book of poems called *Imitations.* I have returned to it again and again with marveling pleasure

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in its abundance of clear visions, which are both fixed and released by a sovereign power over language. Although it was published only five years ago, this is the book I have taken on my travels more often than any other during the past ten years.

PAUL HORGAN

*

Erich Auerbach's *Mimesis: The Representation of Reality in Western Literature* was published by Princeton University Press in 1953, all of *twelve* years ago; it was written in German between 1942 and 1945 in Istanbul, "where the libraries are not well equipped for European studies." There is no other work in contemporary literary criticism, known to me, that is comparable to it in scope, in analytical and historical richness; it is actually a history of European literature from the *Odyssey* to *Ulysses* and shows a quiet mastery of all the literatures of the West. I can never pick up this book without learning from it and without marveling at the penetration with which Auerbach's handling of his subject, the different forms by which the great European writers have shaped their ideas of reality, leads him to a new understanding of all postclassical literature. Auerbach's theme is that the traditional separation of "high" and "low" matters in Greek and Latin literature was ended by the Gospels, which with complete naturalness and the first modern use of dialogue, or face-to-face encounter, brought together ideas of the divine and day-to-day human history. This new spirit is prefigured in the unconscious simplicity with which divine justice and human history are intermingled in the Old Testament. It is not found in the Greek and Roman classics. But this intermingling, in all its subsequent history, is the key to our, to all "modern," ideas of "reality" in literature.

Auerbach's method in each of his twenty chapters was to begin with some central passage from each of his representative authors, and to weave his far-reaching analysis of the implications of the text out of his philological and stylistic examination. His particular field was Romance philology, but he was a consummate scholar in several literatures, and had as many interesting things to say about *Henry IV* and *To The Lighthouse* as he did about Homer, the Bible, Petronius, Dante, Cervantes, Rabelais, Montaigne, Saint-Simon, and others of the same order. The wealth of his individual chapters is beyond praise; whenever I turn to him for light on some particular author, I find myself indebted for his grasp of all the salient materials and the quiet profundity with which he has worked out his own understanding of the artistic problem involved.

Yet Auerbach's method was of course not unusual; only his intelligence, his learning, and his *devotion* were. This German refugee writing his great book in Istanbul, far from the libraries he was used to, made of his literary studies a monument to the "West." He was truly a humanist in his understanding of the forms to which the human mind is drawn in literature, by which it is happily compelled to transcend itself. At the end of *Mimesis,* writing of the modernist revolution represented in fiction by Joyce and Virginia Woolf, Auerbach showed with characteristic insight that the profound concern with the "moment" in the twentieth century is an anticipation of that universality of experience to which not only literature but all of humanity is moving in our time.

ALFRED KAZIN

*

Northrop Frye's *Anatomy of Criticism,* I think, would be my choice because of the amount of positive thinking I had had to do in order to resist it. Frye offers you a choice of thinking him entirely right or entirely wrong. I choose the second alternative, but pay my respects to the best mind in the business except for William Empson's.

J. F. KERMODE

*

Ten years ago I had passed my sixtieth birthday and I suspect that those who have reached that age seldom meet for the first time a book that will reverberate in their

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minds as half a dozen did in youth or even middle age. Nevertheless, I can answer the question if stated exactly in the terms used. *Islandia* by Austin Tappan Wright has come to my mind more frequently than any other book first read within the ten years just past. It is a sort of Utopian novel (about a thousand pages long) published posthumously during the late war; reprinted once since; but never widely popular despite a good deal of critical comment. Islandia is a highly civilized but unindustrialized civilization which has so far refused inducements to join the modern world. As a novel *Islandia* is more full-blooded than Utopias usually are.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

*

I do not remember how I happened to read Teilhard de Chardin's *The Phenomenon of Man,* but fortunately I did, soon after it was published. Since then I have read all I could discover of his writings. Here is a man who lived in two worlds and was thoroughly at home in both. In *The Phenomenon of Man,* Père Teilhard has helped me to understand that as I come to know more about the universe and my place in it, the more readily I can come to the knowledge and love of God now; that I can be at home in both worlds which are ultimately one.

ARTHUR LICHTENBERGER

*

Personal experience must deeply affect the choice of a favorite book; it is why I find Barbara Tuchman's *The Guns of August* to be the book of the last ten years to which my thoughts frequently and my eyes occasionally return. I was an Assistant Secretary of State when it was published, somewhat involved in diplomatic and national security affairs of a sort designed to move us as far as possible from the horrors and stupidities that burst upon the Western world in August of 1914. I find Miss Tuchman's history and her writing fascinating; I find the facts she records frightening in their power to make us wonder if we really know, any more than did those pompous men of 1914, where we are going and what we are doing with our world and our time.

ROBERT MANNING

*

Auden's *The Dyer's Hand* has been one of the most useful books to me of the past ten years. The quality of Auden's intelligence is frequently and justly praised, but what resonates most clearly in these essays is the character behind them. He defines the modern hero as "the man or woman in any walk of life who, despite all the impersonal pressures of modern society, manages to acquire and preserve a face of his own." Very few critics succeed in this as well as he has.

WILLIAM MEREDITH

*

Amid all the boring and juvenile hoopla about the Civil War, one event stands out —the publication of Edmund Wilson's *Patriotic Gore.* It is a book about America as much as about the literature on the Civil War. It is to this book that I find myself frequently returning—and I do not except the Preface, which was dismissed as idiosyncratic by some.

I find it difficult to read the news from Vietnam without meditating on Wilson's savage prefatory comparison of mankind and the sea slugs. It is impossible to read the news from the South without reconsidering the terrible scar left by the Civil War. Yet amid the gore, the patriotism also gleams in this book—a spare, almost Roman devotion to law, country and conscience. Figures like Lincoln, Grant, Stephens, Harriet Beecher Stowe emerge from the waxworks and become freshly relevant in Wilson's pages.

Yet it was difficult to choose between *Patriotic Gore* and Kennan's *Russia and the West.* What would the country be like without these two remarkable citizens? I don't like to think about it.

KARL E. MEYER

*

I think I revert most often to special sayings in the Analects of Confucius, translated by Ezra Pound—*The Great Digest:*

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analogous to the Golden Rule, quoted in my *Predilections* 82-83: Tze-kung, asked if there was a single principle that you could practice through life to the end, said, "Sympathy; what you don't want, don't inflict on another" (Book Fifteen, XXIII); "Require the solid of yourself, the trifle of others" (Book Fifteen, XIV); "The proper man brings men's excellence to focus, not their evil qualities" (Book Twelve, XVI).

Great Digest: "If there be a knife of resentment in the heart or enduring rancor, the mind will not attain precision."

. . . Practice five things: "sobriety (*serenitas*), magnanimity, sticking by one's word, promptitude . . . kindliness (*caritas*)." As for "the problem of style. Effect your meaning. Then stop" (Book Fifteen, XL).

My Early Life by Winston S. Churchill and *John Paul Jones* by Augustus C. Buell are two other books to which I revert for the same reason, refusal to compromise on the part of the person depicted.

MARIANNE MOORE

*

I choose Walter Lippmann's *The Public Philosophy* as the book of which I think most often and to which I go back most frequently. My reasons are as follows: This book presents the most cogent criticism of modern political philosophy. It does so not from the point of view of another political philosophy exposed to similar criticism, but from the vantage point of the tradition of Western political thought. That is to say, it confronts modern political thought in the form of Marxism, Fascism, and modern democracy with the eternal verities that have been developed by the Western tradition from Plato through Locke.

HANS J. MORGENTHAU

*

The only book that I can think of, published since 1955, that I have read and reread is *Selected Poems of Robert Frost.* He is my favorite modern poet, and the one to whom I most often turn to obtain inspiration, and enjoy relaxation.

SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON

*

The intellectual autobiography of the foremost living philosopher is a memorable book. Bertrand Russell's *My Philosophical Development* begins with a description of a solitary fifteen-year-old boy's confusions and doubts about the fundamental dogmas of religion ("I do wish," he wrote in his diary, "I believed in the life eternal, for it makes me quite miserable to think man is merely a kind of machine endowed, unhappily for himself, with a consciousness") and carries us through the evolution of his ideas over almost three quarters of a century. I am unable to say what I admire most about this story: its lucidity; its variety and fertility; its subtlety of argument; its exquisite paradoxes; its restless search and sustained excitement; its wit; its honesty; its courage. Perhaps, at last, I cannot forget it because it exemplifies Russell's true humanity: his commitment to the supreme duty of living life both humbly and audaciously.

JAMES NEWMAN

*

As one grows older there seem to be fewer and fewer counselors in whose wisdom one can repose sure confidence. F. L. Lucas, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, remains for me one of those few. In *The Greatest Problem and Other Essays,* whether brilliantly exploring the characters of Tolstoi and Housman, the threat of science to the humanities, the question of just what books can do for us, or the problem of human happiness, Lucas is in fact writing of the difficult adventure of living. He does so with a profound and disabused understanding and a buoyant spirit—not to mention a seemingly limitless acquaintance with literature. He is a writer for those whom both religion and science leave unsatisfied.

CHARLTON OGBURN, JR.

*

Most of my "going back—or thinking back" has been, naturally if lamentably, to publications that no Common Reader in his right mind would bother with. If I said: "Tentative Draft No. 4 of the American Law Institute's Model Penal Code," I

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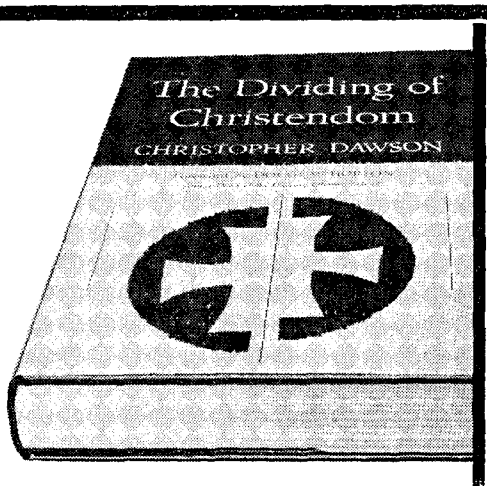

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should be speaking with strict accuracy, but you would rightly reproach me for a dusty answer. Allow me the lawyer's license of rephrasing the question: "What book published in the last ten years that touches the field of your intellectual concern do you regard as most rewarding for the thoughtful general reader?"

For that distinction, I would nominate Sybille Bedford's *The Faces of Justice,* a beautifully perceptive account of the different ways in which criminal justice is meted out in England, France, Germany, Switzerland and Austria. How public officials treat persons accused of crime may be as good a measure as any of the level of civilization achieved by the polity of a given time and place, a point that Miss Bedford makes with quiet force.

HERBERT L. PACKER

*

I've consulted myself at length on this question, and the upshot seems to be that there isn't any one book—or two or three —to which I return with much frequency. This may speak badly for me but not for the decade. There are plenty of contemporary books I admire hugely and now and then think about or sample or look back to for guidance of one sort or another. Sometimes they are quite unworthy books. For example, I can have a perfectly delightful time reliving the fifties in Richard M. Nixon's *Six Crises.* Or, on a somewhat more elevated plane, I often find myself poking about in collections of criticism and essays or journalism by such different people as Edmund Wilson, J. K. Galbraith, Murray Kempton, the late John Lardner, Mary McCarthy, Louis Kronenberger, the late A. J. Liebling and a number of others, including several of my colleagues on this publication. Among novelists I am partial to Bernard Malamud, Saul Bellow and Peter DeVries. Come to think of it, there is one book to which I expect I *shall* return often —Stanley Elkins' *Slavery.*

RICHARD H. ROVERE

*

Ira Wolfert's *Married Men* is a novel of active power and magnificence. It takes the reader into a scene of driving action that breaks open again and again into the subtle, infinite world of relationship. Ira Wolfert takes these marriages of men—to their work, to a woman, to the passions and fantastic daily excitements of business fighting and the partial life—in blazing effort, all ways of reaching the world.

My feeling when *Married Men* appeared was that of my first young reading of Victor Hugo or Balzac.

The book appeared when its audience was beaten down by the silence and powerlessness in relation to this theme that was everywhere around us in American life and American writing. Read now in its tremendous laughter, the loves and murders and marriages—broken, suggested in their full possibilities—of these people of dense reality, the book can be seen as a drama of recognitions, in form and mastery fully achieved.

MURIEL RUKEYSER

*

Henderson, the Rain King by Saul Bellow is one of my most tattered, dog-eared and pencil-marked books. Some years ago at a symposium of modern literature at Brandeis University, I heard a well-known critic declare that it was not a novel at all. When I disagreed with him, he asked me what it was that I liked about the book. Somewhat inarticulately, I replied that it was packed with good lines. "Ah yes," he said, "that's just the trouble with you poets." This pronouncement did not stop me from carrying *Henderson* in my suitcase for the following six months.

ANNE SEXTON

*

The only book published in the last ten years that I find myself referring back to continually is Ernst H. Gombrich's *Art and Illusion.* Most of the questions of perception and expression and habit and memory that haunt me are illuminated there in some fashion. The other books I turn to, from St. Augustine to Montaigne to Proust, all go back further than ten years. For some reason it seems terribly wrong and disappointing that the title I give you is not of

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a book of poetry. But the poems I live with go back to the turn of the century.

ROGER SHATTUCK

*

Gene Lisitzky's *Four Ways of Being Human* is anthropology written so that laymen can understand it; but more than that—it is an introduction to civil rights. As we read about the customs, tools and domestic arrangements of the Semang, Polar Eskimos, Maoris and Hopis, we see that they are ingenious and that they have made as much of their environment as we have of ours. Moreover, they have interesting ethical qualities: "a good Hopi cares nothing for personal prestige, is uncomfortable if personally praised for his achievements, and almost never seeks to be a leader."

LOUIS SIMPSON

*

My memory being weak, and my time insufficient for a ten-year survey of my reading, my selection is weighted toward the more recent years. Also, I have selected books, in part, because they are not as widely known as they deserve to be—omitting books of equal merit that are better known.

I have read and reread Edgar Wind's *Art and Anarchy* (recently brought out here by Knopf). Concisely, but with immense erudition, wit and elegance, Professor Wind suggests changes in the relation between art and society.

Kenneth Minogue's *The Liberal Mind* demonstrates that political philosophy is not yet dead. Alive, it seems to be far more interesting than political science. Mr. Minogue does not, it is true, establish facts. He illuminates them and lets us see them and understand how they came to be and what their effect is.

Finally, Simon Raven's *The Decline of the Gentleman* is an elegant and accurate job—a pleasure to read. Raven also throws a very interesting oblique light on changes that have occurred in English society and which in an analogous fashion are now occurring throughout the world.

Each of these writers in his own fashion holds up a true mirror to nature. It reflects things that we may not have perceived before, or certainly not as clearly, and does so so limpidly as to make us enjoy the perfection of the reflection if not of the things reflected.

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

*

To be perfectly honest with you, the book I consult most often is my own book entitled *The National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.* and published by Abrams. It contains many facts about the Gallery that I constantly forget and have to verify. This I am sure is not what you intended me to answer, but unfortunately I have nothing else to suggest.

JOHN WALKER

*

For me the last ten years have been dominated by a number of basic questions, value questions—about the function and future of literature and the arts, about the humanities, about science and nationalism and war—and my mind has been confronting the questions in all sorts of situations and books and articles. Among the books dealing with the questions, the polemics have stood out for me—I will only cite Karl Shapiro's *In Defense of Ignorance* and C. P. Snow's *Two Cultures*—although they have perhaps done so by virtue of their extremism rather than their good sense. Good sense doesn't seem to be memorable these days, unfortunately.

REED WHITTEMORE

*

While it is hard to single out any one book, there are two that come to mind quite often in connection with the subjects that claim most of my daily attention: students, history, the South, the Negro, and associated problems of identity. These are two books by Erik Erikson, *Young Man Luther* and *Childhood and Society*. They have something to say about all these subjects.

C. VANN WOODWARD

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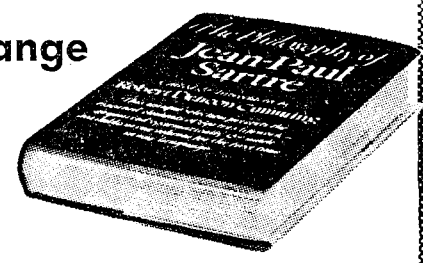

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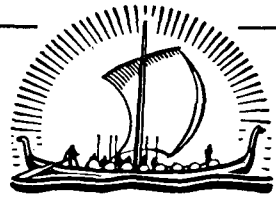

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ESSAYS ON DANTE AND MEDIEVAL CULTURE: Critical Studies of the Thought and Texts of Dante, St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, Marsilius of Padua, and Other Medieval Subjects. *By Dino Bigongiari. Biblioteca dell "Archivum Romanicum," Series 1, Vol. 71. Leo S. Olschki, Florence. Available at the Casa Italiana, Columbia University. $10. Unbound edition, $5.*

Reviewed by M. A. FITZSIMONS

In his lifetime Dino Bigongiari has become a legend, a fabulous polymath. The process began in the later decades of his half-century of teaching at Columbia University. This transposition of the charming, generous, formidable and very learned Da-Ponte Professor of Italian into a mythic figure of omniscience and wisdom must inspire wry amusement in the lively object of the myth. It is not difficult to suggest the outlines of a Bigongiari script on omniscience, *ben trovato* and possibly even quite historical: some preliminary remarks about the tradition of frustration, here that of but few pages of publication, in romantic heroes; with quickening pace a listing of unexpected classical parallels, along with a comparison of Alexandrine, patristic, thirteenth-century and Renaissance views on scholarship and an account of the quest of omniscience as scholarly *hubris;* while the auditor's attention falters in wonderment at Homer's, Horace's and Machiavelli's significant awareness of the problem, the momentarily floodlike discourse ends without completion and in a sense of mystery: the tour de force of a Faust condemning Faustian ambition.

He has been no Spenglerian Faust but Faust in his own Latin fashion. His command of classical, medieval and modern languages, literature, philosophy and theology seemed to be the warranty of a high scholarship producing a long series of masterful articles and books of major importance. The scholarly promise has been more than fulfilled, but without the literary abundance. He lavished his learning in classroom teaching, conferences and conversation. But the meager harvest of writing reflects fairly enough his preferences and, indeed, his passions, Augustine, Thomas Aquinas, Dante and Petrarch.

His studies centered on the texts of late medieval culture. The latter maintained sturdy continuity with its immediate predecessors as well as with the culture of the Church Fathers and classical writers. Among the ways in which it did so was through the medieval cult of unoriginality. This meant that without formally acknowledged borrowing, writers passed on the sentences and phrases of classical or patristic writers. In recognizing and running down the life course and origin of these medieval commonplaces, Bigongiari displayed an ingenuity that might be the despair of a Joyce scholar turning the last torn page of a Dublin Directory.

His literary canon, articles filling one hundred and sixty pages, is of remarkably high quality. Two very short ones, "The Political Ideas of St. Augustine" and "The Political Doctrine of Dante," are masterpieces of judicious selection, concision and clarity. The first, a lecture, opens with a definition; the speaker is concerned with the "by-products" of Augustine's theology. The doctrine of predestination reinforced Augustine's political pessimism, for the Bishop of Hippo saw the *civitas terrena* not as the providential dispenser of justice but as the convenient instrument of self-seeking men, an order to limit the hazards of unrestrained *cupiditas*. Within this earthly city live those destined to be saved, unknown except to God, as pilgrims and foreigners. The lecture concludes with an account of Augustine's theory of just war,

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his views on the use of force against heretics, and his philosophy of history. Each topic in this essay, however briefly treated, appears with a magisterial indication of its significance. The four pages of the Dante essay present with enviable sharpness the poet's three fundamental theses: that the world should be under a universal monarchy; that this monarchy should be an independent lay state; and that this empire must be Roman.

Several essays are in the form of notes on the texts of Dante's *De Monarchia, De Vulgari Eloquentia* and *Il Convivio.* A number of Bigongiari's emendations are scholarly cases for the restoration of the readings of early manuscripts. His arguments, philosophical, historical and grammatical, persuade this nonspecialist reviewer. In an affectionate introduction Henry Paolucci, after detailing the gradual acceptance of these emendations, mentions that the notes on the *Divina Commedia* have not yet been prepared for publication.

This collection of essays and the forthcoming publication of Bigongiari's *The Philosophical and Political Backgrounds of the Divine Comedy* should provide impetus for the preparation of those notes. The task of establishing and explicating a text spurred Bigongiari to the most assured and comprehensive use of his learning. From the present volume the treatment of *habitudo,* pages 54-63, may be cited as an admirable instance. Theology, philosophy, aesthetics and grammar, all contribute to the elucidation. To establish and explain a text in this fashion is, in itself, a massive achievement.

The volume concludes with that virtuoso piece of scholarly demolition, "Were There Theaters in the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries?" The subject itself is minor. The article's worth derives from the author's method, learning and mind. This essay and the entire volume add unlooked for support to the publish-or-perish school. The requirement is often the nurse of mediocrity. But if, with tactful rigor, the rule had been enforced on Bigongiari, the achievement would outweigh a plentitude of bleakness.

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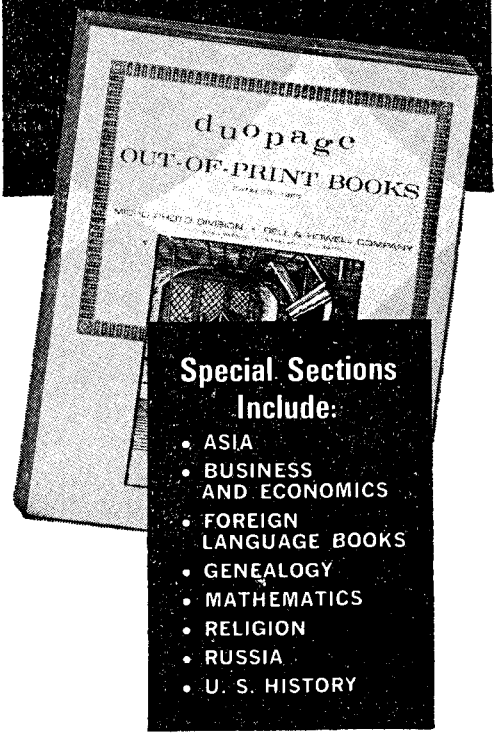

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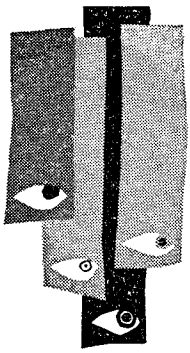

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A Fundamental Treatise

THE ORIGIN OF ADAPTATIONS. *By Verne Grant. Columbia University Press. $12.50.*

Reviewed by GEORGE GAYLORD SIMPSON

The central and most important problem in all the life sciences is that of adaptation. It is clear even to a superficial observer that all plants and animals (including man) are exquisitely adapted for life under the circumstances in which they do in fact live. We are so familiar with adaptation and, almost intuitively, so convinced of its universality that when we see an animal or plant with some strangely different characteristic we immediately ask, "What is it for?"—and are confident that there is an answer to be found. Meaningful study of organisms now necessarily considers their functions in relationship to their lives and environments. Recent shift of focus from organismic to molecular biology seemed for a time to diverge from that approach, but now is found to reinforce it. The chemistry and physics of organisms, just as much as structure and behavior, are comprehensible only in terms of what they are for, that is, how they affect the adaptation of the integral organism.

Those observations are as fundamental for philosophy as they are for science. Although efforts have frequently been made to evade this issue, the fact is that the philosophy of biology, and hence of life itself, is necessarily teleological in some sense of the word. For many centuries that necessity was viewed in a literal and what now seems naïve way: the fact that all organisms have functions, parts and processes that serve (in a sense) purposes, was taken to imply or indeed to prove the existence of a Maker and the origin of organisms by special creation. An objective science of biology and a naturalistic philosophy of

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life were impossible until adaptation could be explained in objective, naturalistic terms. Darwin's main aim and accomplishment were not so much establishment of the truth of evolution as explanation of adaptation. His essential contribution was a truly scientific teleology, finally divorced from Aristotelian metaphysics. In that he was largely successful, although the word "teleology" still suffers from its history and is now sometimes replaced in scientific usage by the more neutral term "teleonomy."

After Darwin there continued to be conflicting explanations of adaptation even among biologists, who had almost unanimously rejected earlier theological and metaphysical approaches. Those conflicts are now not entirely but largely resolved. Biological knowledge has expanded tremendously since Darwin, and this has finally led to an understanding of adaptation that owes much to Darwinian natural selection but goes far beyond it in scope and in depth. This book by Verne Grant, an experienced evolutionary biologist, is both a detailed review of that understanding and a contribution to it.

This is a thorough and fundamental treatise dealing with almost all the organismic and populational aspects of evolution, for indeed no such aspect can be separated from the problems of adaptation. Grant starts with the nature of scientific, and especially of evolutionary, inquiry, the origin of life, and the historical course followed by evolving organisms. He then considers the nature of adaptation both as hereditary in populations and as acquired by individuals. Population genetics, with its fundamental relationship to adaptations within populations, is admirably expounded, with proper attention to technical detail and without the unreality of mathematical abstraction that often complicates that subject. Mutation, recombination, natural selection, levels of selection, and genetic drift are all treated. The difference between present and earlier concepts of selection is clarified. (The confusion among naturalists and geneticists about the meaning of "fitness" is avoided by simply eschewing that term.)

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The next (fourth) part of the book deals with evolution at the species level: species as dynamic systems, isolating mechanisms, interaction among species, their evolutionary divergence, kinds of species and of speciation, and still other topics. Finally the evolution of major groups (or higher categories) of organisms is summarized more sketchily but with the author's usual clarity and broad outlook.

Each of Grant's main topics has of course been treated elsewhere—population genetics, for example, especially by Dobzhansky, evolution at the species level especially by Mayr, and the evolution of major groups by me among others. Grant is thoroughly familiar with that work and takes it fully into account. His book would be admirable if it only brought together such diverse studies and welded them into a whole. In fact it does more, for Grant is himself a capable original researcher and has brought much of his firsthand knowledge into this work. His evolutionary studies of the plant genus *Gilia* are especially pertinent and blaze another trail toward the goal of studies of adaptation.

The broad, complex evolutionary theory here so well expounded has sometimes been called Neo-Darwinism and sometimes the synthetic theory. Both terms have been objected to, "Neo-Darwinism" as applying rather to the super-Darwinian viewpoint of half a century and more ago than to the modern theory, and "synthetic" on the specious grounds that the present college generation thinks a synthetic is a substitute for the real thing. It will confuse that generation still further that Grant does not mention either of the usual names for the theory but renames it the "causal theory." That name does not obviate objections, because all theories of adaptation (even that of special creation) have purported to be causal.

Few biologists would dare to tackle so broad a subject, and those who did would inevitably make errors, even egregious ones. Grant, too, is human. Without stressing the point, I may exemplify it by his Fig. 4. The figure is captioned "manus" (forefoot) but the included diagrams are in some cases of the foreleg, in others of the hindleg, and in one an amazing combination of the two. There are also inaccuracies and misspellings. The book as a whole is extraordinarily sound and accurate. It has excellent but not compulsively complex bibliography and indices.

This book was given the 1964 Phi Beta Kappa award for writing on science. In that connection both its literary quality and its scientific merit were stressed. I heartily concur, and I commend the book to everyone interested in life.

Wisdom and Poetry

THE INNER WORLD OF CHOICE. *By Frances G. Wickes. Harper & Row. $5.*

Reviewed by JOHN A. P. MILLET

Among the unfortunate consequences of the tunnel vision acquired by the faithful disciples of Sigmund Freud, a vision perpetuated by the educational policies of the International Psychoanalytical Association and its component national societies, and institutionalized under the authoritative principles established by Freud himself, much of the vast learning of Carl Jung and the subtle insights that he and his students have contributed to the understanding and appreciation of the innermost recesses of the human mind have been lost to those who seek to become qualified psychoanalysts.

Since American psychoanalysts for the most part are educated in institutes devoted to the perpetuation of the theories and practices advocated by Freud, his summary dismissal of Jung from his position as respected colleague and presumptive heir to his scientific empire has led to a most regrettable impoverishment in the educa-

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tional programs that are now regarded as more or less standard for the training of competent workers in the psychoanalytic field.

In the early days of formalized training in this country, beginning with the establishment of the first psychoanalytic institutes in the thirties, Jung's scholarly classic, *The Psychology of the Unconscious,* was still considered desirable reading and counted among the classics of the early writings in the field. It is very questionable whether many psychoanalysts today, other than those who have followed the Jungian trail, have read the volume or even heard of it—with the exception of those who are now becoming the ancients, like this reviewer.

One of the particular gaps in learning that this loss has occasioned has been any widespread familiarity with the literature and significance of myths. This is especially interesting since one of the essential elements in classical Freudian theory is the so-called Oedipus complex. If the later students of psychoanalysis had shared the scholarly qualities of their great leader, there might have been less interest in preserving the structure of the educational institutions that were erected as tributes to his memory, and more concern with closing the gaps in their scholarship.

Frances Wickes shared Carl Jung's eightieth birthday celebration with him in 1955. He evidently considered her his scientific and spiritual consort on the American scene. It was a special message from him, posthumously delivered, that provided Frances Wickes with the opportunity for her creative choice in writing a volume dedicated to the nature and significance of the power of choice, which above all other powers, perhaps, distinguishes man from all other creatures and entitles him to the self-appointed definition of Homo sapiens.

While abundant testimony to the significance of the contribution to literature and to the study of mankind made by this volume has already been given in the introduction written by Henry A. Murray, Emeritus Professor of Clinical Psychology at Harvard University, and in comments

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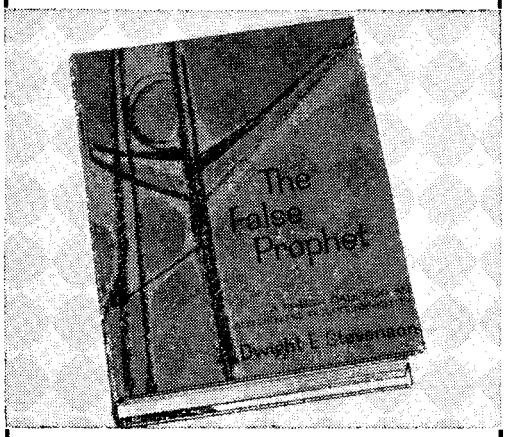

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quoted on the jacket by such distinguished thinkers as Gerhard Adler and Seward Hiltner, it is perhaps not untimely for one who has for thirty years been engaged in psychoanalytic work, as practitioner, teacher, and participant in the work of organizing and conducting programs of psychoanalytic education, to attempt a review of this ambitious and challenging book.

This volume has been said by the publisher to complete a trilogy, the previous volumes being entitled *The Inner World of Childhood* and *The Inner World of Man.* My first acquaintance with Mrs. Wickes came when I was introduced to the first volume by one of her former students. I was so impressed by the quality of her insight into the processes of the child's mind that I began to refer some of the children of my own patients to her, and, later, an occasional adult whose particular problems seemed to me to be especially in need of the sort of understanding that she brought to the task. At times we even shared the care of a patient who needed both the male and female approach to the understanding of his problem.

While this book can be read as a sequel to the two earlier volumes, it deserves to be read without reference to any other works of the author. It is complete in itself and suited for reading by any who have some familiarity with depth psychology and have had some education in the classics, including mythology and the history of comparative religions. Dedicated to the memory of her old friend and teacher, Carl Jung, it is far more than an attempt to explain and elaborate Jung's views on human psychology and to provide an appreciative critique. It is, as Jung evidently meant it to be, an explicit exegesis of her own psychological insights and a statement of faith in the conclusions to which her experience as a student of human nature and analyst has led her. This task she undertook as a labor of love, as well as an opportunity to express the fullness of her faith in life and in the upward struggle of suffering men and women toward their own fulfillment through the exercise of the divine gift of creative choice.

Considerable emphasis is laid on the significance of opposites in our mental field (love versus hate, passive versus aggressive, conscious versus unconscious, birth and rebirth, logos versus eros, *et cetera*). The concept of libido as life force is seen as the resultant of these conflicts between dynamic quanta which give rise to the release of energy. Thus the idea of polarity as in electrical systems is brought to bear on the understanding of conflicts in the psychological sphere with release of psychic energy.

The author's respect for the biological influences on contemporaneous psychic events is shown in her emphasis on the significance of special periods in the life cycle—periods of emergence from childhood to adolescence, from adolescence to maturity, from maturity to middle age, and from middle age to senescence. It is at these periods, she says, and at other periods of sudden or un-

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expected stress, that the consciously developed patterns of adaptation may be insufficient for the solution of the conflicts that appear, and that at just such times the solutions must be sought by the introspective route of self-analysis. Often a hint is given as to the meaning of the conflict in dreams, and the way to a solution opened for the dreamer, thus making available to him a free choice between advance or retreat in his search for wholeness. Her dream examples are exceptionally well-chosen and striking; at times their interpretation runs like a thread through the book, illustrating first one point she is making, then, in some other context, another.

Basic to her conception of the deepest level of unconscious intuitive solutions is the appearance in dreams of visions of some archetypal image. In these images, of which she gives many examples in the text, she sees the embodiment of the deep inner intuitions of the human race which lie latent in the unconscious of every man and woman and which may make their presence known when the usual methods of problem-solving are no longer effective and a new phase of decision-making is called for. Life is seen as a progression in spiral form toward the goal of maximal self-fulfillment, with change as the inevitable process through which this progression must be achieved, and the readiness for effecting the necessary changes in self-orientation mediated through continuing intercommunication between the conscious ego and the sources of power in the unconscious. The effector agency is the ego which has at every turn of fate the possibility and responsibility for making the final choice. When the unconscious influences are not respected or even perceived, such choices cannot be expected to forward the movement toward fulfillment of the self.

A specially important role among the pairs of opposites is assigned to the theory of the masculine and feminine principles, and the presence in each sex of some elements of the principle proper to the opposite sex. In the male sex the female principle is given the appellation of the anima —or female soul; in the female the animus, or male soul. She gives as Jung's definition of the basic characteristic of the masculine principle its expression in logos, the defining and separating word that moves toward the creation of consciousness. In her own words she adds: "The masculine principle is continually shaping, forming, observing, inquiring, and directing energy toward a chosen goal, a new structure." And again: "The father opens the world of order, fair play, knowledge and ego achievement."

As an inner personality in woman, the animus is defined as "a composite of inborn masculine potentials, the innate image of man latent in the feminine psyche and the imprint of her early experience of man (father, brother, friend, lover)."

Of woman she says: ". . . the feminine principle is her natural center—the home of her spirit. Relatedness is her world, eros the god of her being, a god whom she must learn to serve with clear-eyed devotion." Of man and his relationship to the feminine principle (anima) she says: "Inborn in his nature is another woman—the feminine side of his own psyche—who from the beginning brings him intuitions of things beyond masculine ken. She too moves in him in intuitive perceptions of feeling situations, in mood and in creative inspiration."

Of the beneficent influence on man of the anima she says: "Connecting him with the mature world, interpreting for him the world of the unconscious, this inner woman wants of man the invisible rising within of the springs of creativity and demands his obedience to the urgent command of transformation." Many of the obstructing and apparently irreconcilable conflicts that interfere with creative and fulfilling human relationships are found to be due to the inability of the individual to understand the role that the opposing principle is playing in the direction and maintenance of interpersonal stresses. The tendency to project upon others of the opposite sex attitudes that emanate from an inability to understand and accept the impulses that have their origin in the anima or animus is a common result of such lack of easy connection between what seems true to the ego and what underlies and explains the meaning of the unconscious picture.

What strikes the reader almost as forcibly

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as the intriguing series of dreams and the elaboration of their significance is the remarkably practical and commonsense way in which she summarizes the essential characteristics of successful interpersonal relationships. Take, for example, what she says of the new experiences that threaten to shatter the magical illusions of newlyweds:

> . . . these two "whom God hath joined together" must enter the banal everyday life that makes innumerable demands upon their patience, their endurance, their understanding, their sense of humor and their power of intuitive perception. The man must share his morning paper with the shining goddess who has taken on the guise of mere woman; the woman contemplates the hero's attitude toward the overboiled egg. The cloak of illusion may fall and the test of love begin in that heroic encounter with the ordinary in which all the unconscious elements of each of the partners play their unpredictable roles.

In Chapter 8, entitled "The X in the Calculation," she speaks of the moment of illumination when the individual comes face to face with the predisposition that has served to color or distort his perception of images latent in his unconscious. She does not expand on the concept of predisposition, although it might be taken to mean either the imprinted learning of infancy and early childhood or the so-called constitutional or inherited predisposition to various types and intensities of perceptions and emotional responses.

In Chapter 15, "Journey Toward Wholeness," Mrs. Wickes endeavors to clarify the concept of the undiscovered self as the wholeness. It requires careful reading to be sure that her thought is correctly understood. The "self" as opposed to the "Self" appears to mean the goal that everyone seeks to reach—the goal of complete inner harmony—which can only be approached through the increasingly successful resolution of the wars of the opposites by the exercise of choices at every crossroad in life, based on growing awareness of and respect for the images that arise from the unconscious when the ego is bewildered and unsure.

By contrast to the self as the goal that lends significance to life's journey, the Self seems to be an abstraction of the totality of dynamic potentials in the individual, conscious and unconscious, with its consequent potential for positive or negative influence when the individual is faced with the challenge of creative choice. It is here that the concept of responsibility would seem to come in. At this point in the story the central direction of Mrs. Wickes's thesis seems to become clearer. The Self is redefined as "the inexorable judge whose eye discerns the reality behind the veil of illusion, pronounces the judgment of the self by the Self. More and more, as man faces inner reality, the Self becomes the judge; but if there is true self-love the judge becomes the redeemer, and the sense of judgment is lost in the miracle of transformation."

Thus a new interpretation is offered to the commandment "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"—Love, the central theme of the Christian religion, proves to be the spiritual enzyme on which the activation of choices leading to progressive transformations depends.

When man suffers from anxiety and guilt,

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the results of failure to affirm progressively the true choices of the self, "there is always the gift of Grace; for the Self, even in childhood, is showing glimpses of that other creative, life-giving trinity—self-awareness, self-affirmation, self-acceptance—the three that become the four through a love of self that opens out into love of God in man and man in God."

In her final chapter ("Faith Beyond Fear") Mrs. Wickes again affirms the religious significance of the challenge to man "to separate himself from his undifferentiated oneness and to descend into his own darkness, which is the darkness of God, where he may discover the spark of his own individual meaning. If man accepts the challenge God the Enemy becomes God the Awakener who reveals himself as eternal change, creativity, becoming and being." Aspiration toward achieving wholeness of the Self calls for the leap forward, breaking the spell of something we have lived by. "This leap is an act of faith. It must be taken if choice is to become decision and if the will of God and the will of the newly awakened Self are to meet as one." Thus the concept of wholeness of the Self is inseparable from the religious concept of holiness, which implies being whole through union with God.

This remarkable book not only bears witness to a lifetime of dedicated service in the quest after truth and the ministry to troubled people; it represents a serious attempt to reconcile the findings and theoretical conclusions of depth psychology with the affirmations and interpretations of the religious believer. Jung and his followers have been accused of mortgaging science to mysticism. Freud has been accused of being antireligious. Unbiased consideration of the theories expressed in their writings gives the lie to these exaggerated and prejudiced opinions. It is in fact a question of semantics. Freud certainly would not claim that there are no mysteries in human nature. He would doubtless state that he sees no reason to assume supernatural explanations. Jung, after all, was first a scientific observer, and created his theoretical system out of a mass of empirical data, gleaned both from the close study of individuals—

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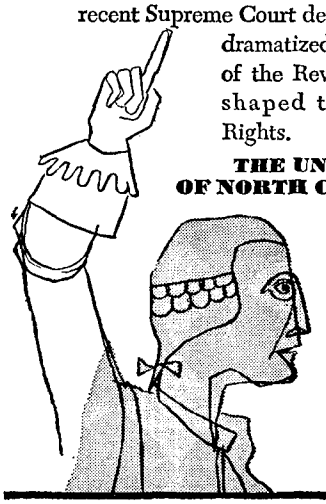

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patients in distress, and men of religion and philosophers of many nations—and from an exhaustive study of comparative religions and cultures.

Mrs. Wickes, a devoted disciple and colleague of Jung, has sought out an x-factor with which mankind must reckon if the present widespread negativism, indifference, apathy and cynicism are not to lead to the ultimate collapse of civilization as we now know it. This x-factor is love, the love that potentiates choices that favor growth and discourage regressive tendencies, the love that binds, the love that creates growth and union as opposed to decay and disruption.

Analysts of other persuasions might well take issue with the theory that the archetypes, on whose influence in steering the individual she places so much emphasis, have independent and all-important authority in forwarding or impeding the efforts of the individual to reach fulfillment. They could not, however, deny the existence of these images in the dreams and visions of human beings. They would consider them rather as artistic creations of the imagination that record certain basic inner positions and so offer the individual the opportunity to take a new look at what the meaning of his crisis is.

They might also differ in their thinking about such conceptions as the masculine principle and the feminine principle and the roles they play in shaping attitudes and behavior. They could not, however, deny that certain strivings that do not accord well with the usual expectations of men or women cause conflict with tendencies that are more likely to lead in the direction of expanding selfhood. We all use phrases such as "She thinks more like a man than a woman" or "He has some qualities that seem almost womanly." Children are quick to spot such unusual combinations of qualities in their peers. Analysts whose thinking is based on the search for ultimate causes in the realm of physicochemical reactions would naturally have no sympathy with such concepts as the animus and the anima.

On the other hand, the failure of the formulations of classical Freudian psychoanalysis to explain many manifestations of psychic action, and the recognition of the fact that psychoanalytic therapy conducted along the formalized patterns of classical Freudian instruction has not proved to be any more effective in most cases than other modalities of psychotherapy, have had a profound impact on the later developments of theory and practice in every psychoanalytic teaching facility.

Preoccupation with the metapsychological concepts that characterized Freud's later work has given way to an interest in the conditions that favor or impede a healthy and satisfactory self-identification. There has been a renewed interest in the relationship of psychoanalytic findings to the arts and in methods for studying the nature of the creative process and promoting its development in the individual. The one area of study that has been largely neglected is that of the spiritual aspects of man's nature —his aspirations, his interpretation of his position in the cosmos, and his relationship to the concept of deity. Such symptoms as guilt feelings and free-floating anxiety are among those manifestations of impaired psychic functioning that, to some extent at least, belong in the no-man's-land between pastoral counseling and psychoanalytic study. Efforts to pool the insights of religious teachers and psychoanalysts are increasingly fruitful. Mrs. Wickes has given us a very special message which takes us beyond the area of semantic arguments. In composing it she has combined the fruits of a long life-experience in the study and care of human beings with a profoundly religious expression to produce a volume in which wisdom is flavored with poetry and deep psychological insights are welded with religious faith. With it all she shows her sympathetic grasp of the everyday struggles of Homo sapiens and emphasizes some of the practical indicators that must be kept in view if we are to avoid unnecessary disasters in our personal lives. Frances Wickes has a timeless quality in her being. Her warm human sympathy and friendliness are matched by a sprightly and sensitive humor. We are in her debt for giving us such a richly illustrated testament of her faith and her hopes for humanity.

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The Reader Replies

THE READER REPLIES *carries miscellaneous comments by readers and authors on various articles that have appeared in the magazine. All communications should be addressed to: Editor,* THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, *1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20009. Because of space limitations, we cannot guarantee to print all letters received.*

—EDITOR

Whatever destroys the qualitative (sometimes, by reducing it to the quantitative) is antihumanistic, because humanism is predicated on the idea that man is not the sum of his parts. But mechanistic biology destroys the qualitative, denying that there is any element in organisms other than those described in chemistry and physics. Therefore, mechanistic biology is antihumanistic.

The biological orientation of René Dubos ["Humanistic Biology," AS: Spring, 1965] is essentially mechanistic. He wants no "surrender to hoary vitalistic theories." Accordingly, it is really an antihumanist biology. It has some teleological touches simply because Dubos allows himself to disregard the consequences of his fundamental orientation now and then. In the last resort, however, his article says that the biological governs the psychological—the opposite of what a humanist would say.

ROBERT B. NORDBERG
Marquette University

* * *

Dr. René Dubos published a fascinating article about humanistic biology in your Spring issue. I wish that he had given his views about the relevance of behavioral research to all this. Does he imply that only humanists would deal with such matters? Does he imply that this sort of thing is for the loner as opposed to the teamer? I assume that the answer to both of these questions is "Yes."

Behavioral research, as applied to education, psychology and sociology, has standards for validity and objectivity that make these things outside the province of "science." If even they are sqeamish about such things, how can Dubos expect biologists to follow his suggestions? Does he expect them to do so? Perhaps, his article appears in this particular publication because its readers would be willing to study these matters integratively.

I realize that Dubos is suggesting that he would define science in such a way as to include these matters. If so, how is he to satisfy the scientists that whatever is concluded is proved? Does he really expect them to lose caste and break faith with the basic tenets of science?

No doubt, there are biologists who would be willing to step out of the role of scientists and try being humanists. In this new role, would they be able to compete with the humanists? Dubos did very well indeed as one; he failed, however, to come to terms with the question of the techniques to be employed in the new kind of science that he proposes.

If Dr. Dubos would now tell us just how one goes about what he proposes, without duplicating the efforts of the behavioral sciences, he would deserve to be heard by people in all the fields involved. He, certainly, should give it a try.

JAMES W. RUSSELL
Loyola University

* * *

Reprinting the Phi Beta Kappa-Sigma Xi address of René Dubos before the American Association for the Advancement of Science was a distinct contribution to anyone who is trying to find his way into the future.

When I read Dubos' statement that "aesthetic consciousness depends on innate faculties which are biological in essence," I was reminded of my vain search for musical criticism which, beyond evaluations of style, technique, tonal equipment, *et cetera,* would take off from the impact of sound waves on the human ganglia and the rhythm of the heart beat.

Someone once long ago said to me (it may

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have been Max Eastman) that the effectiveness of the Funeral March in the Chopin B flat minor Sonata arises from its direct impact on the viscera—the collection of ganglia behind the stomach called the Solar Plexus.

But that distinguished critic of his time, James Huneker, in his introduction to the Sonatas in the Schirmer 1895 edition, was content to say ". . . Chopin has seldom been so realistic as here; the bell-like basses and the morbid funeral coloring."

A Washington *Post* critic, passing on the merits of Schuller's "Music for Brass Quintet," speaks of "that obvious neuroticism that seems to be the blatant mark of our generation."

Perhaps someday the critic will be equipped to go on from there.

RALPH BLOCK
Washington, D. C.

* * *

Ihab Hassan deserves all praise as a critic of contemporary American letters, but I must protest that in "The Novel of Outrage" [AS: Winter, 1964-65] he is making a metaphysical mountain out of an old American tradition. The force that pervades and connects most of the books he treats of is only an aggravated case of the same gynephobia that has run through American romance since its beginnings. Writers, particularly Americans, who hate women indulge in fantasies of annihilation and union with a threatening void. The imagery of sterility with which Mr. Hassan clothes his conclusion appears to indicate that he knows as well as anyone that sex antagonism is the source of these ideas, but prefers not to say so.

Rather more tentatively, I question the suggestion of Sade's influence of these writers. Their attitude appears to me less the aloofness of the magnificently contemptuous aristocrat than the prurient absorption of the bourgeois brat who never got over the time he saw Mama kissing Santy Claus. Perhaps not. The middle classes have pretty well cornered contempt, in current society.

Finally, while I do not suggest that anyone "ignore their lurking presences," and while I am aware that it would be gross stupidity to discount the homosexual element in the American creative consciousness, I am surprised that Mr. Hassan blames it on intellection. The conclusion sounds better suited to a country editor than to a leading intellectual. Whatever the faults of the American intellectual community, no very great part of it moves to the melody the fairy pipers play.

JOHN T. FLAUTZ
Cedar Crest College

* * *

I am writing to you with reference to Ernest Werner's very excellent essay, "Remodeling the Protestant Ministry," in the Winter issue of the SCHOLAR. As I am not one who indulges himself ordinarily in letters to the editor, let me first, as a Protestant minister, express my appreciation for the publication of such an articulate and passionate treatment of a well-known problem. That a journal whose appeal is primarily to the academic world takes such serious notice of the ministry of the Protestant church is not only surprising and flattering, but deeply encouraging as well. You have my gratitude.

THOMAS W. CLAYTON
Jasper, Indiana

* * *

Ernest Werner's "Remodeling the Protestant Ministry" [AS: Winter, 1964-65] is an outstanding article in an issue even more thought-provoking than usual. Mr. Werner observes: "The minister's difficulty is that he does not know in any serious or joyous way where to find the community he still believes in." It is my conviction that such community is closer to achievement than Mr. Werner implies.

Forty or fifty years ago there was a revolution in language at least as far-reaching as the present revolution in mathematics. Schools are now discovering that children cannot communicate with their parents about arithmetic. Is it not possible that changes in the meaning of words used to describe religious experiences erected similar barriers between generations which have not yet been broken down? If this had occurred, the result one would expect is the very situation Mr. Werner so rightly deplores. Religious ex-

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perience has largely dropped out of the material of contemporary communication—even between ministers and their congregations.

But this state of affairs is not necessarily permanent. We expect that some children taught "new math" will eventually become mathematicians and teachers, even though they now have difficulty in discussing fractions with their parents. A generation of young people has now grown up to whom the revolution in the language of religion is history. It is their opportunity to develop the new spiritual vocabulary by creative scholarship and teaching. Mr. Werner's article is an encouraging example of the thoughtful questioning that can reopen communication about religious matters, and thus begin to create the community he is seeking.

ALICE P. KENNEY
Cedar Crest College

* * *

Ernest Werner in "Remodeling the Protestant Ministry" in the Winter SCHOLAR deals with the problem of the secularization of modern life. Walter Goodman's review of *Cold Friday* does the same from another angle. Both essays evade, I think, the crucial issue although Goodman admits the existence of the basic symptom of modernity, the worship of the machine. The unanswered question remains: should this or should it not be considered a poor solution?

What is wrong with worshiping Machine? (Machine of all Machines. The ideal: Platonic, distant, abstract.) It is after all only another metaphor for God. In the past gods had to be anthropomorphic because there were no machines upon which to base a religious vision, but times have changed.

Goodman asks ". . . who, after all, would give up his life for a gasoline engine . . . ?" The carnage on our roads provides the answer even though an automobile is not the Machine of Machines, only a concrete example of the ideal. I would wager that even Goodman himself has at times felt or spoken of himself and his car as a single unit. ("Oh, I get thirty miles a gallon," *et cetera.*) This is a minor point but especially important because it is minor. On a higher theological plane there remain of course the rituals dealing with the sacrificial rite of grand prix racing.

I am not suggesting that Werner go out and organize a Church of the Machine and revitalize his ministry this way, although I expect he would achieve great success along these lines;

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I am merely pointing out some obvious trends in our lives which although ignored by the authors have a definite impact on the realities. Since I do not own a functioning crystal ball, hence do not know what the future will be, I cannot comment upon the desirability or the undesirability of these trends. After all, the best poets of our age have remained neutral also. Yeats's Second Coming may be a phenomenon arousing the emotions, but he does not judge it; and Spengler introduces his concept of the New Religiosity in almost an offhand fashion.

All in all, an interesting issue.

VALDIS A. AUGSTKALNS
North Adams, Massachusetts

* * *

Kathleen Molz's article "The Public Library: The Peoples' University?" in the Winter issue is beautifully done. It's such an important message for the general literate public that I began to feel impatient while I read it that it was not going to a wider audience. Yet it is worth remembering that such audiences as that of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR are more influential than we often surmise on the basis of numbers alone.

EVERETT T. MOORE
University of California, Los Angeles

* * *

It is particularly unfortunate that the article on "Volcanoes, Nuclear Explosions and Ecology" should appear in THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR [Winter, 1964-65], for just by this fact its conclusions will take on an entirely unwarranted authority. Nearly all of the articles that grace your pages are carefully and cogently argued, and where scientific evidence is wanting the author generally suggests caution, or at least exhibits a humane set of values.

In this article, on the other hand, the author states at the outset that we have "no large-scale studies of ecological effects of nuclear explosions," and then, after describing the 1883 eruption of Krakatau, she concludes, on grounds that beg the question of (to name but one factor) radioactive fallout, that ecological recovery from a nuclear explosion of comparable magnitude "might be expected in a shorter period of time than the thirty-six years it took Krakatau to recover from the volcanic eruptions of 1883."

By association with articles whose authors treat honest doubts honestly, this article will strengthen the hand of those irresponsible people who would test nuclear explosives in defiance of our well-established inability to predict results. The unpredicted results of nuclear explosions have all been unfavorable to man (and what predicted result, for that matter, has been favorable?) and to many, if not all, other forms of life.

The mindless arrogance that says we must go on with the testing of nuclear explosives because we have them—"because they are there"—ought not to find any comfort or encouragement in your pages, for there are few enough voices as it is that speak out for restraint where ignorance is so deep as it is in the technology of radioactive wastes.

It is ironical that we must thank the Russians rather than a responsible scholarly community for the present lag in "Operation Plowshare," which would, amongst many more outrageous projects, blast new harbors ("urgently needed") all around the shores of the United States.

EUGENE S. FERGUSON
Iowa State University

* * *

MRS. INGERSOLL replies: Mr. Ferguson does not address himself to the point of the published article but to collateral problems. It would appear that he finds dishonest and inhumane any discussion dealing with nuclear effects that does not demand the abolition of nuclear testing or offer solutions to hazards accompanying utilization of atomic energy. I must say that I believe Mr. Ferguson is doomed to a series of disappointments, for the literature on nuclear effects is augmented continually by people who believe, as I do, that facts are often fully expressive and generally rather more useful for the same ends than is moralistic exhortation. As for the comparison of volcanoes and nuclear explosions, I would be astonished to learn that anyone had drawn the conclusion from the facts presented that devastation from either cause is desirable, or that there is no need to be concerned about nuclear effects because ecological recovery from a nuclear explosion on Krakatau might come about in a shorter length of time than occurred following the volcanic eruption.

In addition to what I consider to be irrelevancy on Mr. Ferguson's part, it seems to me that he has rather energetically misread the article if he means by "begging the question" that I have avoided mentioning the factor of radioactive fallout; on the contrary, I point out (pp. 76-77) that radioactive fallout is one of the essential and critical differences between volcanic and nuclear explosions.

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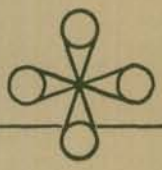

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